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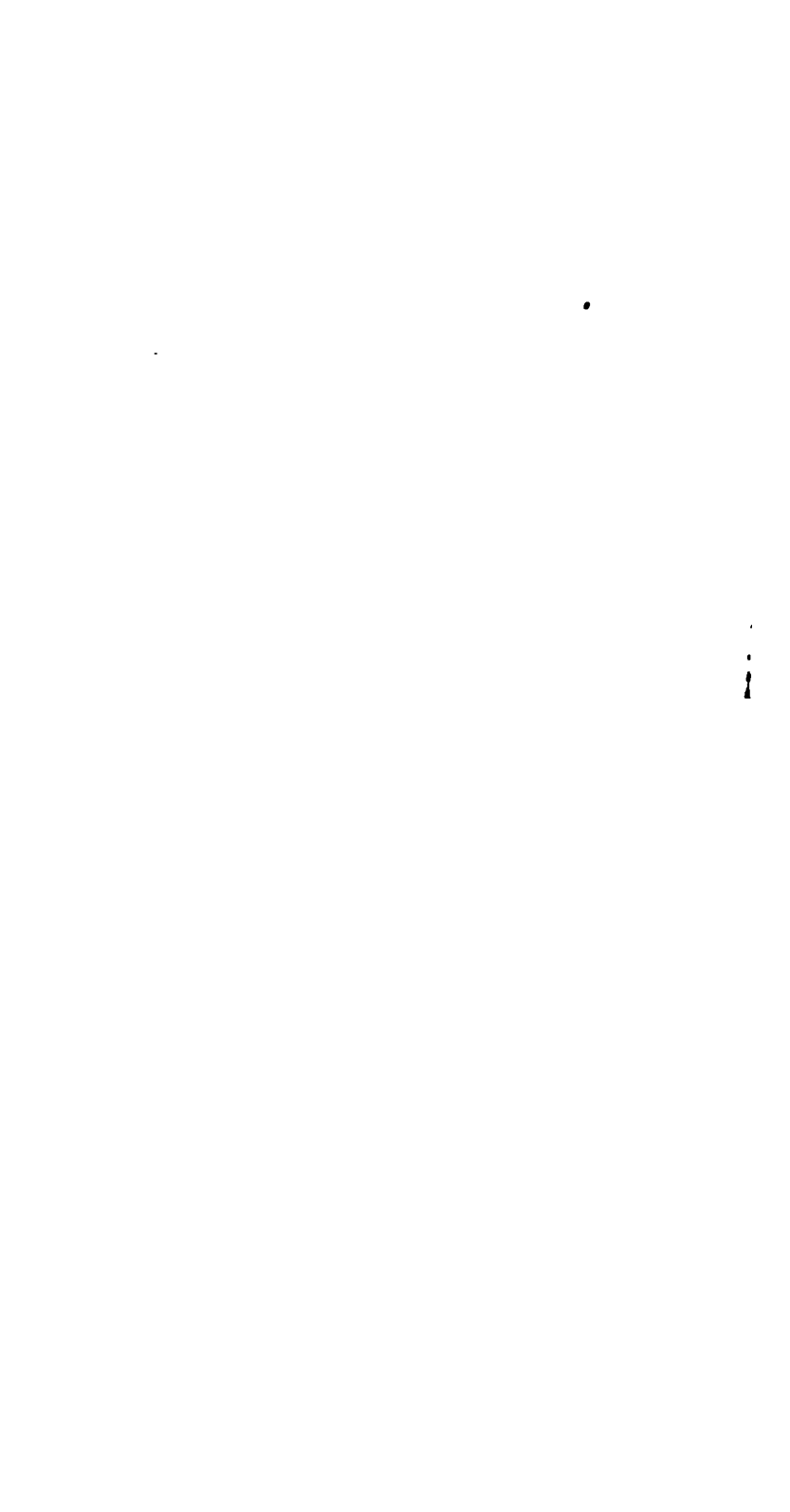
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BLUE STOCKING HALL

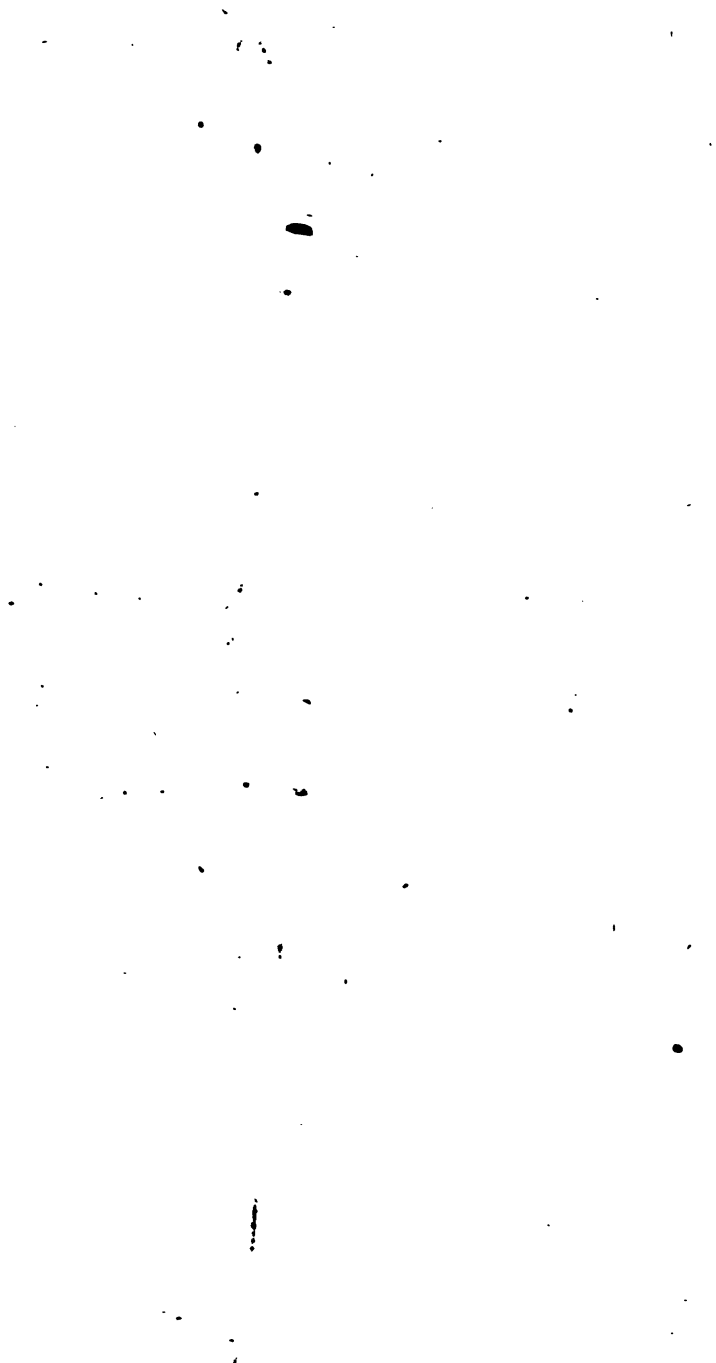
THESE ARE THE NAMES OF THE  
CHILDREN WHO WERE BORN  
IN THE BLUE STOCKING HALL  
DURING THE YEAR 1800

THE NAMES OF THE

CHILDREN WHO WERE BORN  
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DURING THE YEAR 1800

THE NAMES OF THE

CHILDREN WHO WERE BORN









BLUE-STOCKING HALL. *2<sup>d</sup> 103.*

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"From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive :  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON :

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1827.

*225.*





BLUE-STOCKING HALL. *L<sup>th</sup>. 1828.*

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prefaces talk of *motives*) for publishing the letters which I have been at the pains to collect, they are such as we may in charity suppose to operate upon the mind of a criminal, when by the expiatory tribute of his "last speech and dying words," he endeavours, in a recantation of his own errors, to prevent others from falling into similar ones. Besides, we are generally eager to make as many proselytes as we can to any opinion which we have newly adopted; and as my prejudices upon some subjects were very strong before I visited Blue-stockings Hall, I am induced, through abundance of the milk of human kindness, to wish that if my reader entertains any prejudices against ladies stigmatized as *Bas Bleus*, as I myself once did, he may, like me, become a convert to another and a fairer belief respecting them.

## PREFACE.

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GENTLE READER,

AN Author who is only making a *début*, should be particularly careful not to offend against established rules; otherwise you and I might be spared the plague of a Preface; but as I am heartily desirous to conciliate your regard, I will not forfeit any portion of your esteem at my onset, by the slightest contempt of Court. I will therefore say a few words in the way of introduction to Blue-stockings Hall, though I may find it difficult to tell you more than you will easily find out for yourself, if you take the trouble of reading the following Letters, which sufficiently explain their own story. They are selected from a correspondence which is supposed to have been spread over a period of four years.

As to my motives (for I observe that most

serve my share in the performance of our parting covenant till I am quietly settled at Geneva.

You do not require descriptions of either places or people; because innumerable diaries, journals, and sketch-books, tell you as much as you want to know of all the scenes which it is your intention ere long to visit; and as to men and women, no second-hand account can supply the place of actual acquaintance with the few of either sex that deserve to occupy thoughts or pen. What you *do* desire, and what I have engaged to furnish, is a history of my own employments, pursuits, and impressions; but leisure is necessary for collecting and arranging; and, till I can satisfy myself by sending you such details as I hope may *interest*, you must be content to receive only certificates of whole bones.

Now *you* are to be set down quietly in less than a week at the end of your journey; and before I set sail I shall take the liberty of repeating the terms of our epistolary contract, by way of flapper to your memory, and leaving you no possible excuse for violating the treaty



that you will bear with me, and indulge your friend's peculiarities, as they are at least harmlessly eccentric. The bias of my mind is to be traced without difficulty to the circumstances of my early life, so different from your own, that it would be very extraordinary if much dissimilarity were not discoverable in our ways of thinking. My boyish years were passed in the seclusion of almost perfect solitude, with a mother, whose image lives indelibly engraven on my heart. A child of feeble frame, I was unable in early life to bear the "peltings of the pitiless storm," and from every wind that would have visited my infant form too roughly, did the tenderest of maternal affections shroud, without enervating, my childhood. My widowed mother was every thing to me—my friend, my tutor, my protectress, my play-fellow—my all on earth. In losing her at sixteen, I was left a mere wreck upon the ocean of life; and, while "Memory holds her seat," never shall I forget the sweet expression of her elegant and feminine countenance, as it spoke the language of love, kindness, or pity; nor shall I ever lose the re-

is bewildered, or he would not tell me now, as if for the first time, what I have known these six years." Now, my good fellow, be not so hasty in declaring me *non compos*. You know the general outline of my story, and you are acquainted sufficiently with what you call my romance of character, to find in it a constant fund of amusement when we are together; but you do not know more than this! You are *not* aware that the tree has adopted its decided inclination from that bias which the twig received. Nothing, I feel, can ever make me a man of fashion. Nothing, I *hope*, will loosen the ties which, all unseen as they are, bind me to the memory of her by whose judgment, were she living, I should desire to be directed in all things to which her admirable sense would permit her to apply those reasoning powers which never dogmatized, nor lost themselves in the mazes of imagination.—I admired my mother's taste as much as I revered her virtues—I respected her talents; and since her death have not met with any one capable of interesting me who did not resemble, in some

degree, the character which faithful memory attaches to her much-loved image.

Different as has been your path from mine, your affectionate heart has been my best solace; and though you have been trained in the school of modern luxury, which is so little conversant with Nature, the generous impulses of your breast have not been sacrificed, and you are not *yet* spoiled by what is called The World. For being what you are, you are, I firmly believe, indebted in part to original structure; and perhaps, in some degree, to that friendship which has united us both at school, and at the University.—Somewhat older, and much graver than you, I have always been permitted to take the lead, and exercise an influence over your pleasures and pursuits, which, though frequently counteracted, has, notwithstanding, communicated an individuality to one and the other, that distinguishes you essentially from the heartless specimens of human mechanism that pass for men of *ton*.

You know what pleasant day-dreams occupy my fancy—I anticipate nothing less than your

*radical reform*, from all the follies which sometimes obscure your good sense ; and I look for this change, not as the result of a Hohenlohe miracle, wrought upon you through the intercession of the Irish priesthood, but as the natural effect of living domesticated with such a family as I conceive to be now about to welcome you at Glenalta. I know your charming aunt and cousins only through their letters to you ; but by “these presents,” I feel that I cannot be mistaken in the attributes with which I have invested them : and, laugh as you like, you know that my castles are all built with materials from the county of Kerry, in Ireland ; and I only say, if it be enthusiasm to love and venerate a set of people whom I have never seen—yes, and fully to intend, if life be spared me, to make a pilgrimage in quest of your relations, inspired by as much zeal as ever actuated the followers of Mahomet in their pious journeys to Mecca, why, let me cry with Falstaff, “God help the wicked.” A sort of internal evidence quite incommunicable to any one else, assures me, that my fate is



linked with that of the Douglas family; and I can give you no better reason for this belief, than the improbability that so much sympathy as draws me towards Glenalta, should be thrown away.

However baseless you may consider the fabric of my visions, you can at least imagine that, while they possess my mind, they are not a little interesting; and therefore I conclude, as I began, by entreating that you will feed my Quixotism with journals containing the most accurate and minute accounts of all that is said and done, planned and projected, at that Ultima Thule, as you call it, whither you are bending your steps.

The gun is fired as a signal for sailing—I see an army of carpet-bags and portmanteaus in full march, and must say—farewell! God bless you, my dear Howard.

Your affectionate

CHARLES FALKLAND.

## LETTER II.

MISS DOUGLAS TO MISS SANDFORD.

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Dearest Julia,

*Glenalta.*

YOUR letter, which I received yesterday, reproaches me with silence, and I plead guilty to the charge, though you are very wrong in supposing that my failure in punctuality proceeds from weariness of communion with you. I have very few correspondents, and amongst these few I rejoice to say, that there is not one, to whom I write from any other motive than because I love and value every species of intercourse with those who are really dear to my heart. I know that it is only necessary to tell you, that I have been much engaged, to be certain of your forgiveness; but I should not satisfy myself if I did not say how I have been occupied.

Shut out as we are from the gay world, and living for weeks together without any interruption to our pursuits, even *you* may perhaps wonder that time is not a burthen on our hands. Yet this is not the case; but on the contrary, the day appears scarcely set in before it has arrived at its close. Is this always the effect of full employment, or is it peculiar to the little circle at Glenalta to wish that the sun would stand still, and give more of his company?—I am too little acquainted with people and places beyond my own home to answer the question; and you are not here to do it for me; so now I will proceed with the causes of my long silence.

Our dear friend, and invaluable neighbour, Mr. Otway, has been ill: thank heaven, he is quite recovered now.—This dear friend and your aunt are, I think, the only people on earth who for the last twelve years could have poured the balm of comfort into the desolate spirit of my beloved mother—the latter in becoming a tender parent to you and your sisters has had too much care connected with her

immediate duties to admit of her being often with us; but what she, under different circumstances, *might* have been, Mr. Otway has been; and what can we ever do sufficiently to prove our gratitude, as well as our affection? During his illness, which continued for three months, we shared, not only the task of nursing him with unremitting assiduity, but endeavoured to supply his place by undertaking the labours which, for a series of years, he has imposed upon himself. We took care of his schools, we visited his sick poor, we distributed his benefactions, became his deputies on the roads and in the fields; and resolved that, on his return to his gardens and plantations, he should find all things meeting him with that pleasant welcome which even the inanimate world is enabled to testify, when the hand of diligent affection has taught every shrub and flower to glow with its own emotions!—I know nothing more touching than such a reception, which needs no words to convince the object of our solicitude, how constantly the heart has been occupied in an endeavour to please by the cultivation



of whatever might confer enjoyment; and the suppression of all that would be productive of pain.

Though one of the actors in the scene, I will confess to you, that the success of our efforts was complete. There was no arrangement—no display that appeared to solicit thanks for our faithful stewardship; but I never shall forget the happiness of seeing tears, *not* of grief, stealing from my mother's eyes, while our dear friend, leaning upon her arm on one side, and Frederick's on the other—Charlotte, Fanny, and I, bringing up the rear—took his first walk upon the terrace which commands that panorama of loveliness and expanse which you admired so much in your visit at Glenalta, to which my mind frequently recurs as the most joyful period of my existence. In addition to all the blessings of my daily life, I had then the enlivening influence of your presence. The landscape was the same, but you were the sunshine: and while you were here, all seemed "gold and green."—When will you come again, I wonder!—Well, what a wan-

derer I am! continually deviating from my path, my narrative advances but slowly,—and you are yet to learn, that besides our extra employments at his farm, we have been as busy as bees preparing for the accommodation of my Cousin Arthur Howard, who is expected here to-morrow evening.

People who live in towns, or even in what is called *civilized* parts of the country, have little idea how we poor pill-garlicks labour to perform what they accomplish as if by the stroke of a magical wand. A few words are pronounced in the shape of an order, to one of your fashionable upholsterers, and lo! sofas, ottomans, tables, arm-chairs, and all the elegant etceteras of modern furniture rise up like an exhalation, and are found in their exact places, as if a fairy had arranged them. While country folks, like us, have to wish, and to wait, for many a long day before we can obtain even an imperfect representation of a new luxury. I do not complain of this; for I really believe, that we gain by every difficulty, and enjoy our humble acquisitions, after going

cepting mamma's invitation to the *Island of mists* ; and truly it would delight us all to cherish this young cousin at Glenalta, if it were not for the painful feeling that he considers it a heavy penance to come amongst his Irish relations. The performance of duty is, however, so agreeable in itself, that if we find our cares successful, and are enabled to return the invalid in good health to his mother and sisters, we shall be amply recompensed. It is but to think of the grateful love which would warm our own hearts (were Frederick similarly circumstanced) towards any friend who might be instrumental in his recovery, to enter *con amore* into the feelings of Arthur's family, and sing a *Te Deum* if we are permitted to excite them. Sickness, in producing a powerful sense of our mortality, often awakens the heart to the *realities* of happiness, by shewing us the utter futility of pleasures on which we had thoughtlessly relied, till evil days came upon us, and our helpless dependence was brought experimentally home to our conviction.

I sometimes flatter myself with a hope that

tance placing it without the bounds of our allotted walks while we were children. Frederick was the first who made me acquainted with this tiny Paradise of beauty and seclusion, the story of which I must reserve for my next letter.

Our fond and united loves attend your circle from all here, and particularly your

Faithful and affectionate Friend,

EMILY DOUGLAS.



is next to the relief of doing so in a *viva voce* unburthening, disemboгуing, or whatever else you choose to call this pouring out of my vexations.

After a journey through a horrible country, as naked as if it was but just born, and as comfortless as if it had never been inhabited, I reached at last my haven of rest yesterday evening at six o'clock. You must not expect me to name places which I cannot spell, nor jolt over such roads as I have escaped again with you. This would indeed be "thrice to slay the slain," for I am in a state of mummy this morning. If David had known the county of Kerry, I should believe that it rose upon his mind, when he wrote of the judges that were overthrown in stony places. As I approached within a mile of my journey's end I should possibly have been put into good humour, if my temper had not been previously so ruffled as to counteract the influence of pleasanter impressions. Candour obliges me to confess, that nothing in nature can exceed the scenery of this spot when *once you are at it* ; but in my present

brake and brier," I at last beheld the termination of my woes, and drove up in a post chaise, which I firmly believe sat for its picture to Miss Edgeworth, and found myself in front of a verandah, which, in any other place and any other at time, might have seemed a bower of enchantment; but my eyes were jaundiced, my bones were weary, and every thought was steeped in vinegar, so cross, cold, sour, and discontented did I feel, as the lubberly brute, called post-boy by a strange misnomer, trundled off his jaded horse, and thumping up like a sack against the hall door, gave a knock which might have been heard in Labrador. I expected to have been met and smothered on the threshold by my aunt and cousins, but a servant only made his appearance, and the step was let down; Lewis had descended, and I was fairly on my feet, and trying to pump up a smile upon my countenance, lest its previous expression should stamp my character irretrievably, ere in two minutes I found myself affectionately greeted and as affectionately dismissed to my apartments, for I have got a *suite* allotted to me, and as I was

least a dozen volumes, one of which was Sallust, a second Virgil, a third Sowerby on Minerals, a fourth some one, I forget who, upon Botany, and so on. I absolutely felt my cheeks glow with shame and indignation. What ! set down in a nook of the county of Kerry, in Ireland, without a creature to speak to, who I suppose ever saw "a good man's feast," though I dare say they are not without "bells that call to church;" and to find myself not only shut out from the world, but screwed in a vice as it were, with all manner of pedantry, and required to talk science all day to a set of *precieuses ridicules* ! it was too much for *my* constitution I assure you ; and with the celerity of lightning I resolved to construct an apology, as quickly as possible, for my speedy departure. The *manner* of disengaging myself from the noose still remains to be determined, but it is quite plain that at Blue-Stocking Hall, which is a much more appropriate name than Glenalta, I cannot stay.

My aunt's letters never threw light upon the accomplishments of her daughters, and as one

anxiety, so to day you shall eat and drink as you find that you *can* do; and if there is any thing that you are in the habit of taking, or any thing that you would like to try, I can promise you the aid of three of the kindest nurses that ever took care of an invalid. They have had great experience, and will be delighted to be useful to you." I thanked her, secretly resolving to give my fair cousins as little trouble as possible, and down we sat to dinner, which was not a bit like what I supposed it would have been, but actually *got up* in excellent style. We had two nice little courses of capital materials that might have done credit to the London market; admirably dressed, served up quite in a civilized manner, and, would you believe it, not a word of *azure* during the repast. Don't fancy me, however, the block-head to cry roast-meat before I am out of the wood. Indigo itself could scarcely have found opportunity to display its tints in the midst of all the inquiries for mother, sisters, uncles, aunts, that happily filled the intervals of carving and eating. In all my life I never



felt so much indebted to my relations before; and when the ladies got up to leave the room, not a word had escaped their lips which was not delivered in their vernacular language; and by the bye, I will tell you what appears to me very extraordinary, that not one of this family speaks with that horrible accent, vulgarly called *brogue*. No, positively they all express themselves remarkably well, and what is also strange enough, they are very elegant, and modern in their appearance. In short, I should not be ashamed of the *coup d'ail* of the house and its inhabitants, were it not for this cursed *blue* which will burst upon me in a torrent to-morrow, and be no doubt the more impetuous in its flow, for having been dammed up during so many hours.

When left alone with Fred. who seems a very honest sort of fellow, I found that he was a sportsman, I suppose in a coarse way; but still here is a resource, and he tells me that he has excellent greyhounds and setters; that game abounds in these mountains; and that there is good fun to be had at small cost of

labour. *Tant mieux* for an invalid. We sat for an hour without drinking much wine, from which I am under orders to abstain till this plaguy chest of mine is well, and to which my companion seemed to have no natural propensity. We then joined the party in the drawing-room, and there I found Emily writing music, Charlotte tuning a harp,—yes, a very fine one too, Fanny rolling a ball for a beautiful little spaniel, and her mother smiling at its gambols.

There was nothing appalling here, but the evening was young; however, here was a *new* resource, and with grateful alacrity I hastened to beg for a soft strain of Erin. Certainly I am lost in astonishment. Do you know that these girls sing like syrens? Nothing can be in finer harmony than their voices, and some of the simple Irish airs which were sung this evening, have so completely taken possession of my mind, that I shall dream of nothing else. Why will women be so absurd as to mistake the true feminine character, and, despising the sceptre which nature has placed in their hands,

did in the Ark. If this be the case, I shall soon find out all about the matter, and my visit here may be a blessing, as I shall take the very first opportunity that offers of opening aunty's eyes to the impolicy of her conduct, by assuring her that men of the *present* day dread a *blue* more than a scorpion, which argument, I believe, never failed yet with a *mamma*; and as to the poor girls, it will be easy to work upon their minds without being ungallant. To be sure they cannot unlearn all that old domine has crammed into their noddles, but if they are frightened into a careful concealment, there is not much harm done; for if after they are married, they can put their boys through the Latin grammar and Selecta, the employment will not be disagreeable to them, the children may benefit, and if they should settle in Ireland, I mean in the country, no body need be the wiser for their latinity. Fanny is young enough to snatch from contagion, and with her merry phiz, she ought not to drudge over *Hic hæc hoc*. I could not help thinking of Marmontel's description (is it not?) of *Agathe*

taineers. So far so good, but old Solon used to say "the end is not come yet," and I felt all the prudence of suspended judgment conveyed in his *laconicism*, when on the removal of the tray, Frederick placed a large book before his mother, and having rung the bell, I found myself presently engaged,—yes, actually engaged in family prayers with no less than six domestics and an old non-descript with grey hair, who hobbled in leaning upon a stick, and for whose accommodation Fanny placed a cushion; all ranged along the end of the room: it was a complete *take in*, and I never felt more awkwardly in all my life. However there was no escaping, and I had nothing for it but submission. My aunt, to do her justice, gave us a short prayer, and I cannot say that there was any *cant* in it; but conceive the bad taste of following this part of the ceremony by reading a chapter in the New Testament, and during the time, sitting "hail fellows well met" in the midst of the servants, who took to their seats as naturally as if they had been born to five thousand a year each.



## LETTER IV.

MRS. DOUGLAS TO MRS. E. SANDFORD.

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My dearly loved Friend,

AND are you really once more in your own Derbyshire, enjoying the blessing of rest after all your wanderings? My heart flies to bid you welcome at Checkley, where your presence, I doubt not, was long desired and affectionately greeted, though not perhaps with such energy as is conveyed in our Irish "Cead Millagh farthagh." But how doubly blessed is your return, and how largely has a merciful Providence repaid your labours, and compensated for every privation that you have endured, by restoring the sweet Agnes to perfect health! You are a mother, in almost every sense of that comprehensive title, to three dear and doubly orphaned girls, who now employ your whole attention;

out the exhilarating prospect. My children seem to feel that months are years, till August comes and brings the Sandfords to Glenalta.

But dearest Elizabeth, I am not answering your question: "Will you help me with your experience in this weighty task which I have undertaken, and give me your advice upon the important subject of female education, as I proceed in an endeavour to fulfil the part which I have engaged to act?" Yes surely, my friend, I will gladly afford you every aid in my power to bestow, but you will not expect more than I can give. You must not look to me for that which I have never found myself, namely a plan or system by which I could work under the guidance of another mind without exercising at every moment whatever penetration the Almighty had conferred upon my own. This, whatever be its measure, has been employed night and day in scrutinizing the individual varieties that presented themselves in the several dispositions of my children.

You know the little history of their infant years, and that they were ever with me. You

*“ To my beloved Mamma.*

And wilt *thou also* fall asleep ?  
And must we never cease to weep ?  
And can'st thou breathe a long farewell  
To those whose little bosoms swell  
With love, that would thy sorrows cheer,  
With grief, that finds no solace here ?  
Oh take us to the realms of light,  
Or stay awhile thy spirit's flight  
Tho' angels beckon : hear our prayer,  
Nor leave thy children to despair ! ”

This first lisp of an almost infant muse produced an electric effect, and seemed the proximate instrument to inspire a degree of resolution which till then had been denied to my prayers ; for God does his work in our hearts by secondary means and not by miracles. From that hour my mind appeared gradually to receive strength. I began to feel that solitude was too selfish an enjoyment ; that I had *active* duties which claimed a share of my thoughts. I prayed earnestly, I exerted myself unceasingly, recovered health, and then determined on the great sacrifice of re-visiting Glenalta. The anguish, which

way." I read every volume of which I had ever heard upon education, and found instruction in a short paper upon the subject, written by the late Mrs. Barbauld, whose pen was called upon to direct the conduct of a father and mother who found themselves the parents of a darling only son, and possessed of such affluence as to induce them to give a *carte blanche* for whatever might be suggested as most likely to succeed in making this object of their common affection all that they fondly desired to see him.

Her letter in reply to their solicitations for advice, was published many years ago in a periodical work entitled "The Inquirer," and contains more strong good sense in a few pages than I have ever met with in the many ponderous quartos which maternal anxiety induced me to wade through. Mrs. Barbauld tells her friends *to be* themselves in daily life, in all their habits of speaking and acting, *that* which they desire to impress upon their son. The quantity of Greek and Latin, logic, and mathematics, which he might attain in the progress of his studies, or the place in which such knowledge should



tween theory and practice, which ought to operate as a powerful incentive with those who undertake the care of youth, to make singleness of heart and a broad bold integrity the rule of every act in life. It is in vain that we talk of the beauty of truth, while we employ dissimulation in our intercourse with society; or descant on the advantages of occupation, while our own days are passed in idleness and sloth. *Words* go for very little, whilst it is what we are *doing* that secretly determines the bias of our children either to imitate or avoid. Powerfully impressed with this leading truth, I endeavoured to act upon my conviction. My rules were simple, few, and determined. I avoided as much as possible the multiplication of *decrees*, and, where it was practicable, rather sought to shew my little flock the path in which I wished them to walk by accompanying their steps, than to point out by prohibition that which was to be avoided. The success with which a merciful Providence has blessed my humble efforts is not granted to all in the same *degree*; but all must try for the goal, though

I have, you see, only attempted here to give you a loose sketch of my ground plan. You must ask specific questions, to which you shall have the best replies in my power to give: but if I go on tacking my thoughts together *generally* upon the subject of education, I may be giving you what you do not want. Tell me, then, all your difficulties as they arise, and as far as my experience can remove them you may rely upon my inclination to assist your virtuous resolution of supplying a parent's place to your poor brother's orphans.

The many volumes devoted to the subject of education are frequently written by people who have, like the spider, spun out the web of their theories from within, and then applied those tissues to creatures of their own imagination, fitting and conforming the one to the other as nicely as Cinderella's slipper was found to suit the princess for whose foot it had been made. Such books remind me of a fine contrivance which should be devised with mathematical precision by one wholly unacquainted with practical operations. The machine is set

road to be spoiled, if we cannot, by some necromancy, contrive to make him love our peaceful pleasures at Glenalta.

It is to me a source of great amusement as well as delight to be a silent observer of the group by which I am encircled. I had prepared my dear Frederick and his sisters to find their cousin frank and amiable, but sadly led astray by the tyranny of fashion; and it is really more interesting than I can express, to behold the sweet assiduities of these beloved children in administering to his wants, endeavouring to promote his amusement, and softening his prejudices by the most endearing kindness, and gentle, judicious opposition. So nice is the tact which singleness of heart, and affection inspire, that I have not had once to animadvert upon any part of their manners towards our young guest since he came amongst us, and as all their innocent projects for his reformation, and delicate remarks upon the progress or failure of their little schemes are imparted with the glow of confiding sympathy to me, I am charmed with the discoveries which I am thus enabled to make in the dispositions of

more than this, every degree of literary information beyond the poems of Lord Byron or an Album, is voted *blue*, and Arthur's eloquence is in continual exercise upon the absurdity, inutility, and vulgarity of *learning in a lady*. His tirades are met with such perfect good humour, and he is so frequently indebted to those resources in his cousins which he affects to despise for varying the pleasures of his day, that I prophesy a change in his opinions, but it will not be wrought all at once. We must patiently endure some more reproach, ere our young man of fashion will declare himself a convert, but such is the charm of *mind over matter*, that I think we shall conquer in the end.

My dears all unite in most affectionate loves to you and yours with my Elizabeth's

Attached friend,

CAROLINE DOUGLAS.

Mr. Oliphant returns from his northern trip next week.



"sweet restorer," as *our* poet so beautifully calls it, came ere long to my aid, and my eyes were closed until they opened at once upon Lewis, and the most brilliant sunshine I ever beheld !

"Lewis, I will get up before the family are stirring—I want to look about me, and see something of this place before breakfast."

"Lord, sir," replied my squire, "the people of this house I believe live without sleep, at least if I may judge by what I have seen as yet. I was up myself at half past six, and the young ladies were coming then from the sea when I went down stairs. They are off upon some other prank now, for I saw two of them on donkies, and Mr. Frederick is, I know not where, but certainly not in his room, for the door and windows of it are wide open."

I jumped up, and at eight o'clock sallied forth in quest of adventures. The Glen, in which my aunt's dwelling is situated, is most assuredly quite lovely; and this time of the year is so charming in itself, that it is provoking that all things here should not be in harmony. Just conceive a set of Blue Stock-

ing a goblet of high-frothed milk instead of nectar, not for Jupiter, but your humble servant. Never having been paid such an attention in all my life before, I felt rather at a nonplus. Not a line from Scott, Byron, or any of our British bards!—no, not even the “Thought upon new milk,” at which you and I have laughed in the Rolliad, came to my relief. Not intimate enough to be thus served by a princess of the castle, without returning *some* acknowledgment, and nothing either chivalric or poetical starting to my *rescue*, I was completely *at fault*, and looked, perhaps for the first time, something like Simon Pure. Fanny, however, did not seem to observe any thing but the main point of whether the draught were honestly dregged to the very bottom.—“Drink it all; the conserve of roses, I dare say, will reward the last gulp,—there, that is a dear boy—it will do you good;” and away flitted my nymph of the mountain, saying, as she sped along, that she would come and walk with me in a moment. Scarcely had I lost sight of her, before she was back again; and all animation, with youth,

health, and good humour, she ran up to me and said—"Old Lawrence does not treat me so formally as you do; *he* does not look surprised when I offer him a glass of milk; but smiles kindly, with a 'bless you, missy,' as my reward."

"What," answered I, "have you been meting out your favors this morning to a set of pensioners, amongst whom I have the honour to be classed? If that be the case, *my* gratitude might be taken from the general tribute, and hardly missed."—"Oh, then, I see how it is," replied my little coz, "you are offended at me for having taken care of a helpless old man in company with a smart and fashionable young one; but you will not be angry when I tell you, that this dear old soul is the precious mother's foster-father." "And pray, my amiable Fan, what is the meaning of *foster-father*, for in my life I never happened to hear of such a relation."—"Well, you astonish me, Arthur; I find that you have a great deal to learn. Old Lawrence, or Lorry, as you will soon be taught to call him, was husband to mamma's nurse. Nanny is dead, and much

did we grieve for her ; but it is a great consolation for her loss, that we are enabled to make her excellent and aged partner so happy and comfortable as he is at Glenalta. Remember, too, that the blessed sun does not shine less brightly upon you, dear Arthur, because it warms our poor old man : and when you think of this, you will never grudge him a share of Drimindhu's milk."

"And who, may I ask, is Drimindhu?" rejoined I. "A favourite cow. Our Kerry cows are beautiful, and not unlike those of Alderney ; but Drim is my own property, and her milk is better than any other ; at least, *I* think so, or I would not give it to you and Lorry. Have your sisters *pets* of this kind at Selby?" "No, indeed, *my* sisters know very little of cows ; and I question whether they ever heard that it is these animals which supply us with milk. Louisa and Adelaide live for a great part of every year in town, and when they go down into Buckinghamshire, or to Brighton, or elsewhere, they ride and drive, but never take any part in domestic affairs."—



boy, carrying a basket before him. Nothing could be more picturesque than the scene, and it was much heightened by the approach of these rustic equestrians. While I was moving towards them, a fine pointer passed me by at full speed, and a tap on my shoulder announced Frederick, who came running across the grass to join the party. A few moments brought us together, and, to my amazement, the brother and sisters met with as much demonstration of gladness at sight of each other as Louisa, Adelaide, and I could have mustered after a year's separation. The effect was pleasant; and, if *sincere*, this affection which the people here discover towards each other has something very *comfortable* in it; but it is only calculated for this sort of place, and, like hospitality, naturally flies into these recesses of the earth, where the objects are scarce upon which one's practice can be exercised. Politeness is necessary to a *certain* degree in the world, and even *that* may be overdone; but beyond this how little of the heart does one see brought into play, and in-

deed on a great theatre the thing would be impracticable, if it were not such a bore as to render an attempt to love every one that a man meets as absurd as it is impossible. But I digress.—Large coarse straw hats shaded my pretty cousins from the sun, which shone brightly. The eldest has a peculiar expression, made up of the intellectual and pensive, which is singularly agreeable, though her features are not regular enough for what requires no periphrasis to describe, but is at once called beauty. Charlotte is very pleasing also; her countenance is less strongly marked than Emily's by reflection, but it is quick as lightning—and full of sensibility; while Fanny's face exhibits a mixture of all the varied characteristics of both her sisters', or may perhaps be more properly denominated a mirror, in which every movement of *their* minds that makes it way to the surface, is shadowed with fidelity.

All were in a hurry to get home lest my aunt should be kept waiting a moment; and so quick were the subsequent operations, that Frederick has assisted the two damsels from



their donkies, the riding costume was *doffed*, as if by magic; and ere it seemed possible to have gone through half the preliminary work of preparation for breakfast, a bell tingled, and hastily pocketing my sketch-book, I quitted my station near the house, where I had lingered to make a memorandum of the spot, and was met at the door by Fred. who stopped my entrance, saying, "Arthur, my mother fears it may not be agreeable to you to attend family prayers; and, as you are an invalid, I am desired to say, that you are not to consider yourself bound to our hours, or observances; therefore, my dear fellow, as you have of course said your own prayers, do not think it necessary to join us; but Lewis has been asked, and as it is pleasant to be *sure* of religious instruction for the servants, I came to mention the circumstance, lest you should want your *valet*."

Now the fact was, that though you know I *do* say my prayers generally, and think the practice a right one, I had not knelt down on that morning. The stimulus of a new place, the vexation of the preceding evening, and a sort

of restless curiosity to look about me, and make my observations while I had an opportunity of being alone; all excited me to quit my room as fast as I could, and I did so without a syllable of devotion: behold me, then, again caught in the trap; and having blundered out something of being "very happy, &c. &c." Frederick led the way, and in a small room where there was no appearance of eatables, I found Mrs. Douglas and her daughters.

My aunt, who is about forty, is a heavenly looking being, without being handsome in the *common* sense of the word. Her character of countenance, manner, dress, is entirely and exclusively *her own*, without conveying in any thing the idea of eccentric. Her smile is lovely, and seems to warm into life and serenity whatever it rests upon.

"At length her sorrows drew a line of care  
Across her brow, and sketch'd her story there.  
Years of internal suffering dried the stream  
That lent her youthful eye its liquid beam;  
A mild composure to its glance succeeds,  
The gayest look still spoke of widow's weeds."

The exquisite lines, written by I know not

whom, from which I have made this extract, seem to have been drawn for my aunt. The portraiture is perfect; but I must not forget that we are all *fasting*. I was received with "welcome, *my* Arthur," which I do not know *why*, gave me a lump in my throat—a mixed sensation of pain and pleasure, which I have very seldom experienced. The servants, neatly dressed, and decorously arranged, lined the room. Fanny placed old Lawrence's cushion, and a psalm, which was read by Frederick, was succeeded by a prayer from his mother, pronounced with such a thrilling pathos, that I felt it "*knock* at my heart," as our friend Russell said one day of an Irish melody. I admire not only my aunt's selection, but since she *must* have family devotion, her judgment in limiting the time which it occupies to so short a period. Nobody seems either tired or inattentive; but the petition is so simple, so energetic, and so reasonable in point of duration, that really one cannot say much against the practice, after all: custom, too, familiarizes one in a day or two to kneeling down among

you brought me?" asked Mrs. Douglas. I now expected a first dissertation upon stamens and pistils—felt myself starching my countenance involuntarily into a most repellent expression, and was hastening to swallow a bit of toast that I might turn to Frederick while the Linnæan lecture continued, when Emily quickly, but joyously answered, "Oh, I am delighted to tell you, that we found every thing you want except the club-moss."

Much pleased, as well as surprised, I ventured now to hint about the botanical books which I had glanced at, adding, "I thought that you were all learned in botany as well as the whole circle of sciences." A hearty laugh went round the table, and Emily replied, "We know a few plants, and it is very amusing to go in search of them in our mountain walks."—"And pray," I asked, "have they not all long Latin teeth-breaking names? I dare say you know some scientific title for club-moss." "I *do* know another name," said Emily, "but the English is always the easiest



whole group, though in the expression of each *bien venu* there was something individually characteristic. My aunt's reception of a person for whom she feels affection, is touchingly kind; and while the bright glow of hospitality lights up her whole manner and appearance, the gleam is accompanied by a sort of tender melancholy, which would evidently conceal itself were it possible, but which, when interpreted, seems to say, "there *was* a time when you would have been doubly welcome, for then I was not alone."

Her smile brings that beautiful image in Ossian to my mind, which you and I have admired, "It was like a sun-beam on the dark side of a wave." Fanny's exclamation, upon Mr. Otway's entrance, was, "Oh, dearest *Phil.* can this indeed be you?" To expound this extraordinary salutation would have been difficult when first I heard it; but I am now enabled to say, that this gay assembly christened him "The Philosopher," because of his extensive knowledge, to which all the family are in the habit of appealing as to a great bank of deposit; and it appears, that no letter of credit drawn upon

which was the reason of his being unusually muffled, and also of the more than common happiness expressed at sight of him. He sat only a few minutes, but promised to dine on the following day; and immediately after his departure my aunt, addressing herself to me, said, "Arthur, my love, we are a home-spun set of people here, very unlike the world to which you are accustomed, and instead of passing our mornings in amusement, we go to our several occupations till two o'clock, at which hour you will always find luncheon in the breakfast-parlour, and your cousins ready to ride or walk; but as you must not be expected to drop all at once into our old-fashioned ways, Frederick and Emily shall be your companions to-day, Charlotte and Fanny to-morrow. In this manner, you will be acquainted with our walks, and introduced to our sunny bowers. When Fred.'s next examinations are over, he will be a free man; and in the mean time you will, I know, bear with our stupidity."—So saying, she pressed my hand, and left the room, followed by the younger girls.

"Shall we walk or ride to-day?" said Emily.



"We are your attendant knights," answered Frederick, "and wait your decision." "Oh, oh!" quoth I, "Sir Charles Grandison upon our hands:" I did not, however, say so *aloud*; I thought it better to feel my way a little, and only replied, "Certainly."—Emily, with perfect ease, rejoined, that she thought we might perhaps do both, and, turning to her brother, added, "Suppose that we take him first through the Glen, then round the coppice to Lisfarne Wood; and after luncheon, if Arthur is not tired, we may ride up the mountain, and shew him the bay." Matters were arranged in a moment, and forth we sallied, Frederick presenting one arm to his sister and the other to me. "Pooh! what a piece of ceremony you are," said I. "How so?" eagerly asked Emily; "Fred. is so affectionate, that he *cannot* be formal: his heart always serves with him in the place of etiquette, by suggesting all that the most genuine politeness could dictate: his attentions are not confined to strangers; but, unlike those of cold mannerists, are bestowed upon the people whom he loves best."

This savoured of a *sting*, and I felt my colour rising ; but in a second I found that none could have been designed ; indeed, how should it, for they knew nothing of my conduct with my sisters, and therefore could never have intended a stab in the dark. “ Plague on these *retirements*,” thought I to myself, “ where there is no standard for good manners but people’s own crude notions of what is right and wrong ! This ponderous machinery of morals, brought to bear upon every trifle, is as difficult to be at ease with, as the heavy cross-stitch, long-backed chairs of antiquity which are just suited to such *buckram*, and it is a pity that the furniture at Glenalta is not in *keeping* with these straight-laced puritans who are its inhabitants.” — Thoughts are rapid, and these flew over my mind so fleetly as not to be fashioned into any sort of utterable form, when the gay cheerfulness of my companions dispelled the passing cloud, and we took a delightful walk, which was enlivened by a great deal of pleasant conversation. We talked of Killarney, which they tell me I must visit when I cease to *bark*. We

rants?" If I had fired a pistol at Emily, she could not have been more amazed. For a second she stood motionless, and then burst into tears. I begged a thousand pardons, and asked how I had offended, while Frederick, exactly as if he had been her lover, pressed her hand with the most affectionate solicitude, and leading his sister towards the bank, we were all seated by a sort of tacit consent in a moment. A silence while you could reckon ten, ensued, and I felt foolish enough, as well as vexed, at such a *contre tems* in the midst of our good humour. Again I mentally cursed botanists, philosophers, and *precieuses*, though I must own they were not to blame upon the present occasion, when it was my own confounded folly in forgetting what a *Ninette à la Cour* I had to deal with that produced this vexatious *kick up*. But while I was biting my lip, and thinking what I should say *next*, Emily brushed off her tears, and seizing my hand in the kindest manner, gently implored my forgiveness, as if *she* had been the offender, and with as much *naïveté* and tenderness, as if she

She is still a very attractive woman, and he seems to feel that she is so. Now dear Emily is not this ‘the very head and front of mine offending?’” “I will try and not again expose myself,” said Emily, “by giving way to impulses which should be under better control; it is very wrong, as well as silly I know, to judge all things and people by the same standard; and therefore I ought to have remembered, that the gay circle of fashion in which you live, must of necessity be governed both in habits and opinions by a rule as different as possible from any that guides our simple hearts in the Kerry mountains. Now then, here is my bargain,—I will not be angry any more, and you will not draw conclusions, till you are better acquainted at Glenalta. When you are, you will not be inclined to repeat the *treason*; you will then see clearly how much you mistake the characters of the persons who surround you: when the subject may be more interesting than it can be while you are a mere stranger here, I will give you a sketch of Mr. Otway’s history; till then, you are to be a *calm observer*.”



gifts on Emily's head" "Oh Miss, *marvourneen*, Jem is well again, and going to work; and I made bould to come over the mountain with a bit o' fish and a little hen for ye." "Eileen, I thank you heartily," said Emily, "and am very glad to hear that your husband is better; but where are your shoes and stockings?" "Honey, I left 'em at home, a fear I'd be wearing 'em out too soon; but the flax you gave me is a'most spun, and when I gets the price of it, I'll have another pair of stockings, and then, plase God, I'll not come to your honor any more bare-footed."

How strange is this sort of thing! and yet this creature, scarcely human, had a kind of natural grace about her which I believe to be the offspring of enthusiasm: she was not at all abashed by my presence, but tripped lightly along with us, as if assured that she was welcome to Emily, who seemed her principal object, though turning to Fred. presently, she exclaimed "Och, then Maisther Frederick, how low my poor Jem was the last day that your honor comed to see him! sure he called to little Tade,

which prevails here. We had now come within a few paces of the verandah, when Fanny, with a delighted face, flew up to her brother and me, "Pray do look! the warm sunshine of this day is bringing out my *grubs*, and I shall have butterflies before the usual time." "Aye, Fan, said Frederick, but you will not prevail on this day's warmth to last, and your early butterflies may be killed by frost, if you force them out before their time." This was a new idea, and abated Fanny's joy, who now ran off to consult her mother and Emily upon this matter of importance. I find my obedience to your commands, will involve me in quires of paper, so if you do not desire a stationer's bill of large amount to be brought in to you, upon your return, you must let me *skip* now and then, after giving you these *peeps* into character.

Imagine now a nice luncheon furnished with fine apples that have outlived the winter, milk, honey, and sandwiches. Suppose us all met, and an arrangement entered upon, for the mountain ride. Charlotte, Fanny, Fred. and I, mounted, and my aunt setting out in a little



a figure, as also some extraordinary sea-kale which is a matter of rivalry between the houses of Glenalta and Lisfarne, Emily trying one mode of culture and Mr. Otway another, came to an end in due season without the least *stagnation*, such as one so often witnesses in the country.

Mr. Otway is decidedly a very superior man, his conversation displays extensive information, and, what is singular enough, though I am given to understand that Killylarney is *now* the limit of his excursions from home, there is nothing awkward about him. He is accounted by all, except this family, a great oddity, for he does not mix in society with the neighbourhood, and is given to solitary walks and musing, which people, less cultivated than he is, do not understand. He is not an idler however, as they tell me that his life is a continued series of active beneficence.

When the dessert was put upon the table, and the servants gone, we drew our chairs very snugly round a blazing billet, which the evenings are just chilly enough still to render as

value what they do not possess, particularly if they find knowledge and ability in those, whom, *as females*, they consider their inferiors; but you ought to apply to your cousin, who can give you the latest *edition*. I am an old square-toes you know, and words change their meaning every day. Howard, *unde derivatur*, modern Blue-stockings if you please?"

I felt a little awkwardly, but answered, "Mr. Stillingfleet, I believe, is the origin. At least his Blue-stockings at Mrs. Montagu's *soirées* are the only parentage that I have heard of for the term, and you have defined it."

"Well," said Fanny, "this is odd enough, for it appears that a gentleman wore the blue-stockings, which are transferred to the ladies; but now Phil. I want to know why learned ladies are disliked. I always thought that people were esteemed in proportion to their knowledge, if they made a right use of it."

"There," answered Mr. Otway, "you have yourself told the whole secret; *if they make a right use of it*. Now it has happened that some ladies have made a *wrong* use of their talents

and attainments, and thus have drawn reproach upon the whole sex to which they appertain."

"What *is* this wrong use which which has been so heavily punished, may I enquire," interposed Charlotte, while my aunt, Emily, and Frederick, seemed quite delighted with this curious catechism.

"The word *display*, includes the whole charge," said Mr. Otway. "Some women have foolishly destroyed the ease of society by an unseasonable introduction of their acquirements, and a pedantic exhibition of the variety and extent of them in pompous expression, unsuited to mixed companies, and uncalled for by the occasion."

"But why visit the faults of a few on the whole sisterhood," interrupted Fanny, with eagerness, "Mr. Otway?"

"Because men are very uncandid in their judgments, and find it easier to get rid of a vexation by annihilating the cause, than by regulating the effects."

Emily here begged to know "whether men

were never vain-glorious, and if they were, why they too were not nicknamed."

"In fact," said Mr. Otway, "dunces and fools hate in men, as well as women, whatever they cannot understand or appreciate; and the terms Bookworm, Philosopher, Quid-nunc, &c. are frequently employed to designate persons of superior erudition; but men are simply avoided as *bores*; women are contemned as rivals."

At this moment I chanced to look at Fanny, and saw a tear gliding down her cheek. In the instant of being observed, she started up, and throwing her affectionate arms around Mr. Otway's neck exclaimed, "Oh never, never, will I call you Phil. again, which is the short name with us for philosopher. Why did you not tell me before that it was a term of derision? I love you as our dear friend, and I thought it the most delightful thing possible, to know so much as you do, and to be so like the Encyclopedia as you are."

It was not in nature to resist this sally. We all laughed heartily, though I saw a responding



that it may be asserted of such minds, that they are most sensible to the great truths of religion, which, above all monitors with whose influence we are acquainted, inspires genuine humility; and secondly, because it is the nature of knowledge to render those who have made the greatest progress in its attainment most keenly alive to the deficiencies of all human intellect. ‘A little learning is a dangerous thing,’ and flippancy is ever the offspring of superficial information.”

“Now unfortunately some of the female sex having just tasted of the Pierian springs, have become stimulated to intoxication, without proceeding to the sobering draught recommended by the poet. Then, as a woman’s education does not *usually* comprehend either classical or scientific literature, a very slight proficiency in either will make a great shew, just as a solitary candle will do in a dark place; but there are silly people to be found in every country as of every age, and *both* sexes.” “Pray then,” said Emily, “would not the abuse of learning be remedied in a manner *kind* as well as efficient,



a professor, who draws and models, who can take casts, and sculpture marble. All these things, however pretty, occupy neither the highest nor the best powers of the human mind; and, generally speaking, they are pursuits which *suppose* exhibition. There are few who cultivate them on their *own account*; and thousands arrive at excellence in several branches of polite education without natural taste, merely to attain certain ends, and when they are compassed, the scaffolding is thrown aside altogether; the fingers are given a holyday, and the unfurnished understanding stands confessed in all its vacuity. If the vessel be not valuable from what it contains, it naturally follows that the external fashion will determine its estimation; and thus a short-lived grace comes to be the pearl of price; and when the bloom of youth is past, there is no fund to support the long evening of life. A sleepy animalized existence at *home*, or a perpetual search after excitement abroad, succeeds. Both sexes degenerate, society grows more vapid, and more vulgar, every day, till reduced to its coarse elements of mere

attraction; and when you reflect that men seek society to unbend their thoughts, and to get rid of the studies, as well as the cares which oppress them in the several walks of busy occupation, whether in the field, or the closet, the senate, or the court, I cannot help feeling that matters are very happily adjusted in the division of labour, which the general sense of mankind has adopted, and that women have no business whatsoever with any thing but the *agrémens* of life, and should leave to us the whole toil of reading and thinking."

"Well I am sure," said Fanny, "the motive is so kind that the arrangement *ought* to be a good one. What do you think, Mamma?" "My love," answered her Mother, "I shall lie by and be a listener. The argument is in very good hands, and I shall keep my opinion in reserve, for a *single combat* with Arthur, when he is inclined 'to fight the battle o'er again.'"

"We will take Emily's judgment upon this question," said Mr. Otway: "Emily, what think *you* of the gallantry which Fanny conceives to be deserving of such praise?" "Indeed,"

and cultivation wherever they find them. They are not afraid of rivalry, and their minds are too large to take pleasure in any supremacy which is produced by exclusion. The lazy, and the tyrannical, would fence in their privileges, and not permit to women a participation in what they choose to call their inherent rights; the former to save themselves the trouble of acquiring knowledge, and the latter because they would depress and enslave the sex to which they would allot no higher calling than that of administering to their amusement? Is not this a *true bill*?" I could not deny that there was some force in the statement, but urged the *general* voice as being considered the best criterion of what is good in itself, and then advanced the necessity of making some difference between two sets of beings destined to such dissimilar offices. "Men are born to action. They live in public, they preside in the councils of nations; they provide for the families that look up to them for protection; they labour in the field with their hands, and in the closet with their brains. When the toil of life is suspended,

his labours to unbend in the enjoyment of the social hour, it is *then* that we find of what materials he is made."

"We will suppose first of the humble artizan, that one takes the fruit of his toil to the public-house, where it is spent in company with the idle and the vicious; that from thence he proceeds to the pugilistic ring, and gambles away the remainder of his earnings, while his mind is brutalized by the nature of the sport, and his wife and children are left to starve. *Here* you have no hesitation in condemning such an appropriation of time and money; nor do I believe that you would find any greater difficulty in bestowing your praise upon the industrious father who, gathering his children round the evening fire, can participate with the goodly partner of his cares in the task of rearing a young family to virtuous principles and prudent habits as his best happiness. Trust me, my young friend, that in the higher classes of society we may trace as much variety of character as in the humbler walks; and vice is both as vulgar, and unholy, when varnished over by fashion, as it is



was not to be considered a Don Quixote, prepared cap-à-pé, to fight the battles of every distressed *Blue*, who might chance to be attacked by an uncourteous enemy. "But, my good Sir," said I, "since we have gone so far in this discussion, let me soberly and seriously ask what is the *use* of learning in a woman? Is she handsomer, more lively, more attractive, for having her head crammed with strange languages? If I am to be a champion, I must begin my service by what may appear perhaps rather ungalant, though I hope that the present company will acquit me of any design to do otherwise than afford my *best* service, provided that you succeed in converting me from opinions which I have been brought up in a belief are founded in nature and good sense."

"My dear fellow," replied Mr. Otway, "do not profane the names of nature and good sense by identifying the one or the other with fashion. I would appeal to your understanding, and if that is not convinced of error, I would leave you to the prejudices which you have imbibed. Let us then now fairly meet each other. You ask,



will women be made more beautiful, more lively, more attractive, by being more instructed? Perhaps I may encounter a laugh, if I answer yes; first, I always consider intelligence as the greatest beautifier of a face, which, if handsome, is lit up by an additional ray in every new exercise of the mental powers; and if ugly is at least prevented from being stupid by cultivation. But this will not satisfy you, because I assume the very thing that you deny; so I will ask you, have men *a right* to consider women as objects merely of gratification to their eyes and ears? Are not women endowed with sense and feeling; with high powers of intellectual energy, and immortal spirits like men? Were these gifts, think you, conferred for nothing but to be employed in the arts of catching butterflies? No, no—

‘Domestic bliss, that like a harmless dove  
Can centre in a little nest,  
All that desire would fly for through the world,’

is improved by all that gives variety and interest to the social union of two souls destined to find the principal portion of their happiness *at home*.

The merely fashionable accomplishments can last only for a season, and that very season which least requires their aid, for youth and sprightliness are so full of elasticity and joy, that were music, painting, &c. banished from the world, there is a halcyon hour in the life of all, in which their aids would not be missed, because they are not wanted; but the summer-fly, which gaily flits in the warmth of a meridian beam, ought not to be our model. Life, like every four and twenty hours, has its morning and evening, then its night. Do not start, I am not going to give you a homily; I would only call an intelligent mind to a quiet investigation of truth, and farther ask, when time steals the bloom from beauty's cheek, and the song, which once charmed the ear has died away—when the fairy fingers have lost the ease,

‘ Which marks security to please ? ’

When the nymph is changed into the matron, and the sylphid form of eighteen is transformed into the “mother of many children,” pray what becomes of companionship which had rested its

sole support on the evanescent perfections of youth, the very nature of which is to pass away like a morning dream? Would it not be wiser first to consider the human species as formed for a world beyond this, in which it is appointed 'to fret our little hour,' and to make a vital sense of our *ultimate* destination, the *primum mobile* in every scheme of existence? This is the grand, the principal, the master-link of all earthly union, because it does not end here, but binds the faster as terrestrial things wax nearer to a close. Upon this broad base would not rational creatures, who are expressly fashioned for each others' society in this world, naturally be led to cultivate in common the greatest degree of intellectual perfection? Do you believe that the ditinguishing, the ennobling boon of reason is granted to *both* sexes, to be only exercised by a very limited number of *one* sex, and lavished in thoughtless waste by all the rest? Never entertain such an idea of the Creator, who has made nothing without its end, purpose, and design. I do not expect you to become a convert in the twinkling of an eye, but I feel as

if we should one day have you added to our ranks, a staunch partisan of better views than those which you have learned to advocate."

"Before you conclude," said I, "your introductory lecture upon *Bluism*, you must hear my creed, such as I brought it to Glenalta. Do not suppose that I think it possible for a society to be held together without the bond of religion. Whatever errors I might have been inclined to fall into, had I been left to myself, I have a friend, and that a youthful one too, who has kept such a *watch* upon my sayings, doings, and thinkings, as to preserve me at least from the *grosser* mistakes to which young men are liable who have no Mentor to guide their course. I am thoroughly convinced that religion is necessary in every community that aims at being well ordered, and that women ought to be considered as peculiarly its guardians; they are the nurses of young ideas, the first shoots of which are directed by female solicitude, and it would never do to have our *ladies* turn infidels."

"Very well," said Mr. Otway, "here are some strong admissions. You believe in the



there is time enough for much more than is usually taught to girls from five to fifteen; and while the memory is retentive, the curiosity fresh, and all the faculties ready for action, it is a pity that food for the mind should not be provided of a more substantial kind than is generally supplied. In learning the dead, we attain the principles of living languages; we become able to trace our own mother tongue to its source; we enlarge the field of knowledge and of comparison; we search the Scriptures with effect, because we are enabled to search them minutely; and why should these advantages be denied to one half of the creation? Woman's empire is peculiarly to be found in her *Home*. Whatever adds dignity to her dominion, and variety to her pleasures in the scene of them, I must ever maintain to be the best safeguard of national virtue. Barbarism and excessive refinement are extremes of a widely-extended series, and like all other extremes come to meet at last. The selfishness of the former, exercises the pre-eminence of animal strength in compelling the weaker sex to endure the fatigue of cultivat-



their future offspring, on the boards of Drury Lane or Covent Garden: thus destroying whatever gives sweetness to domestic retirement. An actress *may* possess more worth than many of the audience who gaze upon her through their glasses from the surrounding boxes, but the charm of modesty can *hardly* belong to her who lives in perpetual exhibition; nor can the woman, whose sole profession is the study of fictitious and, generally speaking, unamiable characters, be expected to have much time for cultivating her own character to the profit of an immortal soul."

"But, Sir, you speak of the theatre. Our young women of fashion are not players; and supposing that they were, and that we must all select our partners in the school of Thespis, would the study of Homer and Simonides, of Virgil and Horace, be a remedy for the evils of which you complain?"

"No, my dear Howard. I attach no magic to these authors. On the contrary, there may be an overweening attachment to the ancients, and there are still a few scholars of the old

those who commence the business of life well furnished with useful knowledge, learning, taste, discretion ! with all those qualities in short which ought to distinguish man from the inferior creation ! How often are we disappointed when we cast our eyes around, in this polished age of the world, in quest of the materials which are to supply our future strength in every department of the State ! A youth governed by religious principle, his head stored with science and literature, while his heart expands to *all* the social ties of generous affection, is the *only* character to whom the interests of his fellow-men may be fearlessly consigned ; because he alone feels what they truly are : and he only who has learned himself to bow with respect to the wisdom of experience, and conform to the discipline of moral rule may be trusted to watch over the happiness of others. Yet such a being as this is a *rara avis in terris*, while the degenerate race, which I before described, crowd our streets and highways ; and hope one day, through the influence of rank, to take their seats upon our parliamentary benches, where they will vote away our li-

*effigies* neither see, feel, hear, nor understand, except as machines may appear to do. Likings, dislikings, looks, words, and actions, all are artificial; and natural disposition is only displayed when it is too late to regulate its movements. Marriage, like the fifth act of a play, brings matters to a conclusion, and our young ladies drive off from the theatre to exhibit at home the materials which *really* compose their characters. It may be that vanity, only changing its diet, is still fed to repletion; but should circumstances deny what habit and education have taught to be the only good, disappointment will have its revenge, a hecatomb of domestic victims must expiate the crime of all who withhold the accustomed tribute that had been paid to the attractions of youth."

I could not restrain a sigh. The portrait was sketched with animation, and the features of it were familiar to me. Our *Phil.* proceeded:

"I do not *insist* upon any of the acquirements which excite such general terror. I see no specific for the evils which I have prescribed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chemistry, Botany, or Ma-

thematics. My only object is to deprecate ridicule, and to ask for a little portion of that liberality which even descends to *cant* at the present day, in favour of all women of whatever country, who are seeking mental improvement. Let us only have an end of nick-names, which terrify the timorous; and, with the enlightened policy which is beginning to operate in our financial and commercial relations, let us renounce our narrow ideas of monopoly, and open the way to a free trade of mind, unincumbered by the taxes which retard its progress. Let us look a little higher than Mrs. Montagu's formal *soirées*, and the quaint cerulean hosen of Mr. Stillingfleet.

Fortunata la calza d'azzurra e d'oro  
Così diletta' al Febo e l' Aonio coro."

Apollo and the Aonian choir do not seem to have made any exclusions here. The blue and gold which are thus eulogized in Ariosto, may be permitted to decorate the softer sex; and we have no right to laugh them out of a costume which the gods themselves proclaimed as the livery in common of all their votaries. But you have been a patient listener to my inaugural



lecture, and it is time to give you a writ of ease. You must breakfast with me to-morrow, and we shall find plenty of matter for more chat upon the world and its ways."

"Oh dear Phil," exclaimed Fanny, "how delightful it will be, if Arthur, under your tuition, ceases to be woman-hater."

A burst of merriment at my expense, was the consequence. When I protested that nothing could possibly be farther from my character, and that I had rather the credit of being a *lady's* man; her reply was, "well it may be so, but if you wish to continue so vile a system as Phil. has been describing, you would sacrifice one half of the species to indulge the whims of the other."

Our little party now broke up; and after a very short interval we found ourselves re-assembled in the drawing-room. It was agreed upon that Mr. Otway's late illness rendered it imprudent for him to risk the effects of evening air; and the whole family who seemed actuated by one principle in renouncing *self*, immediately declared their intention to amuse their guest



and relinquish the afternoon's ramble. We passed the evening, I cannot tell you how pleasantly. My aunt is a charming person, and I cry *peccavi*. Though her appearance is singularly striking, and the expression of her face quite heavenly, dignity is the natural character of both. Gentle as a lamb, there is no weakness about her. The mother shines pre-eminently in all her conduct, and after one hour's observation of her manners towards Mr. Otway, I felt as ready to contradict my own suspicion which had wounded Emily's feelings as she could possibly be herself.

You and I have often argued the point of second marriages, of which I was always the advocate; more, I confess because we see them every day in the first circles, than from thinking much upon the subject one way or the other; but though I hardly as yet know why, it would grieve me, were my aunt to marry again.

We had music, chess, and conversation, which never flagged, but I cannot detail any more of this day's history. Phil. staid to prayers, in which he joined with the appear-

ance of genuine piety; and I retired to my room, shall I own it, in a state of mind very new, and by no means disagreeable. I felt excited without delirium, such as succeeds the whirl of dissipation in town. My mind seemed full, my heart glowed, and a sort of *reality* appeared connected with every thing around me at Glenalta, quite unlike what I have ever experienced before. Do you know that I was inclined two or three times this evening to turn hermit, and live in Kerry. However, the fit will not last. The arrival of a stranger is always met with something like a flourish of trumpets, which quickly subsides, to say nothing of old Oliphant's return, which will tie a log about our necks in a day or two.

As you *will* have exact accounts of all that we say, as well as do, I find that I must resume my narrative in another letter. This has swelled to an unconscionable bulk. Good night. In my next you may expect a description of *Cælebs* and his breakfast at Lisfarne, whither I must go alone as the cousinhood seemed determined

**BLUE-STOCKING HALL.**

**111**

on giving a welcome to old Squaretoes, the  
tutor, *en masse*. How primitive ! Vale.

Ever your affectionate friend,

**ARTHUR HOWARD.**

## LETTER VI.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

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My dear Falkland,

“Early to bed and early to rise,  
Is the way to be healthy and wealthy and wise.”

IF this be true, as the old spelling books have it, and as I saw confirmed to day, by the authority of a village schoolmaster, who had a large class operating upon the above sapient apophthegm, which served as a copy in the school, and which I have adopted for the heading of my letter instead of an extract from some “old play,” I may come out at last a goodly example of rosy cheeks, full pockets, and well-stored pericranium, for here I am living a life worthy of Hygeia herself. I was up at six o'clock this morning, and according to an arrangement with Emily, had an hour's walk with her before I set out for Lisfarne. When we were retiring last night, I heard her whisper to Frederick that she meant to visit “Susan” in the morning,



and on inquiry, I found that the said Susan is a poor woman residing in the mountain, for whom some present had been prepared. Now, it occurred to me that before I saw Mr. Otway at his own house, and particularly as I was to encounter him *alone*, I should like to hear the sketch of his history, which Emily had promised me at a future day, so following her to the foot of the stairs, I told her how entirely I repented my error, and requested her perfect forgiveness, proposing that she should seal my pardon by allowing me to be her mountain beau; and moreover, that she should come to our morning's walk prepared to gratify my curiosity. My petition was granted; a brilliant sun-rise invited us to perform our mutual engagement, and we had not made much way in the rugged ascent towards Susan Lambert's wild abode, followed by Paddy, the running footman upon such occasions, who trotted after us with a large basket, well stuffed with I knew not what, when I reminded Emily of her task, and she gave me the narrative, which I shall try to convey as briefly as I can of Phil's Life and Character.

“Mr. Otway,” said Emily, “was the dear friend of my father, and so devotedly were they attached to each other, that even at school they were always called Pylades and Orestes. At the University they lived together; and the same day saw them both embark in the same profession. For the character of that loved parent who was taken from us, before his children were of an age to appreciate his various excellences, his splendid talents, exquisite taste, and uncommon attainments, I must refer you to his friend, who, it is probable will one day describe your uncle, and tell you that he was indeed ‘a man whose like we ne’er shall look upon again.’ I could not hope to do justice to the portrait, and will therefore not attempt to draw his resemblance. My father and mother, who seemed to have been peculiarly formed for each other, met in early life, and became mutually attached, as one might naturally suppose that two such gifted beings would be. Pecuniary circumstances alone prevented their union; but while their happiness was retarded, their affection was tried in the furnace, and came out puri-

suitor after a very short acquaintance. So dreadful was the shock which our dear friend's sensitive nature sustained upon this unexpected event, that his life nearly fell a sacrifice to the conflicts which he endured. My father and mother were now his staff and solace in the hour of trial; and their tender solicitude, aided by time, restored to comparative peace that generous spirit which had nearly sunk under the pressure of disappointment. He travelled, and ere the expiration of many years, was recalled to England, by the death of his elder brother, which event was followed at no great distance of time by that of Mr. Stanhope, the husband of her who had so cruelly trifled with his happiness. Mrs. Stanhope was the mother of an only child, and the noble character of our friend overcoming every selfish retrospect, cast off the memory of past wrongs, and he stepped forward to offer the aid of his best services to the widow and the orphan, without, however, I believe, even for a moment, entertaining the remotest idea of renewing his suit. His lot had been cast; he had retired from what is called

and by his good taste and activity, transformed its rude wilds into the little paradise which you see. Here resided the happiest family which, I believe, ever existed; but I cannot talk of home, I must proceed with the story which I promised you:—Mr. Otway received a letter from a Solicitor in London, to say that the interests of his young ward (not that he was *legally* so) required his immediate attendance in town. It was to him a most disagreeable undertaking. A recluse through long habit, and devoted to the society of Glenalta; active in the discharge of such multiplied duties at Lisfarne, as could ill spare his vigilant eye and beneficent heart, it was great pain to set out upon a journey without understanding its object, and plunge anew into scenes which he had abjured in idea for ever. But dear Phil. only hesitates till he has satisfied himself concerning what is right to be done, and there is no farther pause—he proceeds to execution. To London he went, and never shall I forget how much we longed for his return; and what blazing fires of heath *telegraphed* his approach upon our neigh-



bouring hills. On reaching town, he only waited to refresh himself before he set forward to the Solicitor's, from whom his summons had issued, and the mystery was soon unravelled. Mrs. Stanhope had married a young fortune-hunter, and was endeavouring to prevail upon her son, then a child of fourteen, to make a settlement on his penniless stepfather. Relying on the influence of her former attractions, she had prepared a *scene*, and desiring her Attorney carefully to abstain from giving Mr. Otway the least intimation of her new tie, she burst upon him in the moment of his entrance at Mr. Scriven's house, dressed in fashionable attire, which had succeeded in all the gay colouring of a London milliner's shop, to the garb of sorrow in which he had seen her arrayed in *one* personal interview after her husband's death. The only time of their meeting had been upon that occasion, when he begged permission to consider himself as guardian to her child, thus proving that, though he had ceased to *love*, he still felt the kindest and most sacred interest in her fate. Disgusted now be-

yond the power of controlling his feelings, he put a speedy termination to a conference, the manner, as well as the matter of which had excited his utmost indignation; and assuring her that if any undue advantage was taken by her influence over the minor, a suit should be immediately commenced against her and her husband, he took a hasty leave. Frightened by these menaces, the lady retired, and soon announced her departure to the Continent, where, about two years ago, she died of a broken heart. Mr. Otway's business completed, he quickly returned to his favourite retreat, and loved to wander alone along the beach which surrounds a part of his demesne. My dear father once caught him upon a rocky promontory with pencil and paper in his hand. The question of 'what is that? Has Otway secrets with *me*?' was answered by 'it is a worthless scrap; take it, but Henry touch not that chord again—it jars upon my ear, and spoils all harmony.' I will now read you the lines which my father obtained by this surprise. It is the only poetry which even mamma has ever seen of her friend's

writing.—Here Emily read to me the following stanzas :—

*On first seeing Stella in a coloured dress after  
her second marriage.*

“ Stella! thy beauty rested on the shade  
Of sorrow's lonely night, like that fair flower,\*  
Queen of the dark, whose tender glories fade  
In the gay radiance of a noon-tide hour.

“ That flower supreme in loveliness—and pure  
As the pale Cynthia beam thro' which unveiled  
It blooms—as if unwilling to endure  
The gaze by which such beauties are assailed.

“ And in the solitude of Nature's sleep,  
Unfolds such treasures to the midnight gloom,  
As gem the vault of Heaven in silence deep  
When widowed wanderer seeks the mouldering tomb.

“ Yes! like the velvet-soft, and snowy star,  
Wrapped in thy sable garb, it erst was thine,  
With unassuming lustre, spreading far,  
In mild and chastened majesty to shine.

“ Each stranger footstep that approached the fane,  
Eager to view, yet fearful to intrude;  
Seemed to partake the dread of giving pain,  
By glance unhallowed, or by finger rude.

---

\* The Cactus *Grandiflora*, or Night-blowing Cereus.

“And has Aurora chased the sable cloud,  
And, even jealous of a twilight grey,  
Dispelled with sudden touch that mourning shroud,  
And with her saffron robe unfurled the day?

“Alas! the graceful Cactus now no more,  
Queen of the dark, asserts her silver reign,  
Her empire nought on earth can e'er restore,  
With other faded flowers she strews the plain.”

“These lines,” continued Emily, “first taught my parents the nature and extent of those feelings which had outlived the blights of early hope. They appear to prove that, however shipwrecked had been his own happiness, Mr. Otway had respected a perfect freedom of choice, and, though Mr. Stanhope differed widely from him, he had tutored his unselfish soul to consider this rival as the successful candidate in an election, the honourable fairness of which he had no right to question. It would seem that, in the depth of his heart, Mrs. Stanhope’s pardon had been sealed, and when the death of her husband released her from her first vows, a romantic mixture of affection, which borrowed a reflected glow from the memory of brighter days, and that high and delicate respect



*memoir*, not only because we are arriving at Susan's cabin, but also because it is so interwoven with the sorrows of Glenalta, that I fear to trust myself with a theme too fresh in recollection to bear the light; suffice it to say, that Heaven has given us such a friend in Mr. Otway, as no measure of gratitude can ever repay."

Emily paused, and I expressed my warm interest in her narrative, and thankfulness for the eloquent sketch which she had thrown off; but as my evil genius never even *dozes* in the county of Kerry, what should I unfortunately add, but "Phil. indeed is a treasure, and I rejoice for you all in such a tower of strength as his friendship affords to my aunt and her family. Frederick too is, I dare say, his object, and will inherit his possessions."

Emily blushed scarlet; her eyes were instantly suffused with tears, and she seemed ready to choke; but, recovering herself in an instant, with a little effort she said, "Arthur, I *will* not attribute any thing of this sort to motives unworthy of you; I am determined to set down to



“Arthur,” said Emily, throwing off shawl and bonnet in an instant, “here is work to be done, and we must not be idle. You have taken Frederick’s place this morning, and will kindly, I am sure, perform his duty: fly and bring me a good bundle of dry heath, or any thing else that you can find of which we can make a fire. Paddy, bring me a pitcher of water directly; and you, Tommy, give me your little sister, and settle the turf in a moment.” So saying, she took the child, and soon set the poor thing at rest with some milk, which the basket contained, while I, glad to make the *amende honorable* by my alacrity, went off as if quicksilver were in my heels, to rummage up whatever combustible the mountain afforded. I was successful, and got credit for my speed. You never saw any thing like the magic of Emily’s operations: as if she had been a peasant born, she broke up the sticks which I had gathered, and, blowing with her breath, for the cabin was unfurnished with bellows, she had a blazing fire in five minutes. Then, with a neatness and dexterity which would have done honor to a Welch inn,

dress ; and all this done and executed as if custom had rendered the whole business perfectly familiar, by a young lady of family and education ; a scholar too, well read in Greek, Latin, Italian, French,—skilled in botany, chemistry, and I know not how much more ; in short, a *Blue* to all intents and purposes. It is certainly neither more nor less than an anomaly which as yet I am unable to account for.

The Douglas girls are totally divested of affectation. Whatever they say or do, is said and done without the slightest reference to *effect* farther than this, that the best tact seems to regulate every word and action. The desire to impart pleasure makes them sure to please, and the dread of giving pain must, I think, render it impossible that they should wound one's feelings. Beyond this limit my cousins know no art. I fancy that I see a half-suppressed smile curling on your lip, as you exclaim, *mentally* at least, “ What a revolution ! Why here is Howard talking sense like a doctor of the *Sorbonne* ! ”

I confess to some very sober thoughts as I jogged on to Lisfarne ; but as I was alone, I had

nothing else to do except to muse and moralize ; however, no triumph. I enter a caveat against any manner of rejoicing. I have not read my recantation, having a just dread of hasty judgments, and also of old Oliphant : he is the Mordecai sitting in my gate, and another week at Glenalta may bring out a very different story.

In four-and-twenty hours Kill-joy will have arrived, and then comes Sunday, as if at one blow to crush one's spirits to annihilation.

These were my lucubrations *en chemin faisant*, and just as I reached the hall-door at Lisfarne, the nine-o'clock bell ushered me in with *eclat*, though as little *hinging* upon my *entrée*, as the thunder and lightning which happened to synchronise with the poor Jew's carousal over a pork steak at Genoa. I was met at the threshold by Mr. Otway, who smiled a delightful welcome, and, taking me by both hands, accosted me with, " My dear Howard, I am heartily glad to see you at Lisfarne, and not the less so, because you are *punctual*. You should have had your breakfast at *any* hour ; but I love to see young people recollective." I did not think it exactly

*honest* to appropriate this compliment of the old school to myself, as I certainly never deserved it in all my life, and therefore expressed my happiness at not having kept him waiting; but *handed* over to Emily the whole merit of Cindarillaship in this my first visit at Lisfarne.

“Emily is a charming creature,” answered mine host, “but that is nothing wonderful at Glenalta, where such a mother presides. Howard, you have the good fortune to reckon amongst your nearest relations, a little group whose virtues would save the universe from destruction, were the divine vengeance to overtake a guilty world, as in days of yore.—How do you like your aunt and cousin?” “Extremely, were I to judge by what I have seen; but we are new to each other, and they are very kind in excusing all the blunders which a man wholly unused to retirement is liable to make in a circle where a much higher standard of moral feeling prevails than that which governs what we call ‘the world.’”

Mr. Otway looked benignly at me, saying, “Come, we must not get into a discussion now;



you 'deserve your breakfast, and shall not be interrupted." And a capital breakfast we had.

A beautiful Newfoundland dog lay at his master's feet; a fine tortoise-shell cat purred upon the back of his arm-chair; and the windows were presently assailed by an army of supplicants in the shape of the finest pea-fowls that I ever saw.

"See what it is, Arthur, to be an old batchelor! I am obliged to keep my affections from becoming stagnant, you find, by practising them upon all these birds and beasts which you perceive are my companions as well as pensioners." After feeding the numerous host, we sallied from the breakfast-parlour, and Phil. escorted me to his study, a most comfortable apartment, and well lined with books. He has a beautiful collection of the classics, all the best modern works of science, and a rich assortment of history and *Belles Lettres*. While I was glancing over this, he pointed to a compartment in the far end of the room, desiring me to examine its contents. "There I keep my novels, reviews, and magazines; for you know, that 'all work

and no play would make Jack a dull boy;' and as I suppose that you do not intend to read yourself into a consumption while you stay at Glenalta, I give you a letter of credit on whatever amusement these shelves can supply." In this Poets' Corner I found Scott's works, both in prose and verse; several other modern novels of good name; and all the early poems of Lord Byron. "I perceive," said I, "Mr. Otway, that you have not yet completed your set of Byron's works; you have not got Don Juan, nor—" "Nor never shall, my young friend," answered the sage of Lisfarne. "I cannot prevent people who have money to buy and inclination to peruse, from reading these works; but they shall not find them in *my* library." "Then, sir, you are, I presume, of opinion that one cannot separate the poison from the poetry, and avoid imbibing the one, while we enjoy the exquisite beauty of the other."

"No, my dear boy; these are idle notions. Wherever vice is an ingredient in any compound so mingled as to seize upon the passions, or delight the imagination, the draught will al-

ways be injurious more or less. Even those minds of finer mould than we commonly meet with, will not escape, though they hate the contact, they cannot shun its defilement; and that which is impure, must sully whatever it touches."

"Well, I should have supposed that good taste would protect a man of refined education. In fact, such a man rejects whatever is coarse, and simply vicious: he reads Lord Byron, not *because* of his occasional deviations from religion and morality; but in *spite* of them he admires the splendid genius who of all modern writers best understands, if I may so express myself, the metaphysics of the human heart, while every man of feeling must lament the shipwreck of such talents. The broad-cast pollution which is necessary to season a mess for vulgar palates, *must* be pernicious in the highest degree; but I confess I have never felt in the same way of those *polished* compositions which are only read by people of superior attainment, and who are fortified against evil by knowledge of the world."

"Alas, Howard, these are nice distinctions,

and lead but to delusion. Our morals are much like a taper lit at each extremity, they are consuming at both ends. You talk of coarse messes, seasoned to the taste of vulgar appetite: believe me, it is a melancholy fact, that there are cooks who undertake to cater for nicer stomachs, and who know how to insinuate their poisons with such skill as to secure the custom of all who are not proof against their temptation. That number, I fear, is small; and as to the difference between vice well and ill dressed, you will find that it is about the same with that which distinguishes Tilburina stark mad in white satin, from her confidante stark mad in white linen. Amongst the mal-contents of the present day, you hear the complaint continually repeated, that there is one law for the rich, and another for the poor: the charge is unfounded, and, generally speaking, *known* to be so by the men who bring it forward. It will neither do to have two sets of laws, nor of *morals*, in any country. The tendency of all ranks in the community is to imitate those who are placed above them; and this aspiring inclination is to be



traced from the lowest grade in society, till having reached the throne, you can rise no higher. The self-same rule applies to religion. I was glad to hear you say yesterday at Glenalta that you felt the absolute necessity of its influence in a state for the preservation of order and virtue; and that you considered women as the natural guardians of its altars. This is all right; but you are egregiously mistaken if you suppose that women will, generally speaking, take pains to nurture and cherish what is despised by the other sex. There are a few, and very few, such beings as your aunt, who appear to have dropped into our planet from some happier sphere, and who adjust their principles of action to a model of abstract perfection, with which common-place mortals are unacquainted. Such beings only think of how to please God; but the mass of men and women dress themselves daily in the mirror of each other's approbation, and act reciprocally on each others' characters. Let one sex degenerate, it matters not which, you will find the other follow in the downward course."

“ But, my dear sir, these authors whom you decry, do not *create* vice, they only *exhibit* it; and though I do not advocate the practice, yet after all it would seem that men need not be much worse for *reading*, than for hearing and seeing what is exceptionable. If infidelity and immorality were only propagated by books, your argument against such writers as Lord Byron would be unanswerable. But allow me to say, that the Bible itself, in the strongest terms, insists on the depravity of the human species, and offers the most flagrant illustrations in proof of human delinquency. The hardness of heart, and unbelief of man, are frequently held up to view in Holy Writ; and what does a Rochefaucauld in prose, or a Byron in verse, do more than represent things as they *are* ?”

“ If you consider the matter for a moment,” replied my opponent, “ I fancy that you will be at no loss to discover some striking differences which will sufficiently answer your question. The evil tendency of such writers as Rochefaucauld, and all the class of satirists, who represent man as a debased and hypocritical ani-

mal, does not proceed from the truth of the picture, but from the manner of the painter. The scriptures indulge us in no 'lying vanities;' they speak of the human race as born in sin and the children of wrath; and Conscience, when we attend to her voice, confirms the humiliating charge, with uncompromising fidelity. But while the Bible, and those who preach its doctrines, point out the disease, they likewise present the antidote. If they proclaim the deformity of the natural man, it is to shew how the crooked may be made straight; if they expose his weakness, it is to impart strength; if they display his corruption, it is but to invite him to wash in those waters which cleanse from all impurity. But such moralists as you support, if moralists they can be called without absurdity, would seem intent on excusing vice. The effect of their books is, as it were to *legalize* iniquity, by representing it as invincible, and to destroy all sense of shame by laying bare its concealments. Whatever produces this result by means of a pungent and sententious brevity, is doubly injurious; for the authority of

a maxim is thus combined with the stimulus of evil: the form is thus rendered portable and adhesive; and truths conveyed in an epigrammatic shape at once flattering to our sagacity in an appeal to its accuteness, and soothing to our faults by pronouncing them to be universal, are not likely to be viewed as subjects for serious lamentation; and the danger is, that the generality of men will contemplate the moral sketches with feelings similar to those commonly inspired by a spirited caricature; namely, a desire that the object of ridicule may continue to exist, rather than not be so strikingly portrayed. As to Lord Byron, who stands pre-eminent, like Milton's Satan, at the head of all the mischief-workers of the present time, his poison is of another kind: slow and penetrating, it is inhaled in the breeze, and absorbed into the circulation; its effects are of the morbid class; it seduces, it insinuates, and, like opium too freely used, destroys every healthful function of the mind, and substitutes the distempered energy of an over-wrought imagination for the wholesome exercise of reason and the sweet



charities of the heart. His beautiful poetry, and an inexhaustible source of talents, rare as they were brilliant, operate as cords which draw all mankind after him in bonds of submission. Descriptions of nature or character, external to ourselves, however happy in their delineation, interest but feebly in comparison with what you justly call the '*metaphysics*' of sentiment. This is the most fascinating of all possible studies; it requires no labour, it asks no preparation; and all people, whatever their pretensions in other respects, conceive themselves qualified for the school of mental analysis which Byron has instituted and endowed. A bad husband, a bad son, a bad father, has but to retire to some 'rose-leaf couch, where, nursing his dainty loves and slothful sympathies,' he may find, in a volume of this too-attractive bard, an apology for every sin of temper, every violation of duty; nay, so contagious is the influence of this Byron-mania, that our young men *cultivate* the failings of their chief, and seem to fancy that in becoming imitators of Childe Harold's eccentricities, they

may slide into his unrivalled genius. Selfishness and egotism are to be found in the fallows of many a mind; but where are our youth to learn Lord Byron's recipe for compounding them?"

Though not convinced, I was excited, and ventured again into the field, by asking Mr. Otway whether good does not grow out of evil? "Surely," said I, "Truth, like a lazy corporation, would rely upon its charter, and have nothing to do but fatten on its revenues, were it not for opposition.

‘ Si Lyra non lyrasset,  
Lutherus non Saltasset.’

"The publication of wrong principles stirs up our slumbering virtue; and besides, is it not useful to *see* exactly what we should avoid, that we may have no doubts regarding what we ought to follow? If I had not been the advocate of Lord Byron as a poet, I should not have had the pleasure of hearing your excellent remarks." "No, no, young man; a specious sophistry is not sound argument. I cannot allow you to misapply a scripture rule. Though

Providence has decreed that all things should work together for good, it offers us no latitude to do evil that good may come of it. *Our* duty is defined; we must perform our part as well as we can, and keep ourselves unspotted from the world, leaving events in which we have no power given us of interference to the wisdom of Him whose ways are not as our ways. We learn much better from positive than from negative precepts: do you remember the pretty little French song—

*‘ Jongeant à ce qu’il faut qu’on oublie,  
On s’en souvient.’*

“ The mind of man is easily corrupted, and clings with tenacity to what it were better to forget. Believe me, that whatever we desire to keep a stranger from the heart should not be familiarized to the imagination. Vice is so alluring, that all the penalties appended to its indulgence by the laws of God and man, are found unequal to its suppression; but if the charms of wit and humour be employed to palliate its criminality, and trifle with its punish-

ment, we may anticipate the conclusion, and expect to see the day when its progress will be unresisted. Do not fancy that there is any class of men exempt from the danger of infection. The stately quarto, like a whited sepulchre, may hide its contents under a splendid covering, but death and destruction are its inmates: rank and wealth confer no privilege, and afford no amulet to preserve from the contamination of immorality, alike fatal in its effects to high and low—rich and poor; but though I would guard you from giving yourself up to such a pilot through Parnassus as Lord Byron, I love poetry too well myself to withhold its enjoyment from my young friends. I am an old bachelor, but I hope that you will not find me a severe ascetic; all things in their season—buds in spring, blossoms in summer, and the fruit to crown our autumn board. Youth is the natural period in which Hope and Fancy delight to weave their golden tissues, and life is too changeful a scene to make it necessary that we should voluntarily abridge its harmless gratifications. We must not, however, sit here all day, while such a bril-



liant sun is inviting us to walk ; I have a great deal to shew you, and we shall have many opportunities, I hope, for conversation."

We were soon in the fields. After seeing a great deal of well-kept and tastefully disposed pleasure-ground immediately contiguous to the house, excellent kitchen garden, and admirable farm-yard, stables, &c. we visited an inclosure, called here the *paddock*, where were at least a dozen old horses, which were turned to graze as superannuated pensioners. "When any of these my old and faithful servants," said Phil, "can enjoy life no longer, I have him despatched by a friendly bullet." "But, sir, you might get money for these ; they do not seem by any means past their labour." "Not *quite*, perhaps, but they have worked diligently, and shall now have a holyday while they live." From the paddock we proceeded to a line of neat cottages, furnished each with a strip of garden at the back, and ornamented in front by a little rustic paling, thickened into a fence impervious to pigs and dogs, by privet, sweet brier, and roses. "Here are some of your

tenants' houses, Mr. Otway, I suppose." "Why not exactly tenants in the *usual* sense: these are poor people, who, like my old horses, have seen their best days in my service, and it is fair that *they* too should rest from their labours."

Showers of blessings were shed from these humble dwellings as we passed along, which were repaid by kind greetings from their benefactor. With one poor soul who sat in an arm-chair made of straw at her door, and who was blind, the good Phil. shook hands, and said aloud, "Mr. Howard, this is Kate Sullivan, the Queen of *Pastime Row*, which is the name given by your cousin Fanny to this line of houses." Old Kate appeared to feel as much delighted by this distinguishing compliment, as an autocrat of the proudest empire could be in seeing all the nations of the earth paying homage to his supremacy.

"God bless Miss Fanny, and all the misses of the Glynn," cried old *Cathleen*; "they are the Lord's own children; and glory, honour, and praise be to his holy name; he will make a wide gap for 'em whenever they are going

into heaven; and *Maaster* Arthur, my heart (for 'tis I that very well has a right to know that you 're he, and nobody else), if his honour would'nt be after telling you the *maining* of Miss Fanny's *concait*, why, sir, 'tis, that she's a pleasant, funny craiture in herself, and she have a *double aim* in *wording* the houses; for *pastime* they say is all as one as games, and sport-like; and it *mains* too, that (God be praised for all things) *we* are going down the hill, as I may say, and past our time for being any good-for."

I charmed this old soul as much by laughing heartily, and entering with spirit into Fanny's humour, as if I had presented her with fifty pounds. She called an aged man from the next door to hobble out and join in the merriment, which I dare say ran before it stopped, like an electric stream through every conductor of the whole series. As we walked on, "I perceive," said I, "that her majesty of *pastime*, is a Protestant, by her assurance that my cousins are all travelling the high road to heaven." "You are mistaken my dear fellow,—Kate has an *ave* for every bead in her *paddreen*, which is the Hiber-

nian version of Corona, or Coronach ; and blind as she is, is conveyed by one of my paddock horses annually on the eve of St. John, to a holy well, not far distant from Lisfarne. This little journey is all the work that the queen and her cattle are able to accomplish ; and the same beast, that ‘roan barbary’ which came up to welcome us at the gate, has drawn Kate and her truckle for so many years, that were True-penny to die, I believe that blind as is his mistress, she would find out that she had lost him, and be uneasy till the priest was sent for, to *shrive* and anoint her, in the full persuasion that *her* hour was also come.”

“Well, you really do surprise me, but to confess the truth, you deal in nothing but miracles in this county of Kerry. In less than a week I have seen some strange things, which had any one presumed, ere I beheld them, to say were existing realities, I should have laughed as the king of Pegu is said to have done when he heard of nations being governed without a monarch. I have seen *Blue-stockings* without pedantry, refinement that has never been learn-



ed in the world of fashion, religion free from cant, retirement unaccompanied by *ennui* ; and now, as my list goes on increasing like the story of the house that Jack built, here is the Roman Catholic creed divested of bigotry ; in the shape of an old woman too, who fully expects, though a Papist herself, to meet a Protestant family in the skies."

"Aye, my boy, and I hope that you will soon cease to wonder at any of these things. The poor people of this island are brim-full of intelligence and feeling ; qualities which are of *adjective* character, and increase the measure of good or bad exactly as they happen to be associated. Were our peasantry fairly dealt with, the tables would speedily be turned, and instead of that cold-hearted sarcasm which would seem to be 'the badge and sufferance of all their kind,' you would see their accusers glad to steal away, and hide their diminished heads."

"But, sir, this is peculiarly the age of reason, and you will soon be able to bring your assertion to the proof. All the world is mad now upon the subject of education, and I sup-

pose the light of modern liberality, which scorns the narrow principle of a churlish exclusion, has with the eagle eye of truth, borne down and pierced the shades of prejudice that may have hung upon your sea-girl Isle. Have you not schools at Lisfarne, and Glenalta? and if you will let me ask one question allied to the last, *may* I venture to enquire why you, whom I should imagine of all men, the last to countenance ignorance and superstition, should abet them both by sending old Kate upon her pilgrimage of folly, instead of endeavouring to open her mind to the sun of knowledge?" Otway smiled, and taking me by the hand, jocosely said, "why, Arthur, thou art fit for a senator; we must have you in the House of Commons; you are an orator:" then, resuming his usual expression of features, "you will despise me perhaps," added he, "if I tell you that I am not bitten with the fashionable school mania to the extent which you deem requisite to constitute a *liberal*. I have two schools,—one of them, and by far the most numerously attended, is for works of industry exclusively.

To the other I only admit such children as by a previous discipline in moral conduct, and regularity of demeanor, earn the reward of being taught to read. To this promotion there are two conditions annexed, which form a *sine qua non* of admission. The first is, that the scriptures without note or comment, should be read daily, the master selecting, according to my instruction, such parts as are best adapted to the age and capacity of his pupils; the second, that each child should bring a penny per week, to create a fund for winter clothing, books, or whatever occasion may require. In this way I endeavour to prevent the abuse of letters, by preparing the soil for their introduction. Respect for learning is increased, when it costs something to obtain it; and I find a test of sincerity is established to a certain degree by this small pecuniary condition, as people never pay for what they do not really desire to possess. Though the money thus collected returns whence it came, it goes back in another form. Like the dew, it rises in imperceptible vapour, and falls in palpable, and refreshing

showers. It requires a slight degree of self-denial, *even* to allot a penny per week in this manner; and there is a feeling of independence connected with every benefit which exercises individual frugality in its acquisition, while gratitude is still kept alive towards the fostering hands which deal out the fund so husbanded for general good. Then again, by not offering gratuitous teaching, I prevent many from coming, who would not turn their learning to good account, while I may always provide for an exception to my rule in supplying a worthy object who is too poor to *qualify*, with means of contributing the appointed mite."

"Then, sir, I conclude that you think education may be spread too widely."

"Certainly; in *this* country we cannot interfere with the religion of the *Mass*. If I could plant a Bible in every cottage, I would teach all men, women, and children to read it; but the accomplishment of reading considered, without reference to religious instruction, is about as necessary and suitable to a poor labouring man, as a gold snuff box would be; and it is to



me quite astonishing, that so many sober minds should give into the opposite absurdity which prevails at present, with a *rage* equal to that in the medical world for white mustard seed. We never think of silk gowns or fine cloth for the poor; we do not dream of serving up venison and turtle for them at a charity dinner; and, when sick, we do not order them the South of France, or prescribe hock, ice, and all the expensive delicacies become necessary to the luxury of our opulent higher classes. All things should *be in keeping*. A man who works for a shilling a day, eats his potatoes, and lies down to be refreshed by sleep for the morrow's labour, has no need of literature. It will neither make him happier nor better, unless you could secure the *use* of his acquirement in increased knowledge of the word of God. Our Irish Priests will not permit this. I do not mean to be hard upon them; they are a needy<sup>e</sup> class, usually taken from the lowest conditions of life, and depending for subsistence on the measure of their influence with the people. To keep the minds of their flocks in absolute subjugation to

their authority, is essential to their very existence; and they are fearfully aware, that free access to the Bible would quickly destroy their power, by undermining its foundation."

"At least," said I, "though the men cannot leave their spades, why not teach the women? *They* could instruct the children, and the next generation would reap the profit."

"Pooh, my dear Arthur, you are a young theorist, and float with the fashionable tide. Whatever be the situation of one sex must be shared by the other. A pair of diamond earrings would be about as appropriate an appendage to the head of poor Susan, whom you visited this morning, as the History of England, or a Treatise on Political Economy would be in her hands. The thing is not wanted—it is out of place. The sordid cares of life leave little time for bodily rest or mental repose; and unless, as I said before, you can be sure of planting the one thing needful, every moment which could be stolen from household toil, and devoted to books, would be employed on the trash which is placed through the licentious *liberality* of the

Carlile, instead of to the Sacred Volume, I think that you must agree with me in doubting the growth of virtue and contentment as the result of such studies."

I felt shaken, I must own, but replied, "The tide of public opinion is so forcible, that we are often drawn along with it before we are aware how far it will lead us. I confess that I have joined a hue and cry in favour of universal education, without thinking much about the matter. Experience, undoubtedly, must confirm or contradict the utility of its unlimited extension, and I shall be happy to hear your farther sentiments upon the subject, if you are not tired of my questions."

"Indeed, my dear Howard, you shall ever find me ready and willing to discuss this and every other topic upon which I am capable of offering an opinion; but we must not pass the day of your first visit to Lisfarne, *at school*. We must have a little recreation this morning, or I should despair of your coming again to see old Cœlebs in his cell. I want to take you a walk along the sea shore, and, as the day is fine,

ings, and snuffling canticles for our evening diversion."

"I think," said Phil. "that having found yourself deceived in so many preconceptions respecting Glenalta, you ought not to condemn poor Domine without benefit of clergy. Suspend your judgment. If you do not like him, you will differ widely from your family, but let him have fair play; I will not bespeak your favour, nor stand sponsor to your taste."

We walked on, stopped now and then to look at the views, and, at length turning into a zig-zag path, arrived by a short circuit at a little spot of exquisite beauty. It was an arch-way rather than cavern in the rock, extending inwards no farther than to form a bower of stone, if you will admit such a description. Lined with ivy, which actually grows like a tissue fitted to the irregular surface, and almost buried in arbutus, it seemed as if the very Genius of Contemplation had selected this natural alcove for her favourite haunt. I stood wonder-struck by the scene, innumerable sea-birds wheeling round us, and uttering their plaintive wailings to the



wind. Rocks, ocean, solitude wherever the eye could reach, while the sun-beams dancing on the calm surface of the "green one," seemed to say, "you shall not indulge melancholy here."

Mr. Otway appeared much pleased with my silent rapture, and, after a little pause, took me to a seat covered with the same luxuriant drapery which hung upon the rocky walls, and which, without any apparent assistance from art, formed a bench entirely round the cave.

When we were seated, Mr. Otway, with a sigh which seemed to break from his heart, told me that this rude temple, hewn by nature from the wild mass of stone under the shelter of which we were now conversing, was sacred to my uncle.

"Here have I sat for hours with Henry Douglas, the friend, the companion of my youth; and listened with unwearied delight to the flow of mind which poured its exhaustless treasure from his lips; sometimes expanding its stream to the amplitude of ocean, then narrowing its pellucid waves within confines of unrivalled fertility; and again, (if you will allow me to pursue the image,) still farther contracting its limits to dis-

sport occasionally amid the enchantments of rock and bower, scattering its spray in bright fantastic sparkles all around. You are to consider an introduction to this hallowed spot, which I have consecrated to his memory, as a distinguishing mark of the regard with which I wish to treat his nephew, and an earnest of that friendship, which if you desire to cultivate, I shall be happy to bestow on one so nearly allied to the man who, of all others, I most loved upon earth." There was a solemn tenderness in his manner which thrilled me; and I thanked him heartily, expressing as well as I could, how gratefully I felt inclined to profit by his kindness, adding, "I do not believe that I ever saw my uncle Henry: if I did, it must have been in early childhood, for I have no remembrance of him, but have often heard of him as a person rarely gifted."—"Yes,—had you ever seen him, he could never have been forgotten! there was an illumination in his very countenance which irresistibly seized upon the attention. The play of intelligence upon his features was like the summer lightning, 'as bright and harmless too;'

and, in him were combined 'the wisdom of the serpent, with the innocence of the dove.' My dear departed Douglas possessed the most brilliant talents. Imagine these rising majestically from a solid plinth of boldest structure in religion and morals, while Fancy in her most tasteful mood had wreathed the light acanthus round his brow, and you may form some idea of the man who, in our youthful days, was always called the 'Corinthian pillar' of that little band in whose society he passed his hours of recreation. He was at once the most profound reasoner, the acutest critic, the soundest arbiter, and the kindest friend. The peculiar sensitiveness of his character never impaired its strength; and a remarkable accuracy of observation with which heaven had endowed him, acting in concert with an uncompromising integrity, imparted the influence of truth itself, to the decisions of his judgment. He saw whatever subject was presented to his understanding, in all its different bearings, with quickness bordering on intuition; and was enabled by the variety of his knowledge, to enter into the

minutest details, without diminishing the force of outline in any question that offered itself for discussion. As might be easily supposed, this assemblage of qualities, at once the most solid and attractive that I ever knew, was little comprehended by the generality of mankind. That noble independence which disdains the tricking arts of popularity, and *dares* to walk alone, was miscalled pride. The elegant retirement of a mind replete with resources, and too refined to consider as society what was not congenial companionship, was, with equal departure from just discrimination, styled misanthropy, while sensibility, which with magic touch can raise ærial hosts of imagery ; and straying over the sacred expanse of time gone by, and yet to come, sighs to the memory of the past, or o'er the uncertainty of the future : this was *selfishness*, according to vulgar interpretation. But vice and folly are compelled to pay the reluctant homage of an involuntary respect at the shrine of virtue, and collective excellence is always sure to receive its tribute, however incapable the mass of mankind may prove to appreciate the individual



to my uncle, and I think, that I have already discovered, even at this distance of time from his death, that even the name of Henry cannot be pronounced without causing an inward convulsion of feeling in my aunt. At first I thought it impossible, but on reading a paragraph to her in the newspaper yesterday, I perceived a recurrence of such an expression in her countenance, as determined me to avoid producing it again, at least by a repetition of the same sound which gave rise to her present agitation."

"This, my young friend," answered the admirable Otway, "is true to nature. In those horrible and overwhelming moments of recent disseverment, when the grave has just closed upon all that lived in our fondest affections,—when the affrighted spirit glances round upon the desert wilderness, and the tremendous solitude is only interrupted by images of despair,—then, *names* arrest not the attention. The throbbing heart is wrapped in present anguish, and the dull ear is dead to sounds; even the shade of the beloved might float upon the

perfect attachment, grounded upon an intimate and mutual acquaintance with disposition, character, sentiments, and opinions, the highest eulogium which it was possible to pass on either, might be comprised in one short sentence; they were formed for each other. Never did I behold two people knit together in bonds of love so tender, and friendship so rational. Every thought appeared to be held in common; and when they were conversing, it seemed as if the lips of one only gave utterance to that which in the same instant had started into life within the breast of the other. So perfect was the harmony of their souls, that every idea which arose in either mind, was caught by the other at a glance, improved and beautified ere it was reflected back again. In short, it was impossible that any one whose lot was not already cast, should enjoy the privilege of their intimacy, without becoming enamoured of a state capable of producing such celestial happiness as they were permitted to taste; while in proportion as the mind was disposed to offer a tribute of *abstract* homage at the altar of hymen, the

dread of risking individual experiment would as naturally arise, lest mistaking an exception for the rule, disappointment should ensue as the fruit of imitation. But there are very few who marry upon the principles which governed their union ; and to expect similar results from discordant motives, is to look for grapes on thorns, and figs on thistles. My friends were mutually attracted by esteem, as well as affection. They did not join their destinies upon the ground of external vanity, or the sordid views of worldly aggrandisement. Their's was not a marriage of two estates ; they knew what to desire : they were aware of what they wanted, and were contented with what they possessed. How often have I heard them talk of riches and poverty, in this place where you and I are now sitting ! how often heard them agree that a larger share of fortune's favour might render them less dependent perhaps, upon each other for happiness, and consequently, diminish the sum of it ; thus would they render privation a subject for gratitude, through the love that they bore to each other."

“What a picture of earthly bliss,” said I, “have you drawn, and what a separation was that of two beings so united !”

“Aye, it was indeed a picture worth going any distance to gaze upon ! It was a lesson never to be forgotten. Minds like those which I have been attempting to describe, possess the art of harmonizing every thing with which they come in contact in unison with themselves. True refinement inheres *within*, and no more derives its character from outward trappings, than heaven’s gift of symmetry owes its fair proportions to the fringes with which fashion encumbers its beauty. In a cottage where luxury never visited, inborn elegance fixed her abode. A favorite author of mine says, that if death were considered stripped of the dreadful paraphernalia which generally attends its mournful presence, half its horrors would be annihilated. Of poverty, we may say the same. Vulgar people bring the machinery of life in all its ugliness and indelicacy before you. It is not whether your tables are of mahogany or deal ; your dishes of china or delft which distinguishes *refinement*



is set on heaven where she hopes for re-union with the only loved of earth."

Here ended a recital which I felt deeply interesting, partly perhaps because the actors in this sad tale were my nearest relations, and partly too on account of the noble characters which it pourtrayed. Falkland, I am growing serious in this place, and shall lose my spirits if I stay much longer here.

As we turned from the *sacred* promontory, Mr. Otway playfully shook my elbow, and, by a sudden change in the modulation of his voice, made me feel that we were not to dwell any longer on the topic which had occupied the preceding hour. At his request I gave him a history of my *life and adventures*. We talked of you, and I so completely *fired* him by my subject, that he has taken your address, and means immediately to write to young Stanhope who, with his tutor, (a nephew, by the bye of Oliphant's) is to be at Pisa about the time of your arrival there, to make your acquaintance with all suitable activity. Mr. Otway gives a good character of his ward, so that probably you may find him worth know-

“You are very right,” replied ‘mine host;’ “knowledge is never a burthen; and when the news of London is once told, and the stimulus of novelty wears off, we shall then feel the full value of such pursuits as at once sustain social communion, exercise common curiosity, and employ the powers of the understanding.”

“You told me this morning, Mr. Otway, that you think the mania for education is outrunning its natural progress; and that it is the fashion at present to overleap the barrier of prudence in a premature and forced extension of learning. May I not urge your zeal in favour of female cultivation as somewhat inconsistent with this theory? Setting all jocularities aside, and banishing *nicknames*, as you call them, from our inquiry, will you tell me if utility be the measure by which you ascertain and determine the question of what possible use is education, beyond the polite limits of fashionable acquirement amongst the higher orders, and the necessary qualifications for a housewife in the lower classes? Can women keep schools for our youth? Can women occupy professors’ chairs? Are women

ter at present in debate by that rule, I think I shall be able to convince you, that unless in *our* sex education is to lower its tone, or be neglected, there can be no doubt of the advantage which would be gained by the solid instruction of the female world. You grant that it is to women we ought to look for all that is most valuable in first impressions. Boys rarely quit their homes before ten years of age, and girls, not generally speaking, till they marry. It seems then to require no argument to prove, that upon a mother's being fond of her home, and satisfied with the pleasures of her domestic fire-side, must depend an *inclination* to give up society abroad for the good of her family; at least you will grant, without difficulty that, though a sense of duty may do much with the truly conscientious, the union of duty and inclination will work double tides—so far we must be agreed. Now the question which remains is, *how* the love of home may be produced, and here I should have no hesitation in saying, by a marriage, in which the greatest portion of sympathy can be found, and, consequently, the

governess, till a time arrives for sending the boys to school, and exchanging the humble services of the infant teacher for the *Ma'amoiselle*, who, more like a dancing dog than a human being, takes charge of the girls, and becomes the guardian of their religion, morals, and manners! Perhaps you interrupt me, ere my conclusion be drawn, to observe that this representation only applies to what are called the higher circles. Very well—be it so; you shall have the advantage of a second statement upon *your* side before I contrast it with *my* view of the subject. Let us suppose a Gentleman of a thousand a year, or a Professional man, the former may, or may not, have profited more by his school and collegiate course than the man of fashion. The latter is obliged to plod his weary way through law or physic for his daily bread. These Gentlemen marry, and, according to the present modes of female education, are not likely to be much happier than our former Benedick; for a young Lady, now-a-days, whose fortune is no more than a thousand pounds, learns exactly the same things which are taught



ing to her offspring? Surely not; to maintain the contrary, would be to pass the severest censure on our sex. A woman is neither less pretty, less elegant, less kind, nor less accomplished of *necessity*, because she has read and loves reading; and, considering her *own* happiness, can there be any question respecting the advantage of books as a source of amusement as well as usefulness, above all the lighter acquirements above enumerated? The former pass away with the careless gaiety of youth. The rising generation steps close upon the heels of that which has immediately preceded it; and as novelty is the very essence of fashion, the singing which has been heard, and the dancing which has been seen for a few successive winters cease to charm, and newer attractions occupy the stage. How much would the respect of children towards their mothers be increased, were women, generally speaking, capable of taking part in the instruction of a family, attending to their interests, exercising a sound judgment on their progress, and accompanying their pursuits! Reflect upon the numbers who are left widows to guide

ciation which I have pronounced against modern modes and manners. There are some beautiful exceptions, which not only have escaped contagion, but which illustrate my position by being themselves amongst its brightest examples. It is the *general* evil of which I complain, and unless women will stand their *own* friends, and resist the tyranny of opinion which, if it proceed much farther in its present course, bids fair to deprive them of those faculties which Heaven has bountifully bestowed, they may rest assured that their power will daily decline; both sexes will degenerate, and the rude supremacy of physical strength will be at last resorted to, to complete female subjugation, and bring the civilized world again to a state of barbarism from which it will slowly emerge."

Just as I was going to reply, a servant announced Mr. Bentley. A young man entered the room, and we were ere long summoned to dinner. Nothing could be more agreeable than the trio. You see that I include myself in the compliment to our good humour, ease, and festivity. Phil. is an extraordinary man, and I am

much *taken* with him. He is a perfect Encyclopedia, as little Fanny called him, and literally seems to know every thing; but so absolutely is he divested of the pomps and ceremony of literature, that it is only by the fulness of your own mind, and the number of new ideas that you find in your brain, that you discover the superiority of him from whom you have derived such accession to your thoughts. We ate, drank, and were merry.

Bentley is a very sensible young man, and a near neighbour of Mr. Otway's.

I suppose that I must tell you what we talked of. Well, I am patiently going through my task of *minute* narrative in the beginning; but by the time that you are acquainted with the characters around me, through these my *masterly* sketches you must prepare to take your leave of such reports. I shall write regularly, and mention whatever incidents may occur; but to hold on in this method, of repeating every word that is uttered, would be more than flesh and blood are equal to. Besides, should money fall short, you may take advantage of me, and

make a book out of these my voluminous materials. Thus forestalling, for all you can possibly tell, my intentions of giving so many sapient observations as I have committed to paper, one day myself to the world.

Well, but you want to know who Bentley is, and what we talked about. As to who a young man, living in the county of Kerry in Ireland, may be, I am not quite ready to answer though *faute d'autres sujets*, I shall inquire more concerning him; perhaps somewhat more determined in my design so to do, from having remarked a scarlet blush pass over his cheek at dinner when Charlotte's name was mentioned.

In these back settlements there is nothing to do, but exercise the skill of a calm observer; and I expect to be quite *au fait* as a critic in every thing appertaining to countenance, by the time that I return to the world. As to conversation we had a great deal of one sort or other. Some politics, some anecdote, some I know not what, pleasant enough, but nothing striking. I remember only two remarks that I shall take the trouble of exporting to Pisa.



We were speaking of Scott's Novels (for I take the liberty of calling them his, notwithstanding all the denials which are cited to prove the contrary\*) and I instanced these and some other works of fiction which are justly celebrated, and of recent publication, to support my opinion, that the present genius of literature stands upon a lofty pedestal in comparison with former times, adding "what can be a stronger argument in favour of modern wisdom than that *such* books are the recreation of our contemporaries?" A stranger just set down in England might naturally say, if this be *amusement*, what are the *serious* studies in this country? And if, as some writer has said, "tell me your diversions, and I'll tell you what you are," carry any weight, we may fairly claim to high pre-eminence."

"And deserve it too," answered Phil., "if we do not push the argument too far. The present day furnishes us some admirable samples in the department of fiction; but I question much if you will not find, that novels, with a

\* The authorship of the Novels has been avowed by Sir Walter Scott since this letter was written.

large portion of existing men, and women, make the *business*, as well as the relaxation of their reading hours. The novels of our time are like letters of marque. They are *armés en flute* for war or merchandize, *alias* for instruction or entertainment; and if people will not read any thing more serious we must be happy that there *is* a method of riveting attention by cloathing good sense in the light drapery of fiction. Thousands are led on to better things than they are promised by a pleasant tale; and I rejoice to perceive a growing sense of accountableness in the writers who supply the present rage for new publications. I see a consciousness arising amongst novelists and the editors of reviews and magazines that the morbid diseases induced by *mental* opium eating (if you will allow me the image) threaten paralysis and, would inevitably lead to dissolution of all intellectual energy, if not arrested in their progress. Several are usefully employed in applying alterations, and endeavouring to bring about a more healthful action of the rational powers. Let us earnestly desire a blessing on every effort

of this nature, and give our best individual support even to story, when, like the useful wedge, it is successful in sliding in, what would not find its way into the hands of half mankind unaided by such an instrument." The remark struck me as valid, and I had the grace to say so. Led on from one topic to another, in which this excellent man discovered so much knowledge of life as perfectly to amaze me, I turned to young Bentley, and said, "I have often heard people obtain credit for extraordinary acquaintance with the world, and wherever this has been the case, such skill has been attributed to travelling, and a widely spreading communion with various classes of men; but it sometimes strikes me as matter of surprise to find the acutest sense of all that is doing on the great theatre, in a retired corner of the earth, apparently shut out from all the bustle, vice, and folly, that pervade the world."

Bentley replied, "I know not to whom you may apply for information on *this* head, more appropriately than to my good friend of Lisfarne, who contrives to know mankind so well

without going amongst them. Let us ask him how he manages to find them out?"

"Were it really the case," answered Phil. "that I am better informed than my neighbours in the science which you ascribe to me; a point which I utterly dissent from, I should be apt perhaps to take credit for my skill as resulting from the very reason that, according to your view, might excuse its deficiency, namely, to those retired habits which lead me to study a few, rather than glance my eye over a multitude. It is with men as with books. You may skim over too great a number to read any with profit. With some few exceptions, the characters of which mankind is made up, are easily classified; and if you master a score of distinct specimens from each tribe with care and accuracy, you will find the sum of your knowledge considerably to exceed that which has been gleaned from a larger surface, where less attention has been brought to the task of investigation. A certain impatience of decision leads people frequently to pronounce upon as anoma-



lies, what a severer scrutiny would prove to be well understood, and belonging to accredited divisions of human character."

"I seldom meet with a *real* non-descript, though appearances may puzzle me for a time, and though I have not been in a crowd for many years, I meet in succession with individuals of all sorts, and perhaps am enabled to form a more discriminating judgment of each single figure as it passes before me than I could do were my mind distracted by many objects together. The whole being made up of parts, one may give a shrewd guess at the collective effect from acquaintance with the separate atoms."

"From what you say," said I, "a man ought to live *out* of the world, to judge rightly of those men who compose it."—"No, my young friend, not quite so *terse*. There is no more *necessary* connection between knowledge of the world and retirement, than between naval tactics and an old gentleman sitting by his fireside in Hampshire; yet it so happened, that the present system of breaking the line, which was of such astonishing importance to us in the last war, was

the invention of a man unconnected with naval affairs, and who, marshalling a parcel of cherry-stones after dinner upon his table, proved to a practical understanding how the object could be achieved, and what a Clarke projected, was accomplished by a Rodney."

"*In the world or out of the world sagacity may find materials upon which to work, and it will depend on the acuteness of that sagacity to arrive at eminence in the knowledge of man.—Where this is furnished, I should believe retirement, I do not mean solitude, to be more favorable to sound discrimination than a busy scene, because more likely to secure against precipitancy of judgment. On the whole, we may see, and hear, a great deal too much with our outward senses. The principal defect of the present day is want of reflection. The provision, the apparatus for conveying instruction to the mind is superb, but exactly in proportion to these "tricking facilities" is the deficiency of original thinking. When books were few, and purchased with difficulty, they were intensely studied. The mind was forced to be in some*

sort its own library. The treasures of learning were committed to memory, and the intellect traded upon its internal resources; the capital was frequently turned, and mental riches crowned exertion; but the multiplication of *means* often retards the *end*, and the understanding is encumbered with help."

"But pray, sir, if we gain more in expansion than we lose in depth, is not the balance on our side? Now that the press is teeming with instruction brought down to the level of *all* capacities, are we not advancing by rapid strides to a full developement of the reasoning faculty, and approaching that happy termination of ignorance so devoutly to be wished for?"

"I do not agree with you, Howard. If you desire my opinion, it must be given in the negative. I am an old-fashioned fellow, and many of my notions are desperately heretical in these days of display. I cannot help preferring substance to shadows, and depth to surface. I love real improvements, not mere changes. In some instances we *are* improving. The exact sciences are making progress, and so are those arts which

depend upon the application of their principles. Chemistry, mechanics, &c. advance, and there is a disposition to reward the talent that is exhibited in forwarding them to perfection; but I maintain that the system of school and collegiate education for our youth requires reform. The best part of life, as regards some of our mental powers, is frittered away in learning badly two dead languages, to the neglect of better things at school; and at the Universities much might be done to effect a better order of things than prevails in any of them. Then, with respect to the prevailing taste in literature, it is too much devoted to *stimulus*. We have too many new books, and too many young authors. Some expatiating in the labyrinths of moral paradox—others in the wild regions of uncontrolled imagination; and so on. Whatever is *new*, is devoured with avidity, and so great is the quantity, so pulp-like the quality, of this literary pabulum, that the digestive organs are destroyed, and the mind is seldom exercised for itself."

As Phil. finished the last sentence, his old servant opened the door, and in ran Frederick,



followed by the redoubtable Domine. A general commotion ensued. Much shaking of hands, inquiries after health, friends, and all the etce-terras which are hurried over in the first ten minutes after meeting succeeded, I was presented; and while Mr. Otway was engaged with Oliphant, and Fred. was interchanging civilities with Mr. Bentley, I sat examining the object of my fearful anticipations. Imprimis, he has no wig, but a fine expansive front with a clean bald pate. His hair "a sable silvered," scantily *set*, but curling naturally in a *fringe* round the back of his head, and a countenance full of benevolence, and sparkling with affection.

Yes, it is a true bill. Here are more fruits of Prophecy and Prejudice, quoth you!—I will give up *anticipating*.—I will save me a great deal of plague in future, not to think of people till they cross my path, and are actually before my eyes.

Before we set out on the return to Glenalta, I was as easy as an old shoe with Oliphant; but all his quaint practice and methodistical habits are hanging over *in terrorem*.

On the following day, which was Saturday, we met as usual at breakfast, and immediately afterwards, I was called by the girls and Frederick to come and see the treasures of which their tutor had been the escort. On entering the Library, I saw a valuable addition to the book-shelves; Clarke's Bible, handsomely, but unshewily bound, for my aunt; the Flora and Pomona Londinensis for Emily; a capital Biographical Dictionary for Charlotte; a fine Herodotus for Fred; and Withering's Botany for Fan. Besides these were writing-desks, drawing-books, pencils, port-folios, and a parcel containing the Pirates, Kenilworth, Quentin Durward, and the Inheritance, as food for the "Evening hour." In short, Domine must have been literally built up in the *stack* which brought him, as tightly as poor Rose de Beverley in the dungeon wall; and to have seen the good man *déterré* from such a mass of matter must have been diverting enough.

These various objects of acquisition were all gifts of Mr. Otway, who had made his own remarks upon the wants and wishes of his neigh-

hours, and written to Oliphant accordingly, to come laden with whatever he thought most likely to gratify the family group. It is impossible to form an idea of the advantages in *one* respect which people living in these outposts of mankind possess over the civilized world. If my mother and sisters require a packet of books, or any thing else, from town, Gibson is ordered to write, the things come per next mail. Turner, my mother's maid, opens the store, and the contents are spread upon tables, where perhaps they lie for days before they are observed, and when looked at, are either to be returned, or if retained, it is ten to one if they produce the slightest degree of animation. Here the minds of the little party are so alive and fresh, that one catches the contagion; and I found myself bustling through wrapping papers and twine with an eagerness which I certainly never experienced upon the arrival of a similar importation at Selby.

“We have been so long *wishing* for these,” said Emily, “that they are quite a mine of happiness.”

“Yes,” answered Charlotte, “and how magical are our dear Phil.’s guesses, for he always discovers what one *wants* most.” “And I,” added Fanny, “am just expiring to be off to Lisfarne, with a budget of thanks to our necromancer.”

We all dispersed after this library scene; the young people to shew Mr. Oliphant puppies, kittens, young pheasants, and sundry other live stock, which had either grown or been acquired during his absence, and I, after promising to walk with my aunt in an hour or two, filed off to my room to fold up this enormous volume. On looking over my journal before doing so, I perceived an omission: you desired me to tell you more of the *tastes* of my fair friends in dress, furniture, *etcetera*, I thought that I had given you a *coup d’œil* which might have sufficed; but if you must have more, learn now, and for ever after hold your peace, that you may walk from top to bottom of this house without hitching your skirts in any of the fopperies of a modern *boudoir*. There is no danger of being entangled amongst a nest of spider-tables



covered with china, or of overturning a chif-foniere burthened with flower-pots. There are no scraps of japan, nor *odds* and *ends* of any sort to molest a visitor, and interrupt conversation. Glenalta is furnished with simplicity and convenience : the general *character*, is that of chaste uniformity, without any thing of the *drab* of quakerism. A few good pictures ornament the walls both of drawing-room and parlour. Some handsome busts in bronze give a finish to the bookcases of the library ; and the hall, which is light and airy, has a very good appearance as you enter the house. The furniture is solid, and there is every real comfort of polished life to be found in its place without any exhibition of finery or *nick-knackery*, if I may coin a word for the occasion.—Altogether the best idea I can convey of my aunt's dwelling, is by telling you what it is *not* : it is *not* a *show-house*—it is *not* a fashionable house, neither has it the cold, raw, uninhabited look of an English provincial residence ; but it is strictly clean, bright, *easy* looking, and has an air of unpretending elegance.

Now, as to dress, hang me if I know the names of any manufacture; but I told you before, that the cousins have very pretty figures, beautiful hair, and are always perfectly *presentable*. They do not wear the gaudy colouring of the French school, nor are they squeezed as if in a vice, to look like wasps, without any visible connecting link to unite the upper and lower parts of the body. There is a natural grace and gentility in every movement; and the *effect* is pleasing to the eye from the *repose* which it meets with, equally remote from *excitement* on the one hand, and torpor on the other.

What can I tell you more particular? And had I not better say Adieu at once, than add to this mighty mass of paper by further general description?

Your affectionate friend,

ARTHUR HOWARD.

## LETTER VII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

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My dear Falkland,

My last despatch, you will remember, was sealed just after it had been arranged that I should accompany my aunt in a walk. At the appointed hour I tapped at her door, to put her in mind of our assignation; and was not sorry to have a *tête à tête* in prospect, thinking that I might take advantage of this opportunity to edge in a little word of counsel, that might be of use, at *least* in Fanny's, though Emily and Charlotte might be beyond my reach in effecting a change in *their* destiny.

My sweet aunt (for she is really quite delightful) was speedily equipped, and we set out upon our rambles. As soon as we had cleared the house, and were not in danger of being overheard, I expressed my gratitude for her

kindness in asking me to Glenalta ; spoke of the pleasure which I already felt in its society, and my admiration, as well as surprise, at finding my cousins every thing that could be wished. My aunt smiled. " Then," said she, " you had heard, I suppose, but an unflattering account of us, and expected to see a very *outrè* sort of a family." " I expected," answered I, " to find, as I *have* found, very superior attainments ; but you know, dearest lady, the prejudice which universally subsists against *Blue-Stockings* ; and though you have succeeded so admirably in the result of your system, and may therefore triumph, as ' those who win may laugh,' yet you must allow the experiment to have been a bold one." " And why so, my dear Arthur ? I should not have felt at all inclined to make bold experiments, and am not conscious how I have done so. You must explain yourself." " Well then, I will ; and hope that I may venture to do so without running any risk of offending you." " Certainly, I cannot be offended, having requested you to tell me what you mean ; and I, on my part, shall not only thank you for your



observations, but shall be ready, with the most perfect candour, to satisfy you as far as I can, respecting my conduct."

"Dear aunt, then," said I, "the great object to which a girl's prospects should tend from infancy to maturity is marriage; and every prudent mother, I need not say to you, is perpetually intent upon this termination of all her cares and anxiety. To marry a daughter *well* is no easy matter now-a-days, and often requires a vast deal of address to bring about the event. Beauty, though very captivating, will not do without money, and young men have learned to be philosophers; they can see and admire, but, like the Baron of Moubray, they must know how 'to love and to ride away,' unless they would entail ruin on their posterity. Almost every man's circumstances are dipped more or less, either by his own folly or that of his predecessors; and most men look to a fortunate marriage some time or other in their lives, for the purpose of paying off charges on their property, and clearing a load of debt. Now, girls of large fortune, may certainly take some liberties;

for even were they old, ugly, or *Blue*, thousands *will* tell, and they may generally command a choice amongst the other sex; but young women, even of such personal attraction as my cousins ought 'to be with caution bold.' I do assure you, that were you at this moment suddenly removed to London, I would not, for any consideration that I can name, that Emily and Charlotte were discovered to know a syllable of Greek, Latin, botany, chemistry, or any of the arts and sciences: it is unheard of in town, except to be laughed at, or avoided; and as your girls have pretensions that might secure their being courted in the best society, it would mortify any one who loves them to witness a complete failure in their *debut*, through a want of that circumspection which mothers, *so* inferior to you, know how to exercise. Dear little Fan is young and volatile; there is more danger of her betraying herself than of her sisters' being giddy. Much might be done still with your elder girls, who are so reasonable and so docile, that they would probably take a hint immediately; but it is quite a *sin* not to snatch Fanny

from perdition, by allowing what *azure* she has already contracted, to fade away as quickly as possible. Elegant and accomplished, pretty and pleasing, my cousins are formed for the world, and would shine in it: but Greek, Latin, chemistry, *etcetera*, are like forgery, never to be forgiven."

Here I paused, and my aunt calmly replied, "I fear, my dear boy, that I shall make matters worse rather than better by my answer to your advice; but, notwithstanding, I must run the risk, and boldly hazard the loss of your esteem, by detailing some opinions of mine, which do not harmonize at all with your's. First, then, you will stare at me perhaps when I tell you, that I am very far from thinking marriage necessary to the happiness of my children, though should I live to see them find such partners as I think worthy of them, I should rejoice, inasmuch as, under *certain* circumstances, I look upon marriage as the happiest lot of life in this chequered scene; but, Arthur, rank and fortune are only *accidents*, and make no part of the *essence* in my creed of such requisites as constitute felicity in

domestic union. My dear girls will not be rich, but they will have enough to make them independent. If they marry, I think I may venture to say, that it will not be through worldly motives of aggrandizement; and should they remain single, they will, I trust in the Almighty, be both useful and contented."

I certainly *did* stare. What! a mother, and disregard the establishment of daughters! My aunt continued: "According to your ideas, a woman is merely an appendage, and, I dare say, frequently considered a very troublesome one to her fortune, the acquisition of which seems to be, even under favourable circumstances of youth and beauty thrown into the scale, the *principal* object, and where these may be wanting, the *sole* incentive which leads a man of fashion to permit a young lady the honour of bearing his name. Now in a country where the blessing of freedom has never been known, where parents possess absolute power over their children, and masters over their slaves, I can perceive a reason for such an order of things; but I confess myself so ignorant



as not to comprehend why liberty and affluence *here* should be sacrificed without any valuable consideration. It would be better to subscribe a part of one's property to the necessities of a needy gentleman than be obliged to give up the whole, and tie oneself to him for ever. May I ask you how women are compensated in your scheme for the relinquishment of independence?" "Bless me, dear aunt, the question is so extraordinary, that really I feel at a loss to believe that you can ask it: *compensated?*—Why, by being married; by being promoted to a state in society of more consideration than they previously occupied; by being provided for, established, and, finally, as the acme of all female hope and ambition, taken out of the never-ending defile of recruits through which a man has to make his way at every ball, concert, or theatre in town."

"Well," said Mrs. Douglas, "I am not a little amazed that these *recruits*, as you call them, should be ready to place themselves under the control of officers so little disposed to regard them with tenderness; but, as this is a serious

subject in which the happiness of mankind at large is concerned, we will treat it gravely. Providence has so ordered the affairs of earth, that marriage will always be a primary object of concern with *both* sexes; for remember, that the idea of *wife*, involves that of *husband*; and to supply each *aspirant* of either sex, you must find a disengaged individual of the other. Now if it appear that the mass of human beings are intended by their Creator for the state of matrimony, and that their own wishes generally coincide with the original purpose of creation, would it not seem a reasonable consequence that a condition which almost all men and women anticipate, should be rendered as desirable, as suitable, as happy, and as wise as a reflecting choice can make it?" "Surely," said I, "and *there* lies the difference between an improvident silly mother, or one who is governed by a prudent knowledge of the world, and clear views of her childrens' advantage. Women are, you will confess, great fools when they allow their girls to flirt with younger sons who have nothing; military men, whose fortunes are on their

backs, and all the idle host who furnish a drawing-room and excel in a quadrille. Maternal solicitude ought unquestionably to be directed to a good settlement, liberal pin-money—if possible a distinguished connection; and in short, all the circumstances which constitute what every one admits to be a *good match*. How painful must it be to read a paragraph in the public papers announcing that on such a day Mr. Such-an-one, whom nobody knows, was married by some clergyman whose name was never heard of, in a parish church not to be found in any map, to Miss Douglas of Glenalta! If I am doomed to suffer such disgrace, I shall set out directly for Greece, or some other distant quarter to which my countrymen do not flock in the crowds that one is certain to meet in France and Italy, *there* to remain till the event is forgotten, and the unfortunate actors in it, are consigned to well-merited oblivion. Forgive me if I am warm; I do not mean to be disrespectful, but my energies rise in proportion to the hourly increase of love and admiration which I feel towards relations so near and so deserving.”

“Arthur, I am not angry,” rejoined my aunt, “but I must oppose, though I may fail to convince you; I can never desire to see my dear girls, who have been loved, valued, and considered as rational creatures in their own home, become a part of the *retinue* of a man of fashion; and therefore I neither intend to introduce them upon a theatre where success is failure according to my notion of things, nor attempt to infuse a new class of doctrines upon the nature of happiness into their guiltless hearts. Let us go on in our accustomed routine, and if there ever was a case to which we may apply the maxim ‘If ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise,’ you will admit its force upon that in question, for *so* happy are my dear children at Glenalta, that visionary dreams of joy seem not to pass beyond its well-known boundary. When the mind is full of resource, it is wonderfully independent, and suffers none of that *ennui* which is the disease of vacancy. From the birth of my children to the present time, they have never heard that there was an *effect* to be produced by any thing they learned except the natural conse-



quences that grow out of virtue and occupation. Marriage may, or may not, be their portion; should it be so, the characters of their husbands may probably differ, as their own do, from each other; and thus far I meet your views, that I should be sorry to see any child of mine marry so imprudently as to plunge into the sordid cares of life without consideration. Should misfortune bring poverty, and the Almighty try his creatures by affliction, how beautiful is it *then* to behold the exertions which the finest minds are capable of making when sustained by religious submission, and encouraged by fond affection; but to *place* ourselves *willingly* in situations which our strength may not prove sufficient to admit of our filling conscientiously, is to presume upon our own powers, and is therefore dangerous. You see then, my dear boy, that as far as my opinion may have weight, you are not to expect any accession to your worldly pride from the Douglas family, who are very unambitious people; and, though I trust that they will never 'disgrace you,' I fear that you must be con-

tented to love them for their *own* sakes, and not for any flattering unction to be derived through their future destiny. No, I hardly think it likely that Emily, Charlotte, or Fanny, will ever contribute their aid to a high-sounding paragraph in the newspapers; but I shall indeed be disappointed if they are satisfied with less than sense and affection, if they marry."

"My dear aunt, you mistake me: as much sense as you like; and you cannot imagine that I could be such a barbarian as to fancy that any man who married one of my cousins should be so deficient in good taste as not to love her as well as men generally love their wives. Remember, that the happiest home of infancy must, in the course of nature, dissolve; and then what becomes of a luckless sisterhood of old maids, who, having suffered the spring and summer to pass by unheeded, in vain deplore their idle improvidence, and fret away the gloomy remnant of their days on earth in sourness and solitude?" "A dismal picture, indeed," replied my aunt, "I must try if I cannot draw one less dispiriting. In the first

of character as they deemed essential to happiness, living together as kindly in the decline, as in the meridian of life. I can imagine them to look abroad without envy, and at home without disgust. If excluded from some enjoyments which belong to another mode of existence, they are spared also many of the evils which attach to it, and with this advantage, that while the former are precarious, the latter are inevitable. The brightest anticipations founded on the most apparently stable foundation, may *possibly* deceive, but the physical suffering, and the anxious care which are inseparable from the maternal relation, are penalties from which there is no exemption. No bill of indemnity can set aside a mother's pangs; and be assured, that were women endowed with the gift of oracular foresight, and like the ancient Sybils capable of peeping into the cup of futurity, very few would have courage to taste the bitter draught which marriage too frequently mingles to allure by promises, and poison by disappointment. The fondest affection, the kindest support, and all the inestimable charms of sympathetic com-

panionship, may indeed render the conjugal union an antepast of heaven ; but such contracts of folly and avarice, as are but too often sealed in what you call the world, represent as truly a state of severest punishment ; and between these extremes, a single lot is far to be preferred to the compromise which matrimony in its average of calculation *usually* exhibits. The great purposes of life are, however, fulfilled at the expense of individual ease, and many a spirit learns in the school of adversity, those blessed lessons of humility and dependence upon a Heavenly Father, that pay with such peace ‘as the world can neither give nor take away’ for the infliction of an earthly husband.”

“ Well, my ears,” said I, “ are unaccustomed to such language. I confess it is no less new than surprising ; yet that I may know the full extent of your deviation from modern creeds, perhaps you will describe the sort of helpmate to whose guardianship *you* would entrust a daughter ? ”

“ Most willingly, Arthur. The peculiar temperament of each individual stamps an impress of its own upon the mind, and, ac-



according to the variety of taste, will be our selection of such qualities in a friend, as harmonize with its distinctive character. Marriage has been eloquently described as 'the queen of friendships,' and yet the monarch fares less well than any of her subjects; and while the choice of a companion who is only to travel in our society for a few short miles upon the continent, is governed by kindred feeling and pursuits, the journey which is to end but with life, is undertaken upon the most flimsy ground of temporary whim or expediency. Is this rational, is it consistent conduct?"

"Then may I ask, my dear aunt, do you conceive it really necessary that two people must have learned the same arts, have studied the same sciences, and read the same books; spoken in the same languages, thought the same thoughts, and been in fact, like Helen and Hermia, 'a double cherry seeming parted, but yet a union in partition;' to make a reasonably happy, suitable jog-trot couple in the holy bands of wedlock?"

"Not entirely, though perhaps the more of such similarity the better; but Arthur, you asked for

of all gratifications, each others' society, was not a luxury too great for *them*. The doubt ended in certainty, that law reading ought to supersede the charms of conversation, and what was the result? that affection was too powerful to be selfish, or rather *self* was extended to a second and a dearer object. The wife determined to convert a solitary and painful duty, into a social delight; she insisted on joining in her husband's study, and several of the driest and most difficult books were read aloud to each other in succession. The experiment answered to admiration. They were engaged *together*, and this was enough to make them happy. What was distasteful to one, and at first unintelligible to the other, became amusement; and in the morning's walk, were often discussed the cases which had occupied the previous afternoon. Memory was improved by this exercise: a little time enabled the lady still farther to share the fatigues of a beloved partner in noting his briefs, and assisting in other professional cares, rewarded by the delight of knowing that her presence was necessary to the happiness of him who

"Such women," said I, "as you have represented, would soon revolutionize the world, and bring about a mighty change in the motives that influence marriage; but instances like these occur at intervals, just to shew us of what your sex is *capable*, and that is all."

"Alas, Arthur," replied my aunt, "women rarely discover objects amongst men worthy of exciting powerful affection, and none but slaves will bestow the semblance where the reality does not exist. Men and women act and re-act reciprocally on each other's characters, and though exceptions may appear, you will find it easy in general to decide upon one sex, by the merits or demerits of the other, allowing for those differences between them which distinguishes each from its opposite."

"How then," said I, "is a new order of things to be effected? *One* swallow does not make a summer.

"The change would be achieved without any difficulty, my child, would each individual only throw off the artificial shackles which are imposed by opinion upon

derately. It was such a topic to be caught in the act of discussing ; but my confusion did not last long.

What a blessing is *tact* ! That monosyllable contains a volume. My aunt saw, I suppose, exactly all that was passing across my mind — “ *Caciata del core fuge nel volto*,”—and, instantly seizing on Charlotte’s hand, she said, “ My love, I want you and Fanny to run home and send the little car to me. I am a wee bit tired ; I will keep Mr. Oliphant and Arthur here, till Paddy and poney arrive.”

Like lightning, the nymph disappeared, and, quietly turning to me as if our dialogue had suffered no interruption, “ I am so glad that just as we wanted Mr. Oliphant, he has come to our aid,” said my aunt. “ He will be quite at home in answering your last question.”

She then in a moment playfully informed Domine of our single combat, “ which,” added she “ was fairly fought, and rather favourably to my side at the close, till Arthur rallying his forces, to make a powerful stand, entrenched



stand, the Bible tells a different tale; and were it even true that female pride had got a fall through fashion's fiat, would not such depreciation be exact conformity with holy writ?"

"Were it so," answered the *giant* of learning, "Mrs. Douglas would neither lament nor contend against her fate, but the Bible is peculiarly her sanctuary of refuge, from which, when driven to its sacred shelter by the taunts of the world, she might proudly exclaim, 'it was not thus, when we came from the hands of God.'"

"No, my dear sir, man was created in God's own image; 'male and female created he them.' Eve (the meaning of which word is life) was formed after, and *out of* man. She was not given to him as property, but given 'to be with him,' as a companion, because he would have been a cheerless, as also a useless animal without her. The original Hebrew implies no superiority, nor inferiority. Adam and Eve were the counterparts of each other. Eve was bone of bone, flesh of flesh, to her husband, *both* endowed with immortality, *both* invested with rule over all creatures of the earth. The word woman is from the Hebrew *Ish*, signifying man,

the first destroyer, and was permitted to be the first in the chain of restoration, by being the appointed medium, the *sole* earthly parent of the Saviour. When Abraham was entitled Father of the faithful, Sarah received like honour, and was named their Mother; and when our blessed Lord came upon earth, from one end to the other of his ministry, there is not a syllable to be found derogatory of the female sex. He loved Mary as a sister; and upon various occasions distinguished certain women by particular expressions of affectionate approbation. There is no authority in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation for the opinion that you hold; and with respect to punishment inflicted by Deity for transgression, a generous feeling would naturally suggest the desire of lightening rather than aggravating its infliction, especially when we reflect that the only difference between the culprits lay in the measure of delinquency. Adam and his sons have no cause of triumph; and I never read the story of the fall without considering with humiliation the first proof afforded of a lowered nature in our common progenitor, when to save himself from the principal condemnation, he

“Are you acquainted with, and an approver of that work?”—“No, young gentleman, that is a book which has long ago found its resting-place amid dust and cobwebs. When new, it was a wretched thing, and is now forgotten; but you found it, as the mineralogists express themselves, *in situ*, when you discovered a stray copy on the shelves of a tyrant. The brawlers about liberty are generally fond of keeping it all to themselves. The French revolution, which was before your time, set many heads distracted, and loosened the whole frame-work of our morals; but we are sobered, and have consigned to oblivion the grosser absurdities of that disjointed period.

“Women have real and substantial rights, natural as well as civil, which no one attempts to dispute; and they are fools when they part with them, unless to secure a greater good than they relinquish; but marriage is the rock upon which multitudes make shipwreck, because from the present constitution of things, that solemn act of life is performed with less consideration than people commonly employ in the purchase



the advantages that superior power bestowed, made so little use of it towards the cultivation of knowledge and virtue, that Solomon complains of not finding a man of worth in *a thousand*, no wonder that amongst the weaker sex, who were kept in the lowest state of slavery and degradation, he should not discover any who, deprived of the benefit of education, and shut out from the light of truth, had broken her bonds, and soared above the horrible debasement to which females were condemned by their rulers. The Christian Religion, of which that Bible that you lately quoted as authority for the servitude of women, is the sacred repository, is in fact the charter of female liberty; and in proportion as the Sun of Righteousness shines with more or less refulgence in any land, in such proportion is woman respected."

"Pray then, Mr. Oliphant, how comes it that the sense of mankind has always been taking a contrary course? A boy is hardly out of his nurse's arms, before he hears of his superiority over his sisters. When he goes to school, the first grammar that his lisping tongue is turned to repeat, tells him that his sex is most worthy.



In the *world*, one hears women only estimated by their beauty, or their wealth; and in families we see them nothing better than the wrecks of a former day, little loved by their husbands, or respected by their children."

"*Hinc illæ lachrymæ*," answered my opponent, "in *one* sense the male sex is decidedly superior—I mean in strength; and were this employed in supporting the weak, instead of oppressing them, the female world would not be disposed to grudge men a supremacy of which they would themselves enjoy the happy fruits. But as to your nursery nonsense, an elder son is always told that he is as much above his younger brothers, as his sisters; and so he is, by the laws of primogeniture, which give him the estate. Yet I suppose that there are few such blockheads as to believe, that because a man happens to come into the world before his brethren, he is therefore invested with a patent of superior intellectual endowment. On the contrary, it often happens, that elder sons, satisfied with the gifts of fortune, take little trouble with their minds, and are, in point of cultiva-

tion, at the *tail* instead of the *head* of their Houses. Grammar rules prove nothing. They were made by *men*, and according to vulgar estimates of physical force; and as *to the world*, the most convincing proof in my eyes of its degeneracy in our day, is to be found in the impertinent neglect of women, so frequently observable in the *soi-disant* men of fashion. To sum up the argument: the sexes differ from each other, but *difference* implies nothing of better or worse, taller or shorter, wiser or less wise. They are *different*, and each beautifully adapted by the eternal Creator to fulfil the purposes for which it was designed. The man stronger, more active—made to encounter danger, and endure fatigue. The woman more delicate, more refined, formed to sooth by her tenderness, to watch over the helpless, comfort the unfortunate, and be the balm of human kind. In mental capacity Nature has dealt with impartial bounty, and the most splendid talents are to be found in that sex, which I grieve to add, too rarely exercise their powers. Rely upon it, that men are not less manly for sharing

salutations, I could not help remarking the anxiety of all the young people about my aunt, whose expression of fatigue had brought them back to offer aid, and satisfy themselves that she was not ill. Frederick settled the cushions, and dispatched Paddy, saying, that he must himself drive the little car, lest it should go too fast. Fanny had brought a small basket, in which was a phial of hartshorn, and a glass having been also produced, away ran Charlotte to the stream which tumbles through this rocky glen, to procure water,—all without *fuss*, or effort.

Yes, there is no question of it—what Oliphant says is true enough. These people are not at all the worse for any thing that they have said, done, learned, or acquired. My aunt was unusually gay, to convince her children that nothing ailed her; and we all returned home, laughing and talking as merrily as possible. Bentley was asked to stay and dine, which Phil had promised also to do, and so sped Saturday away as smoothly as if it *rolled on casters*.

In the evening we walked. I took my first lesson in botany from Emily. We planned a

will not revisit that heavenly spot without the deepest emotion. Yet we cannot help flattering ourselves with its being of such a nature as not to amount to pain; and it will be counteracted by the pleasure of beholding our rapture at seeing her make one in our excursion. Phil. is in our secret, and *now* so are you. We are going to write a petition. She shall not have it to-night, because it might agitate her; and it shall only be signed by her children, because if such happiness as her compliance would impart, should be in store for us, it is of that sacred character which we could not bear to owe even to the dearest friends; and if, on the other hand, as I am afraid may prove the case, we are asking too much, we will not involve any one else in the pain of a refusal. Now good night—wish us success, and meet us in the moss-house at eight in the morning to learn our fate.”

I went to my room quite unable to speak—I was suffocating, and, *shall* I confess to Falkland (but proclaim it not in Gath) tears, such as I never shed before in all my life, coursed each other down my “innocent nose.” It is too much.



could not help thinking, that if we measure life by the exercise of our faculties, and the warmth of our feelings, instead of by such evidences of existence as might apply to stocks and stones as well as to sentient beings, I have only *lived* in your society, and since I came to Glenalta. A mournful chill stole over my heart as I involuntarily asked myself, "Is my mother like *this* mother, or are my sisters like my cousins?" These questions led me to one still more immediately painful—"Do I resemble Frederick?" The inquiry was accompanied by a feeling of such bitterness, that I fear it must have been answered in the negative, to each of my self-addressed queries. Alas! thought I, of what light materials are we formed! tossed about by every wind, and seizing on the contagion of every new situation! Well, one week has worked a strange *jumble* of my tastes and opinions, but all will be *stratified* in regular order, according to received notions, by a corresponding term, when I revisit Selby or Grosvenor Square. This consolation seemed a *quietus*, for I fell asleep, and undisturbed by farther moralizing, rose refreshed and

account for the *balminess* of charity towards all things else—the key-note is ever to be found within our own breasts, and it regulates the whole strain.

Half-musing, half-poetizing, I reached the moss-house, and was ruminating on the sparkling stream that dashes over the rock, amongst its tangled brush-wood, when with light feet, my nymphs and their brother hastened round the wood, and appeared at the seat of Congress.

After a joyous “good morrow,” they told me that “mamma” had not been awake when they left the house to attend the Sunday School, and therefore they had no good news to impart to me; and only came to the place of appointment, lest I should wait and accuse them of a failure in punctuality.

The words “Sunday School,” acted as a “killing frost” to all the tender leaves and buds with which Fanny had wreathed my morning walk, and looking I dare say like an icicle, I said, “And are you *really* enlisted amongst those troops of godly women dressed in grey, and looking like flocks of Solon geese, who paddle

go before breakfast to hear the children read a chapter, repeat a collect, and answer a few questions, more as *pioneers* to Mr. Oliphant, than as teachers. This occupies only one hour, and we do no more. Domine, as you call him, and the Curate of our parish, who is a very good clergyman, examine after church, and this finishes the school-work of the day."

"Bless me!" said I, "I am very glad to hear these things, but must own that your account is most unexpected. The ladies whom I have heard called 'pious,' at our post town in Buckinghamshire, sit up, I imagine, all Saturday night, and starve all Sunday. They defile along in troops, looking sour enough to curdle milk into whey by their presence, and are always to be seen loaded with tracts, and carrying bags which are filled with other implements of the trade. These saintly damsels are, I firmly believe, a set of whale-boned exclusionists, who deny salvation to all who are not within their pale, and able to answer their *qui va là?* by the signs and countersigns of their free masonry."

"Arthur," replied Emily, "though your

said Emily ; “ I have heard of noble characters who devote all their time, money, and influence, to the high purposes of reclaiming the vicious, and teaching the Word of God to the ignorant. But if we lived in a less refined spot than this, we should not even then be likely to join any of the societies to which you allude, composed of such as are technically, and most improperly called, when with design to convey a *taunt*, ‘good people.’ Mamma dislikes *liveries*, whether of dress or manners. She disapproves of bazaars, working parties, and all religious exhibitions and excitements : in short, of all demonstrations of what she calls a *gregarious* spirit of piety ; though she makes it a point never to express an opinion in the presence of any one who could wrest it to the unworthy purpose of throwing either ridicule or reproach on numbers of excellent persons of both sexes who differ from her in theory as well as practice.”

“ I perceive,” said I, with delight, “ that my aunt does not consider dancing a sin.”—“ No, so far from it,” answered Frederick, “ that when the Sandfords were with us, we were very gay,



ward to meet her, "and with Arthur in the chair, we have passed a resolution, that you will make us the happiest group in Christendom, if you will grant the boon implored in this petition." So saying, he slipped a paper into her hand, and taking two of his sisters, leaving Fanny to grace my arm, he added, "we must not take our sovereign by surprise. She must have time to *dwell* upon the prayer of her subjects. So we will make a tour of St. Colman's rock, and be back like true liegemen, to assist her in returning home." Off he hurried us, and this was done to spare his mother that emotion which is always felt when we know that what passes within the heart is seen and comprehended by others. It is astonishing ! These young people study every look, and can follow the windings, however sinuous, of every thought, when affection is the lamp to guide their way.

We took the round of St. Colman, a great white rock, about which, there is a legend, that perhaps I may tell you at some other time, and found my aunt seated where we left her : probably pondering upon past happiness, and

bogs, for I have scarcely ever experienced a fit of the disease till I came here. I could not help giving a gentle *squeeze* to the hand that leaned upon my arm. "You are the happiest set I ever saw," said I. A suppressed sigh met my ear, and Fanny, jumping into the middle of the walk, to arrest our progress, broke a chain which would have led to sorrow. "Oh! mamma, stop: Arthur, don't put down your right foot for your life. There, now he's safe poor thing," and in an instant, a frightful frog, which had been hurt by some unlucky foot that had come down too weightily on the reptile's leg, was gently deposited, first on her hand, and then laid quietly on the grass under the shade of a *Lauristinus*. "I will return after breakfast," muttered Fan. "and if I find that you are not likely to recover, poor little wretch, you shall be put out of your pain by old Lorry." How my sisters would stare in wild amaze, were I to tell them of such an act! "Pray," said I, "Fanny, do you cherish in this manner, all the vile vermin that chance brings into your path?" "To be sure; every creature can live its short

full a mile distant; but the fineness of the weather tempted most of the party to walk. My aunt and Emily accompanied Mr. Otway in his carriage; and young Bentley, who is on a visit at Lisfarne, joined *us*.

Arrived at the parish church, upon the side of a bleak and barren hill, I looked with amazement at the poverty of all around, not that there was an absence of decency, or even comfort; but the bare white-washed walls, the simple uncarved pulpit, unfringed cushions, with the absence of monumental decoration, music, and all the paraphernalia of church worship on our civilized side of the channel, struck me most unfavourably as I entered the family pew; but these things were soon forgotten, and the service was admirably performed. It so happened, that a gentleman who was on his way to some other part of the country, and whose talents as a preacher stand deservedly high, had halted the day before at our parson's house, and was prevailed upon to take the pulpit. Mr. Oliphant, whose voice is well modulated, and whose devotion communicates a kindred feeling to his

auditors, read the lessons, and prepared the mind, by the simple energy of his manner, for the powerful impression which awaited it. The sermon was upon prayer, and described the efficacy of supplication for divine mercy and assistance. The preacher, who perhaps I may never see again, has left an indelible impression upon my mind. He was tall, thin, and pale, with a wonderful benevolence of aspect. A holy calm sat upon all his features, which the serene but clear light of his eye distinguished completely from the dulness of vanity. There was nothing monotonous in the repose of his appearance; and when he opened his lips, the effect was of music spoken. To the finest voice I ever heard, he added the perfection of its adaptation to every variety of meaning which his matter was designed to convey, and while every inflection seemed to be suited to the words which it uttered with such correspondence of expression, that had *they* been removed echo would still have given back all they could have imparted; *study* was the last idea that suggested itself in listening to this eloquent being. All his tones,



each look, each emphasis, appeared to be the spontaneous drapery in which a bright understanding clothed the feelings of his heart. I never was so transfixed in my life, and the apostolic sacredness of his figure harmonized so entirely with the simplicity of that lowly building divested of even the common-place decoration usual in English country churches, that for some time I was untrue to our beloved *Gothic*, and actually began to fancy that I had never till yesterday been amongst the faithful worshippers of God in His own Temple.

When the sermon was finished, the preacher remained in his pulpit, apparently desirous of allowing the congregation to disperse before his departure; and we saw no more of him.

The family of Glenalta had heard frequently of his extraordinary powers, but till now had never had an opportunity of judging for themselves. As we walked home, our talk by the wayside naturally enough took its hue from the scene which we had just quitted, and I asked Mr. Oliphant whether Mr. Leighton, whose performance had excited such general admiration,

held the opinions distinctively denominated Calvinistic? "No, I should imagine not; but cannot speak positively, as I am not personally acquainted with him." Young Bentley, who was a little behind us, stepped up, and said, "I believe that I may answer with *certainty*; for an uncle of mine, who lives in the north, is very intimate with Mr. Leighton, and once asked him the question, from having heard some reports which were circulated touching the doctrines that he inculcated; and he entered upon that occasion into a full statement of his sentiments, which, to sum up briefly, may I fancy be comprised in two words, Gospel truth. He professed the most perfect charity for those who sincerely differ from him; and likewise the deepest admiration for holiness both of life and character, in some of those writers who held the peculiar tenets that mark Calvin's creed: but he unequivocally declared that he did not adopt the Genevan opinions, while he as unhesitatingly asserted his belief in evangelical piety as the only vital religion." "Pray," said I, "tell me what you mean; for with us evangelical

preachers are synonymous with Calvinists." "Aye," said Mr. Oliphant, "and probably with Methodists too: there is nothing so easy as a *name* by which people are in the habit of representing things not understood or inquired into? I once knew a young man who, being met in the street by another who had known him at the university, was suddenly asked, 'Why, Dick, when did you turn Calvinist?' My young friend stared, and the other flippantly added, 'I heard that you never dance now, and therefore suppose you to be one of the new light.' In this way, idleness and folly make sad confusion; but to answer *your* question, as to differences between certain opinions, I will put a volume into your hands, whenever you please, which will give you in detail the points upon which Calvin dissented from the Lutheran doctrines, and formed a sect now known by his name. Very many individuals are called Calvinists in the unthinking manner which I have described, without being in reality such; and many who incontrovertibly held Calvin's opinions, and others who do hold them at the

present day, have been, and are, men whose virtues ought to excite our deepest veneration, and inspire an earnest desire of imitation; however we may consider them mistaken in their explanation of those parts of the Bible which *appear* to sanction their doctrines. A pure evangelical faith embraces all that seems necessary to salvation, namely, the most perfect self-abasement before God, together with a lively sense of human unworthiness, full implicit confidence in the free gift of atoning mercy as the only way to everlasting glory, and an earnest desire, by increasing holiness and obedience, to prove ourselves the children of God. These principles, with the addition of a clear sense that we must *adopt* them, and become, through the divine spirit infused into our souls, awakened from the delusive securities of natural pride, and humbled by an abiding consciousness of our sins and infirmity, constitute a summary of the Christian system, and comprise all that is essentially evangelical."

"I observed nothing," said I, "of peculiar phraseology in Mr. Leighton's discourse, and



certainly never heard any language more entirely free than is his from that *twang* which I have hitherto considered as a characteristic of the ultras in religion." "Now, my young friend," replied Domine, "are you not falling yourself into the error which you reprobate? Why use those words, which designate a sect of fashionable fault-finders, who rail against a religion which they do not take the trouble to investigate, just as plainly as the terms that you are desirous to abolish, mark what you call the new light fraternity?"

I told him that I stood corrected, and he shook my hand, saying, "I thank you for so kindly excusing me in thus abruptly calling you to order;" and then continued—"Mr. Leighton is a person of such character, that my conclusion respecting his not being a Calvinist was drawn entirely from the absence of those expressions generally belonging to the school." "But, sir," said Mr. Bentley, "I have heard several sermons preached by men whose principles I discovered at a *short turn* now and then to be really Calvinistic, though they were free

from every peculiarity of phrase, and so guarded as to doctrine, that for a long time I have resisted the idea of their being any other than evangelical ministers of the gospel, such as you described it to be." "Aye," answered Oliphant, "that is the very point to which I would draw your attention. It is, in my opinion, not right to consider any tenet of a particular creed essential to salvation, and yet *suppress* it. Either the *decretum horribile* is, or is not, a vital article: If not, there is no Calvinism, and if it be, no man who believes in its importance as a pillar of faith is justified by motives of *expediency* in leaving out subjects so essential in *their* view of the Christian system. A practical evil which I have known to proceed from what is commonly called a *judicious* style of preaching is, that many are taken in to become members of a congregation before they are aware of the tenets of their instructor. Much confusion of mind sometimes results. Weak understandings are perplexed, and the effect is, that people who are not capable of drawing nice distinctions, at last slide gradually, without any exercise of their own

will or understanding, into the opinions very different from those of which they *imagine* themselves to be the advocates. But, my dear Mr. Howard, we should each in his own sphere, be it narrow or extended, rejoice in all the good that exists, though it may vary in its livery; and, so far from cultivating a spirit of ridicule, endeavour to draw the bonds of charity together, so as to include all the *sincere* and pains-taking of the Christian community, within its ample scope."

We were now arrived at the house, and separated into little parties. My aunt and her daughters disappeared, Mr. Oliphant and young Bentley went off to the school, and Fred. and I took a long and delightful walk *tête-à-tête* by the sea side. We had a great deal of conversation that informed me of many particulars respecting my family, with which I had never till then been made acquainted. On returning home, as we passed a cabin door, I saw Fanny busily distributing bread and money, the former from a large basket held by the same boy who attends the donkies, and the latter

ing at it; ever since I buried *her*, I'd rather be to myself, and Sunday brings all the people out." What an artless expression of faithful affection! This man's wife, who is the "*her*" to be comprehended, he supposes, by every one, because there is no other to confound with the image in his own breast, has been dead for six years; and yet Memory is true to her trust. There is something very endearing in this tenderness, and we feel in good humour with our species, when an instance like what I have mentioned occurs, to prove that some of our best movements can spring from an uncultivated soil.

At dinner, after dinner, and all the evening, I am compelled in honesty to say, that not a moment passed heavily. We laughed and talked as usual. The interval between dinner and tea was spent in walking; that between tea and nine o'clock in listening to some of Handel's finest songs, very sweetly performed; and e'er "the close of the silent eve," the family group were once more assem-



bled ; and after prayers, and a short but impressive sermon, sent to their rest with an emphatic blessing.

You have now the panorama of Glenalta, and you are placed upon a platform in the midst, from which, turning yourself round the scene, you can form a just idea of every object which it includes within the circuit.

Thus have I brought (I believe with fidelity) the first part of my epistolary labours to a conclusion. From this time forth you will know all the *ground-plan*, and be enabled to allot its own place to each occurrence as it may chance to arise. As to the general impression made upon my mind, I own to you that I never was so happy anywhere as since I came to this lone and lovely spot ; and I am powerfully struck with the truth of a remark which you once made to me, and which at that time though I had a vague idea of your being right, I had no actual experience that permitted me to confirm ; namely, that *society* in its true sense consists not in the number of those *persons* with whom one converses, but in the num-

ber of ideas excited in one's own mind. Glenalta completely illustrates this observation. A family of five individuals, with the addition of two intimate friends, have furnished such variety and excitement in the flow of my thoughts, that I appear to have lived in a crowd; and through a long duration of time I was thinking of this circumstance before I got up this morning as a contradiction to the common notion, that when we are most happy time seems the fleetest; but I see how it is—both remarks are strictly true.

Stimulus of an agreeable diversified nature certainly prevents our taking note of time while *present*, and therefore it may be said to glide away rapidly; but when *remembered*, every circumstance which produced a change of pleasure, serves to distinguish one portion from another, and thus to afford a sense of progress, which the dullness of monotony is incapable of producing, just as a single acre of ground, animated by trees, houses, and living creatures, fills a much greater extent in imagination, when we *recollect* the landscape, than is oc-

cupied by a wide expanse of ocean, though the latter, when *looked upon*, appeared a boundless prospect; *still*, however, in the midst of this sunshine of the heart, I always bear in mind that its *locality* is the secret of its charm. — You would not agree with me, but I am assured that the sort of thing that delights where one feels no *responsibility*, would cease to fascinate in the moment that the surrounding world came to call one to account for one's country cousins; and these dear souls, perhaps, might make one blush at the *west end*. I ought not to say so from any thing that I have seen here; but the whole course of our thoughts and feelings is *so* subject to join the tide of opinion, that I hardly dare to assert how far my present impressions, vivid as they are, would stand the test of a Bond-street jury.

As Mrs. Malaprop says, however, “let us not have any retrospections as to the future” *Viva, viva*. — I am so much better, that I hardly remember how I came here in the high road to Charon's ferry.

I am longing to hear from you. Don't for-

get to let me know about Stanhope, as Mr. Otway will be anxious to learn whether you and he *cement*.

Adieu, dear Falkland. Am I not the very pine-apple, and quintessence of letter-writers? Huzza!

Yours, ever affectionately,

ARTHUR HOWARD.



last letter, Nanny and Mr. Oliphant were alternately our walking companions. Mamma was weak both in body and spirits; and though she made exertion to be gay when we were with her, it is only long since that period that I have been fully sensible how much we owed her for efforts that were beyond her strength. As the mind requires to unbend after intense meditation, so her spirit asked repose after over excitement, and she used to glide along the shrubbery, meet her donkey at its wicket gate, and, following the winding pathway of our glen, ascend, as we imagined the mountain that lies beyond St. Colman's rock, to breathe the "unchartered air of heaven," in full security of not being interrupted; but, as she never went accompanied by any one, we still only conjectured whither she directed her daily ride: and her sorrow was too sensitive, even to our young eyes, to permit of our asking many questions. We had been at Glenalta for three years, before Frederick and I, who were then allowed to visit our poor people at a distance, and explore our glens alone, found ourselves one day

about three miles from home, and along the course of the same rivulet which sports so gracefully near our moss-house, at the most enchanting spot that I ever beheld. It is a tiny dell, shut out, or rather shut in, from all the world besides. A Liliputian lawn of the softest green, and not more than a few yards in circumference, serves as a pedestal to one single tree, the only one of its kind in the whole scene. This tree is a beech of surpassing beauty, which casts its delicate branches in a sweeping curve round the little area which it occupies, forming an umbrella of shade, except in one part, where a natural opening invites underneath its lovely archway.

The stream, which near Glenalta is comparatively tame, though sweetly fanciful, assumes a bolder aspect at the retreat, and dashes over fragments of broken rock, which are richly clothed with fern and ivy, and start from masses of holly, and other brushwood, that grow luxuriantly down at each side, to the verge of our mountain brook, which makes a circuit round the beech, so as to render the *velvet cushion* on

which it stands almost a little island. As the bleak heath-covered hill rises in every direction, you could fancy yourself to have reached a fertile oasis in the midst of a desert. Nothing of animated life appeared in view except two young goats that had ventured down the precipice, and the silence was only broken by the rush of waters. Frederick and I stood quite transfixed; but when our first exclamations of wonder and delight had subsided, we determined on exploring farther, and passing round the tree we scrambled to the other side, and found a rude seat of stone, over which a tuft of alders and mountain-ash had formed a roof impenetrable to the sun. A variety of the beautiful orchis, cowslip, and primrose tribes intermixed with wild violets of the most brilliant purple, enameled the ground, and the softest moss lined every part of this sylvan niche with refreshing verdure. We sat down in a perfect ecstasy, then pulled bundles of flowers, drank at the stream, and were indulging in all the luxury of our good fortune, when something white struck my eye, clung into the root of an old

hazle which stood a little below us. I pointed it out to Frederick, who immediately jumped down the rock, and found a bit of paper rolled round a pencil. It was torn, and had been injured by wet, having evidently lain for a long time in its concealment. The holly which grows so abundantly all over the rocks, had furnished its evergreen protection so as to save the paper from melting away, and the weight of the pencil, round which it was tightly wrapped, had contributed with the tangled roots, to prevent its being carried away by the wind. We eagerly unfolded our mysterious prize, and with some difficulty decyphered, at last completely, and in mamma's hand-writing, the following lines:

Inscribed upon thy polished rind,  
That name was once engraved,  
Which, traced upon my heart I find,  
The wreck that grief has saved.

Nor ruthless time, nor cankering care,  
Hath swept that sacred line;  
The perfect record lingers there,  
Carved on the faithful shrine.

Yes, and within thy beechen breast,  
Sweet sympathy conceals



The characters that once confessed,  
Thy bark no more reveals.

Thy glossy fane now furrowed o'er,  
Protects from wandering gaze  
That name adored, which never more  
Thy jealous love betrays.

Thy roughened form,—my time-worn cheek,  
Alike refuse to tell  
The signs that idlers vainly seek  
Within this leafy dell.

But when the axe hath laid thee low,  
And bowed thy graceful head;  
And *me*, life's latest mortal foe,  
Shall number with the dead ;

Then in our bosoms' inmost seat,  
The self same image found,  
Reveals to view its deep retreat,  
Fast in the heart-strings bound.

We gazed on each other, and the truth flashed upon our hearts in the same instant. Frederick and I, by a movement imparted from within, darted towards the tree together, and on examination found a part of the once varnished surface, raised into irregular carbuncles, where the bark had closed with time over some letters no longer legible. With much pains, we satisfied ourselves that the initials H. A. C. D. had

been interwoven, and cut in the bark from the external face of which, these letters had been carried inward by the process of annual growth. It immediately occurred to us, that our beloved parents had made this a favourite haunt in happier days; and that the undying memory of some faithful mourner had sought again these now almost obliterated characters. Such mourner could have been no other than the dear surviving guardian of our youth; and our tears flowed without restraint, as we read again and again, the stanzas of which we had become accidentally possessed. The first movement of our minds was, as you may suppose, to restore them directly to their author; and it was not without considerable reasoning between ourselves, that either could convince the other of its being better to suppress the verses, and say nothing of the *retreat*. From mamma's never having communicated any hint relative to this little hermit-cell, it was obvious that she did not wish us to discover its situation; then, the pencilled lines had been lost for some time. She had made no inquiry about them; her memory was able in

all probability, to supply them again; and in giving up what manifestly appeared to be mamma's own composition, such explanation might have ensued as would have opened all her wounds afresh, and destroyed ever afterwards the pleasure which she appeared to feel in visiting the sequestered spot which we had discovered. Upon mature deliberation then we agreed to hush up our little adventure, and keep the tender effusion that we had found, till some natural opportunity might occur of giving it back again to its owner.

Time has rolled on, and the gradual influence of its healing power is happily illustrated in the improved condition of our precious *charge*, (for I consider her as a blessing conferred upon her children, henceforward placed peculiarly in their care); and a moment having arrived in which Frederick agreed with me that we might venture to commence our little scheme, we set to work in the beginning of November, just at the time when the change of weather, and the death of faithful Dapple, that sole companion of our *pilgrim's progress*, conspired to prevent the dis-

covery of our plan. Poor Tom Collins and his son, who live not far from the scene of our operations, were necessarily let into the secret, for they were manual contributors to the execution of our project; and had this *not* been the case, I should have still rewarded the former by a confidence, the *distinguishing* nature of which he knows how to appreciate, in return for a trait of feeling so unlike one's abstract notion of a *peasant*, and so delicate, that I must tell the anecdote of him, before I proceed with our works at the retreat. One day preparatory to our design, Frederick and I watched an opportunity when mamma was obliged to drive on business to a little town in our neighbourhood, and paid a visit to our favourite spot. We were sitting talking over past, present, and future, when a slight rustling amongst the leaves, announced the approach of some one; and presently poor Tom Collins, on tip-toe, and his finger, in sign of caution, placed upon his lip, stood before us. "Och, then," said he, "its I that am after running to stop your honours from coming down at all, at all, into my mis-



thess's nook. I does be keeping the childer always from this place till the sun does be setting, and then I knows there 'ont be any danger in life of seeing her honour, for becaase she only comes of a morning."

"And Tom," answered I, "why are you so uneasy from the fear of seeing mamma?"

"Och, then, miss, my heart, I'll tell ye, and I never tould it afore, nor wouldn't now, only becaase I never seed any one of quality like, here, only her honour's self; and now if I don't tell, why may be she'd be fretted to think that you and Masther Fred. would find her out in her nook; and I knows very well, that she wouldn't like it, for when it plased God to take my poor boy Darby away from me, I'd covet to be all day moping if I could, down in that very bottom. Why, then, sure enough, it was there I was one Midsummer day, lying down flat on the ground beyont the big holly stump, and thinking heavy enough of Darby, becaase of all days in the year, 'twas his own birth day, when I heard a whispering like, under the baach-tree, so I gets up fair and softly, without making as

much stir as a baatle among the laaves; why then *mavourneen*, what would I see but my mis-thess on her two knees, upon the could ground, looking up and praying like. Well, there I stood, and I seed her crying like droppings from the ivy beyant; and I heerd the words axing the Lord to make yees good childer, and mark yees to Glory. And then she'd ax Him to make her a good mother, and to keep and to help her all the days of her life; and sure, be the same token, God listened to her prayer, for she's the best of ladies. After that she'd get up, and talk to the tree all as one as if it was a Christian, about my maasther, for I heerd her say, *Hinnery*, and so I knew well enough who she'd be spaiking of, being that I'd be often that way talking myself to the air, as I may say, about Darby. Well, my heart grew so big, that I thought it would fairly jump out o'me; so with that, I slinged away; and seeing poor Dapple another day fastened behind the rock above, I says to myself, to be sure says I, she's moping there like myself, and so I never would come again till night fall; but when I have time, I

does be above, not far off, only she can't see me, be raison I'd like, if any thing would be for going down the clift, to stop 'em till she'd be clear and clane out o' the place for the day. So that's all about it; and she don't be coming so often now, tho' in the main-time 'tis constant at her prayers or writing on a bit of a paper, or reading out of a little book that she does be, whenever she'll come to the lag below."

The eloquence of Demosthenes could not have worked upon our hearts like this simple story. I seized instinctively upon the rough hand of honest Tom, and Frederick did so likewise. We were too full to utter a word, but we each of us resolved that this trait should have its recording angel, and that, however tears might bedew the remembrance of it, they should never blot out the registry. Of this we *said* nothing, for it would have been a species of sacrilege to sully the purity of such genuine feeling, by making it an apparent cause of any temporal benefit. Oh what a withering breath is praise, and how sickly do the motives of action become, when flattery, that *simoon* of the heart,

has passed over them ! We now communicated our embryo purpose to Tom, and told him that we intended proceeding to work on the following day, as it was not likely, that during the winter season, my mother would visit her seat again. Pride and joy took possession of his countenance, as we developed our plan ; and had we presented him with a purse of gold, I do not think that the expression of his face could have indicated such happiness as the feeling of being thus distinguished by our confidence, inspired.

I must now describe what we have done : Mr. Oliphant has been let into our councils, and his excellent taste has assisted us not a little ; but dear Phil., Charlotte, Fanny, and Arthur are as ignorant as mamma, of our necromancy. A beautiful rustic temple has taken place of the stone seat. It is lined with reeds, interleaved in a sort of basket-matting, which fits close to the inside ; and the front is supported by pillars of twisted elm, which are surmounted by capitals of remarkably fine cones from the stone-pine. These supporters are covered with clematis, honeysuckle, and roses. A circular seat, equal



in softness to any Ottoman divan, is raised to a convenient height, and covered with the same reed-matting which I have mentioned. The paving is of snow-white pebbles, which Collins' little girls have collected for me on the strand, and the whole Glen has been decorated by every thing either fragrant or beautiful, which was not out of character with its wildness. I have trained a number of Alpine plants over the rocks, and taught the lovely water-lily to unfold its flowers upon a tiny basin, which Frederick has scooped out, lower down the stream. We have secured this bower from trespassers, and made a serpentine path through the tangled brush-wood, to permit the dear sovereign of these sylvan dominions to descend the hill without fatigue, and admit of her being brought by Dapple the *second*, up to the door of her rural palace. When this was completed, we set to work at Tom Collins' abode, which is now raised and enlarged into a thoroughly comfortable habitation. A nice cabbage-garden is inclosed at the back, and the front is thickly planted with a double hedge of quicks and privet, separating a

little space from the moor, which is filled with sweet, but common flowers. The family have been set to spin, and are already clothed in their own manufacture. Frederick has given poor Tom a cow, to which I have added half a dozen sheep; and such a scene of contentment above, and of beauty below, it would be difficult to equal: at least so *we* think; and when we contemplate the entire as a creation of our own, Frederick and I certainly do confess to some degree of self-complacency. But as far as I have hitherto narrated, only relates to the *body* of our exertions. I must now describe the *soul* of them. In the back part of our rustic temple, is a door so completely concealed by the matting of reeds, as not to be discernible to ordinary observers. This door, upon being opened, discovers a little cell of just sufficient size to admit of one person's sitting in it without inconvenience. Its furniture consists of a small pedestal of delicate workmanship in white marble, upon which Frederick has placed the exquisite urn that you may remember, of alabaster, found at Pompeia. It belonged to my father, and has

been kept in a closet, hidden from every eye since the time of his death. Upon the front of the pedestal which supports it, we have had engraved the following lines :—

Bless'd refuge of a sad and broken heart,  
Soft soothing solitude, thy balm impart;  
Come with thy gentle train, thy peaceful rest,  
Thy tender stillness to this grief-worn breast.  
With thee, how sweet to climb the craggy way,  
And o'er these rocky cliffs in silence stray,  
In Nature's temple to expand the soul,  
While tears distil refreshing as they roll,  
What fond deceit the present to beguile,  
And bid the shades of past delight to smile.  
Call back the dreams of youth, and hope, and love,  
And 'mid the dear ærial phantoms rove.  
But hush! too sharp that pang, my heart gives o'er,  
Invoke the memory of thy bliss no more!  
Raise up to heaven thy soul, quit earth, and fly,  
Go seek thy refuge in yon azure sky;  
Ask mercy's aid to shed celestial light  
Upon the dismal gloom of sorrow's night,  
And God's own spirits of the mountain air,  
Shall waft on high the deep unuttered prayer,  
While filial love shall consecrate the scene,  
That gave a mother's tears for hope serene.

Immediately behind the urn, which with its pedestal is let into a niche, is a pretty little arched window of stained glass; and at the opposite extremity of our Anchorite's cell stands a

slab of Kerry marble, which rests upon a simple cabinet of the beautiful black oak of the bog which our island furnishes from its *ebony* stores. When opened, a flat box of polished beech-wood presents itself, and this serves as a solid portfolio, preserving from damp an exquisite drawing in pencil, by Frederick, of the large tree to which you have been already introduced. Underneath the tree, mamma's lines which we found, are neatly transcribed; and the old pencil, with its original paper wrapped round it, as when first discovered in its hiding place, and a pocket Bible, in the first page of which, after the name of Caroline Douglas, are written these words; "The prayer of the righteous availeth much," complete the furniture of this rustic sanctuary.

When Frederick and I went this morning at early dawn, to see that all was finished according to our design, we found Tom Collins already there, leaning against one of the pillars, in an attitude of contemplation. He started from his reverie as we approached, and twirling his old hat in his hands, resting first upon one foot, then



upon the other, he said, after the usual salutation, "Miss, dear, I was thinking that you would'nt refuse me, if you plase, just to let me be standing overright there beyant the big baach, when my mistress will be coming—I'll engage I'll not let her see a bit o'me, any more than if I was a sperret, nor I'ont brathe a word good, or bad, only to set my two looking eyes upon her, when she 'll see the place you done for her." Could such a request fail of being granted?

This romantic mountaineer is full of the finest sensibilities, and not perverted, as so much of acute feeling often is, to the purposes of discontent and ingratitude. Tom is a good husband, a good son, and a good father. Yet he knows not a letter in the alphabet.

"What shameful ignorance," I hear you exclaim! Ignorance of letters it surely is, but not shameful. You, in England, can be sure of giving your poor a religious education. We cannot! but some of our peasants *act* the Bible, which their priests will not allow them to read; and what benefit would these derive from the

pennyworth of sedition or impurity which they might be permitted to purchase, and instructed to peruse? With what fresh delight have I sometimes returned to this dear desert, after having visited some of the districts *said* to be civilized when compared with our neighbourhood!—Oh it is a great mistake to imagine that *reading* is a cure for every evil, unless the Bible be allowed to offer its blessed promises, and hold forth its bright meed of reward for patience in adversity, and resignation under privations, which all other learning is calculated to reveal in the strongest light, without affording any means to remedy. The will of God has made inequality the very essence of every social scheme. No spread of knowledge can improve the lot of him who must till the ground in the sweat of his brow, if that knowledge be not of a nature to make him *better*, and therefore happier; and I never pass by our smith's forge, which is the parish coffee-house, without hearing expressions, and seeing looks that mark a murmuring spirit.

The other day I asked an aged peasant, who lives on the lands of Lisfarne, about fairies;

“ Did you ever see the *Luracawn*,” said I, “ of which people say, that it is a sort of fairy that lives always by the sea-side, and carries a purse such as we often find on the strand with strings to it?”

“ No, miss, I never did *myself*; but in ould times they used to be seen plenty enough.”

“ Then,” answered I, “ perhaps the truth may be, that the people now are grown too wise to believe the stories which were swallowed in old times.”

The old man replied, “ Miss, there’s a great dael o’ larning that is’nt knowledge, and there’s more of it than is good, I can assure you. The people now gets hould o’books, and cares very little about their parents, who were better folk than many o’*them* that are going now a’ days.”

“ Then you don’t approve of learning Andrew.”—“ Why, miss, you might as well say I don’t approve o’my fellow craitures. There’s two kinds o’one as of the other.—Good men and good books, bad men and bad books. I likes the two first, and I don’t like the two last, and

when people gets hould o'larning, the're vastly fonder o'the bad than the good."

Really these people astonish me by the clearness of their views and the acuteness of their observations. But before I close this long letter, I must say a word of Arthur Howard, who is a great favourite already at Glenalta. Had he been born under a happier star than that which presided at his birth, he would be a charming young man, and great improvements may yet be effected, for he is young and full of generous feeling as of quick tact. The contrarieties which nature and art sometimes display in their contest for pre-eminence in his actions, would divert us excessively, if there were not so much to love and regard in the compound, that vexation must ever be a predominating sentiment when he obeys an unworthy impulse. Selfishness is, I believe, the leading vice of fashionable people; and it must be very difficult to throw off the habits in which education has taught us that comfort (that *aldermanic* little word, as many use it) consists.



The first thought in what is called the world, appears to be, “is such or such a thing for *my* pleasure, *my* interest, *my* convenience;” and the *last* is, “whether the matter in question be useful, or agreeable to other people?” I am now speaking of the school, not the scholar, for though Arthur has necessarily adopted *some* of the folly in the midst of which he has lived, moved, and had his being, it is astonishing how little the natural tendencies of his heart are obscured. He came here, as I told you, with very strong prejudices, but I perceive with delight that they are fading away; and, I believe, that he thinks less hardly than he did when he first came amongst us, of female improvement. How could he bask in the sunshine of mamma’s sweet smile, and enjoy the constant variety of her unrivalled powers in conversation, without feeling how compatible are the charms of high cultivation with all that is excellent in private life—all that is fascinating in female softness?

As I listened eagerly to a dialogue the other day, in which she was engaged, shedding light and animation upon every subject which came

before her, I could not help thinking, that were amusement the only object and end of existence, cultivation of mind would appear, in my opinion, to be an indispensable requisite in the art of attaining it. The gay world, I suppose has its charms, and may attract for a season. Change of place, and change of faces, may please perhaps for a time, but this cannot last for ever, and when the period arrives in which people *must* rely upon the resources of *home*, what an immeasurable distance must there be between the full mind and the empty one ! The very playfulness of a superior person is so exhilarating that I never grow weary of it ; but of all the tiresome companionships on earth, it is that of animal spirits in perennial flow, that bear no treasure on the tide. How well Pope has expressed what I mean ! “ For lively Dulness ever loves a joke.”

I must reserve space for a concluding word after our visit at the Retreat. Till then adieu.

Well, dear Julia, I feel the repose of my own room most welcome after the excitement of this day. The sun shone in full splendor on our project. Last night Frederick and I spoke to

mamma of some trifling alterations that we had been making for the comfort of Tom Collins and his family, whose little dwelling had suffered much from the winter storms.

“Yes, my loves,” said she, “I am rejoiced that your activity has anticipated me. Since the death of my poor Dapple, I have not gone so far as Tom’s house, and have been *intending* a visit to the mountain, till you have made me ashamed by this lesson on procrastination. The truth is, that my present *steed* is so unlike his predecessor in gait and humour, that he and I are not such friends as to make me quite at home in his company; and I hate to have Paddy running after me. My morning rambles were always solitary, and I should not be at ease now in going alone, till I am more accustomed to my *new Neddy*, or his temper becomes more amiable; but all this is no excuse for not having employed other eyes to see that the Collins’ were not unroofed. I wonder why Tom did not come.”

“We happened to see him,” said Frederick, “which probably prevented his applying to you, as Emily and I did the needful; but if to-morrow

should be a fine day, suppose that I drive you and Em. in the pony car, before breakfast, and we will shew you how we have patched up these poor people for the present."

Mamma consented, and this morning early we sat out; but my tears suffocate me at the bare remembrance of my mother's emotion. She was amazed and delighted with our improvements. The garden, the hedge, the clean house, and clean people, all appeared the effect of enchantment. Tom, his wife, and children, grinned with broad uncontrolled rapture, and overwhelmed the little party with blessings. When we had praised, and been praised (*such* praise warms the heart without enervating its powers), Frederick took mamma's arm, and said, "You must come, dearest mother, to look at a dell which Emily and I discovered some time ago, the sweetest spot that you ever beheld." A faint blush overspread her cheek, and I perceived a thrill run through her frame. She hesitated, then hinted that the banks were steep, and that we should be late for breakfast; but we coaxed, and she evidently not desiring to say



how well she was acquainted with the scene which she was about to visit, suffered herself to be led forward, I walking behind with a palpitating heart, down the narrow descent, and poor Tom following at a discreet distance. As we proceeded, I observed mamma gaze to the right and the left with amazement; but when our rustic temple burst upon her eye, the expression of her countenance became painfully inquisitive. The mysterious door was opened, Frederick pushed her gently in, closed the wicker-work, and waited with me in the outer inclosure. We heard her sob aloud, and in a few moments she was in our arms.

Here I pause. The sweetness of the feeling reciprocally called forth, would baffle my little powers of language to describe. Is it not Cora, in the play of Pizarro, who talks of three bright moments in her life? No moment in any one's life ever surpassed this expansion of hearts linked by a tie so pure and so affectionate as binds ours to each other. We sat till breakfast was forgotten. We looked, and looked again, and when the first swell of painful pleasure had given

way to more tranquil sensations, we architects became garrulous, and in the vanity of success, hurrying our beloved mother from flower to flower, shrub to shrub, rock to rivulet, that we might not lose one *atom*, or one *item* of applause; and at length so completely communicated the contagion of *gladness* to her who had inspired the emotion in ourselves, that she entered zealously into the idea of surprising the rest of our party, adding, "I will first come here alone with our dear friend of Lisfarne, after which we will revisit this beloved retreat in a body, and enjoy in common the pleasures which you have created." We were now turning our steps towards Glenalta, when the sight of poor Tom wiping his eyes in the sleeve of his coat, as he leaned against the beech-tree, arrested mamma's attention. She went up, shook him warmly by the hand, and without a word uttered on either side, we separated.

I am promised a conveyance of this *pamphlet* rather than letter by that excellent creature George Bentley, and I am particularly pleased with the power of sending you so voluminous a

packet by private hand at present, because I may not be able to write for some time again. We are all going to Killarney. Arthur is an enthusiast about our Glen scenery, and I enjoy exceedingly the delight of shewing him that gem of purest water. Some anxiety, however, is always wisely mingled in our cup, which mamma's promise to accompany us, would have rendered too intoxicating, and this anxiety is relating to dearest Fred. whose College examinations must precede our excursion. He and Mr. Oliphant leave us on Thursday next, and will only be absent during five or six days. I cannot sleep from feverish solicitude, though I believe that my Fred. is very well prepared; but we have so managed this charming trip to Killarney, that it will either crown our victory, should such happiness be in store, or divert our melancholy, should the dear fellow be doomed to suffer a disappointment. Phil. and Mr. Bentley are to be of our party. Do you know that Arthur is quite a surprising botanist already; and as I am his *Linnaea*, I am as proud as a peacock of my pupil. He can now walk without *leading*

*strings*, and is grown so expert that our rambles are become trials of rival skill. Well, I must bid my dear friends adieu. With many loves from Charlotte and Fanny to Bertha and Agnes; and *all* our loves to your *dearly* loved aunt, believe me, Julia's most affectionate,

EMILY DOUGLAS.



## LETTER IX.

CHARLES FALKLAND TO ARTHUR HOWARD.

My dear Howard,

Rome.

You are, indeed, a *prince* of letter writers, and the delight which you have afforded me is inexpressible. Two of your admirable journals reached me at Pisa, and the last treasure I have received since I came here in company with—whom do you think? Why, actually, Mr. Richard Oliphant, young Stanhope, and I are dwelling under the same roof, and enthusiastically employed in exploring the wonders both within and without this enchanting city. Stanhope has given Mr. Otway a detailed account of our meeting, in consequence of a letter from Lisfarne, after your arrival at Glenalta; and I will

therefore not take up your time, nor my own, in repetition, but proceed to say how greatly pleased I am with my new acquaintances. Their grand object was Rome, and I determined to quit Pisa much sooner than was my original design, that I might enjoy such excellent society. Here then we are together, and, should no unforeseen circumstances prevent the completion of our arrangements, I think it likely that we shall not separate hastily, but visit Florence, and Naples, see Pæstum, go to Venice, and pass the winter at Paris in company with each other. If *you* join us there what a coterie shall we form. I feel now as if I were in the midst of the Douglas group. I can see the very countenances, and already make my selections, *even* in that society where all are so much to my taste, that it seems at first view difficult to *prefer*, without doing injustice. From Stanhope I receive the most satisfactory answers to every question which your *volume* suggests; and, oh! what happiness it is to know that in any favoured spot of earth such purity and peace

are to be found as bless that little valley of Glenalta with their presence. In any situation the contemplation of such a family would possess charms for me beyond the power of any other pleasure to excite; but if it required to be heightened through contrast, surely that contrast is to be met with on the Continent! Yes, to a sober mind, there is something horrible in the metamorphosis produced in the minds of some with whom you and I are acquainted. Letters are so frequently opened at the foreign post-offices, and so often lost, that I shall be prudent, and not send names out to the winds; however, you will have no difficulty in recognizing F— and L— by their initials; and, though you are *still* a wild sort of being yourself, you will be sorry to hear that they are immersed in every thing at Paris which they used to withstand so vigorously at Cambridge. We ranked them there amongst the *élite*, for genius, good taste, and polished habits. Alas! how are the mighty fallen? The facilities afforded in Paris to the commission of every vice, are, perhaps hardly greater than those

which London offers to tempt unwary youth; but there is all the difference in the world between the *manner* of doing the thing in the two capitals. Notwithstanding the daily intercourse between England and France, there is *still* such a body of national virtue and good feeling unshaken in the former country, that the most profligate can hardly sin with absolute impunity, and vice is scarcely bold enough to throw off the veil which, however flimsy, still protects some purer eyes from beholding corruption in all its deformity. Have you ever felt, when you lingered at a ball till day-light, and the bright beams of a newly risen sun shone with open freshness on the expiring lamps, the pale faces, and the tinsel finery of the last night's pageant; a sort of undefined sensation of shame at being thus caught by the truth-telling hour of waking seriousness, in the midst of a scene so unsuited to the time? If you have, I may avail myself of the similitude to describe the difference which I feel between England and the Continent. I say Continent at large, for the great towns are alike in this; ours is a daylight dance,



while here is the nightly revel. With us the clear sunshine of opinion, if it cannot prevent excess, at least exhibits its faded form and haggard countenance, pronouncing on their ugliness, and inducing their concealment. Cross the channel, and a new order of things presents itself. *Decorum* is busy indeed, but it is to deceive, and while the fascination of gaiety and ease presents an opiate to circumspection, the good taste which borrows an external clothing of propriety in which to dress the votaries of pleasure, finishes the delusion, and many young men are not aware of the counterfeit till they are fast bound in the spell like Telemachus in the island of Calypso. The French language too, now so universal, is a potent ingredient in the intoxicating cup. It acts as a *mask*, and since I left England, I have met with numbers of my countrymen, aye, and countrywomen also, who say things at Paris in the idiom of another tongue, which could never find utterance in their own, though no infringement of decency in *conduct* would be tolerated publicly in good society abroad. All this renders foreign travelling a very insidious

poison, and happy are those who can enjoy the benefits derivable from extensive acquaintance with men and manners, without risk of confounding the boundaries which separate vice from virtue. In short, no man is *safe*, upon whom the grand tour produces other effect than to send him back with increased thankfulness to the British Isles, as (waving adieu to the shores he has quitted) he borrows the words of the poet to say, "these are my visits;" and, turning to the white cliffs of Albion, finishes the line with "but thou art my home." It would be stupid, however, as well as ungrateful to deny the witchery, by way of securing either one's self, or one's friends against its allurements. This device, which my worthy guardian, I believe, in the honesty of his heart employed as a bastion of strength to fortify my weakness, will never, in any case, survive the first shot that experience levels against it. It is in vain to call the Syren's song discord, to say that nectar is but extract of wormwood, and Ambrosia but a mess of Spartan pottage. The first sound, and the first taste, disabuse the ignorant, adding the

stimulus of surprise to what was but too attractive without it. No, let us fairly acknowledge the magic, and then try our best to repel its influence. You know that I shall keep all my *scenery*, whether moral or physical, for fireside talk, *perhaps* at Glenalta, and not so much as a moon-beam on the Coliseum will you have in the way of description, already exhausted by abler limners than I am; but I cannot avoid adding my testimony to the charms of foreign society. It is not that it is wiser or better; it is not that you have better cheer, or one half so good accommodation as at home. No, the whole necromancy exits in one monosyllable—ease. In England ease is *practised*; in France it springs naturally from every one with whom you converse. In England people are *remembering* to forget themselves; in France they do *really* forget themselves, and in this simple circumstance resides the whole secret of being *at ease*. In England people *run* to shew you how freely they can *walk*, never considering that *ease*, that grand desideratum, is as much banished by over exertion to be gay, as by the

torpor of *mauvaise honte*. In France there is neither a *jerking* activity, nor a leaden stupor, but people convey the idea, while you are in their company, of being pleased, interested, and animated, by the subject of conversation. There is no *acted* egotism, no effort at making display; and the effect of an evening passed in a Parisian society is that of gaiety without fatigue. You have, perhaps, not heard a single sentence that you desire to treasure; but there has been no *strain* upon your animal spirits. You have spoken naturally what really presented itself to be said, instead of *fishing* for a theme, and having to recollect at every turn whether you were going to speak to a man or a woman. In fine, conversation, however trifling, flows on the Continent, while with us it resembles *pints* of water, *chucked* one after another into a pump. You work the handle, and up comes your pint, but there is no more till you make a new deposit, and a fresh exertion. It is unnecessary to add that I speak of *mixed* society, and of its *average* state in the two countries. Come to the sincere intercourse of mind and heart, when the



affectations of fashion are in *abeyance*, or I should more justly say where they have never existed, and who would go to any climate of the earth from that in which our happy stars have placed us, to enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul!" Ireland and Scotland, remember, are always included in this preference. But we do not understand *society*, even imitating the French, as we prove, alas, that we can do continually, in their *faults*, while we cannot throw off our whalebone and buckram. In France there is much less of *gossip* than in England; the King, the Court, the national prosperity, or distress, the political relations of Europe, philosophy, sentiment, all find their way broken down to a convenient circulable medium into company. You hear many false positions in each several department, but you have likewise a great deal of good sense and discrimination; and at all events you have *common property* in the subjects which are treated in a French circle, as if they really *interested* the assembly. Perhaps at the moment of reading this passage of my letter, you recollect what

*pops* into my memory in the moment of writing it; I mean a paragraph upon which you and I commented together, in one of the letters of Madame du Deffand, where she describes to Horace Walpole the "*grand succes*" of a *soirée* at her house, from the introduction of some paltry New-year or Easter gifts. There is no inconsistency here. Whether it be the army, the navy, the funds, Cuvier's last work, La Place's talents, the Jardin des Plantes, the fashionable actor or musician; the last song, epigram, bon-mot cap, bonnet or pin-cushion; the thing is talked of with animation, and apparent *interest*; and it is the want of this that renders common place society in England so insufferably dull, as often to suggest the idea that the several members who compose it prepare for meeting, by committing to memory a set of vapidly disjointed questions, and answers; a very catechism of inanity upon the least amusing topics which it is possible to select, and invariably such as no stranger can participate in from the strict *confinement* of their locality. Here, men, women, old, young, handsome or

ugly; all who can speak the language, take a part according to their several measures of ability in the general conversation. All look happy, and, from being at perfect ease themselves, possess the power of imparting this indispensable charm, this *essential essence* of society, to every one with whom they hold companionship. Why cannot we seize upon this talent, and convert it to our own use, grateful as we must ever feel for its enlivening influence? Our deficiencies in colloquial power have long been matter of observation; and it is a trite remark, that the English cannot converse; but as it is admitted that every ingredient requisite for conversation of the most brilliant kind is to be found in our island, it would seem that we only want the method of *combining*, in which our neighbours excel. Your charming circle in Ireland have caught the happy art, and vainly should we look around for many such specimens as Glenalta exhibits of its perfection; but why cannot we all go into company determined to trade freely upon our capitals, be they large or small, avoiding on the one hand that *broad-cast*

sincerity which I am afraid I must call selfishness, that refuses to take interest in any concern which does not come home to the narrow enclosure of individual loss and gain, pain, or pleasure; and on the other, that conventional adoption of trifles incapable of amusing in any community, except a paradise of fools, with which we are in the habit of performing the *mechanism* of society, fatiguing our friends, and doing penance ourselves?

Stanhope is a very fine young man, full of fire and enterprize, yet gentle and rational. He has a great deal of taste, and is very fond of the classics. We are going presently, armed with a pocket Horace, to visit Soracte, accompanied by Oliphant, who is exactly the sort of man to whose care Mr. Otway may fearlessly confide his charge. He has very good manners, plain, and unassuming, and possesses that fortunate mixture of sobriety and cheerfulness, which peculiarity befits the character of a tutor, securing at once the double tribute of respect and affection.

How I long for your next letter, which will



tell me of your expedition to Killarney, and, oh that I could transport myself into the midst of you !

Before I close my letter, I must express the joy of a *true* friend, at finding that you are so happy with your relations. Dear Arthur, I *knew* that your mind would undergo a revolution. It is only in *progress* at present, but I anticipate more decision in all your views of people and things. You have too much sense, and your feelings are too fine, to admit of your being hood-winked. You must not drop into the crowd and suffer yourself to be borne upon its tide, without the slightest sympathy in the folly, and, shall I add, the *vulgarity* that surround you. Yes, do not start, and suppose that I have lost my senses. I repeat the word; there is infinite *vulgarity* in mere fashion. Something very poor and mean, in never daring to think for oneself, and in sacrificing every inclination and faculty to the tyranny of arbitrary control; but you will speedily rise into the consequence of a rational creature. You will take your station amongst intellectual beings, and,

giving reins to the *real* bent of your character, find that fulness of mind, which absolutely excludes *ennui*. I cannot express how much I am interested by the conversations which you have given me. A volume of description would not have conveyed a *tithe* of what you have imparted in the way of information, by bringing me thus into the midst of the circle. I see the whole mental *map* before me, and though it would be unreasonable to think that you can have time for such details in future, I cannot set you entirely free; but would fain hope that, coupled with the "incidents" which are all that you *promise*, henceforward I may still find a few of those graphic touches which make me present in that unrivalled group with whom your good fortune has *bound you up*.

To Mr. Otway I feel that I may desire to be presented with gratitude for the pleasure of which he has thought me worthy, in an introduction to my agreeable *colleagues*; but how shall I contrive to make my bow at Glenalta? If you *can* find a happy moment in which to say with a good grace, "*Charles Falkland,*

*Mrs. Douglas,*” you will be more than ever  
the cherished friend of,

Your affectionate,

C. F——.

P. S. Whenever you visit the city of the  
Seven Hills, be sure and come hither provided  
with “Rome in the nineteenth Century.” It  
is a tribute which I for one, most willingly pay,  
to declare this work of a female pen to be by a  
thousand degrees the best *vade mecum* with  
which you can furnish yourself.

## LETTER X.

MISS HOWARD TO ARTHUR HOWARD, ESQ.

Dear Arthur,

London.

I AM so completely *obsédée* with all that I have to accomplish, that really you must be very thankful for a letter on *any* terms at present. The fact is that *la Madre* is put into a *flutterment* by news which we have just had from that old quiz, Mr. Ingoldsby, of the India House, who says *poz*, that our ancient uncle is coming home as rich as Cræsus. What is bringing him, we know not. No matter for the cause, the effect is that *Ingot* (as I always call him) came here last week *express* with the intelligence, since when I could not command five minutes, or you should have had the *on dit* on the wings of the wind. At first I felt transformed into a *begum*, and transported with joy.



Shawls, gems, and jewels, dazzled my senses. I dreamt of lacs of rupees, snuffed otto in every breeze, and read envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, in every female face throughout the metropolitan world.

Such was the bright vision of half an hour, when, on the *per contra* side of the question a grisly band rose upon my disordered imagination, and I terrified myself with the bare idea, that *vielle-cour* is becoming religious, to such a degree that I had hardly spirits left for Lady Anne Legrave's "At Home," to which I was obliged to go in the evening. I told my fears to mamma and Adelaide. The former said that she would hope the best; but, if the worst comes to the worst, we must, she says, of course indulge the whim as long as it lasts. *Ingot* does not expect him for several months, so that we may take time by the forelock. Then it may be only a rumour, and he may be snug at Calcutta; but to make *sure*, we shall take a few *good books* down to Selby, and, *per* favour of the Morleys and Arundels, and a few more of the "Praise God Barebones" community, we shall

get up a nice vocabulary, and with the help of a fawn-coloured bonnet, which I shall certainly borrow from Deborah Prim the grocer, that "demurest of the tabby kind," who is of the society called *Friends*, I do not despair of acting my part *à merveille*.

Mamma is rather *cross* upon the matter, I think, and *foresees* trouble; but she is always a bit of a Cassandra; and besides, she lost horribly the other night at *ecarté*; but for heavens sake don't say that I told you so.

Adelaide, some how or other too, does not enter into the thing *con amore*, and is not as much alive as one might expect upon a point of such magnitude, for though we have at present nothing to go upon but Ingot's testimony, and our own surmises, the return of the old lad is a serious sort of concern. If he is in good humour, and neither sick, nor pious, we are *Nabobs* and *Nabobesses* at once. *C'est tout dit*. If, on the other hand, he has *got the liver* (as the Indians say so vulgarly), or has any crotchet in his head, connected with new-light fantasies, I do assure you that we may have much vexa-

tion in prospect; and unless you just put yourself in training, and help me out, I do not promise myself any effective assistance. Our poor mother is, as I said before, in an acid vein, and will require Cheltenham certainly, when we leave town; and as to Adelaide, she has other fish to fry, and till the cookery is performed or the finny race, sent swimming *again from the net* (*vous comprenez*); I shall not be able to enlist her in my pantomime. *Apropos*, Lord George was with us last night, and protests that his mother shall give a masquerade at which he will perform the part of our old Rajah, and I shall *rehearse* my new character, dressed as a quaker, carrying a basket of *tracts* on my arm, and, followed by half a dozen of his sister, Lady Somerville's children, who are perfect cherubs, and are to enact *my school*. You can't fancy any thing more *spirituel*. It was quite a *scene*, and we were decidedly the attraction of the evening. I was evidently *prima donna*, and felt so *couleur de rose* with every thing, and every body, that, forgetful of a quarrel which I had with *Ady*. in the morning, I caught Lord

Crayton by the arm, and, under pretence of asking his advice how to prepare for uncle's arrival, gave him such a *teeth-watering* account of the old boy's investments in the 3 *per cent. Consols*, that milord stuck, for the rest of the evening, like bird-lime to my pensive sister, and almost overturned poor Sir Leonard Twig to *beau* mamma down stairs; since when, he has never missed a day in visiting, riding with our coterie in the park; and in short I shall not be surprized if, before your return from the *land of darkness*, you see a paragraph in the Morning Post: but what should bring the Morning Post into the wilderness? I give myself immense credit for remembering ever since I performed the Druidical priestess at Lady Penguin's, and learned my evening's task for the occasion, that Annan is the Druid's name for your island of saints, and that it was held to be the dominions of night. It is *so à propos*!

Well, but I was talking of Crayton and Adelaide. If indeed a London newspaper should meet your eyes while you are suffering *ostracism*,



(I got *such* credit for that stroke last night) I verily think it not improbable, that you will stumble ere long, upon "It is rumoured in the higher circles, that Viscount Crayton is shortly to lead to the Hymeneal altar the lovely Miss A. Howard." What more you may see hereafter, I cannot give you a hint of till you come.

Poor Lionel Strangeways bores me to death with his *petits soins*. Sir Stephen (that odious name always sets me sneezing) haunts Grosvenor-square; and Annesley with whom you used to be so *lié*, and who, begging your pardon, is neither more nor less than *bête*, worries me to dance wherever I meet him.

Adelaide, Crayton, Lord George, and I, made a *parti quarré*, in the park yesterday, when we met him quite *en polisson*. He had no servant, looked *bourgeois*; and though I am not ill-natured as you *know*, I was obliged to sham blindness, and to pass by without even a nod. This may cure *him*, and release *me* from a *blister*. If he were not nephew to the Duke of Elsbury, there would be no bearing him; but every one knows the relationship, and there-

fore one is *safe* in acknowledging him, though he is so horribly disagreeable. Directly after I gave him *the go by*, I recollected that perhaps he had heard from you since your letter to us of the 5th, and I might have asked how your cough is, but I did not think of it in time.

The match between Lady J. Marston and Mr. Harrop, ditto between Miss Percy and Lord Anfield are off, positively off *faute d'argent*. The old Countess held out for £2,000 a-year settlement, and Harrop was tied up by his former marriage. It is whispered that a Scotch coronet *hove in sight* just before poor H. got his *cong  *; but I don't pledge myself for the truth of this *codicil* to the story.—I was interrupted here by Lord George and Mr. Cambray, and have been laughing till I am weary at the best thing in the world. I told you in a former part of this letter, that I was in particularly good spirits last night, and made a sally, in speaking of your banishment. Lord George's "*bravissimo*" was the signal of applause, but poor Sir Hargrove Miles did not know the meaning of *ostracism*, and

asked some one (I believe young Felton), who, in a funny mood, told him that I was talking of oysters. There was a laugh, and some ridiculous things were said which I did not hear, but Sir Hargrove looked *cloudy*, and your Marplot friend, Annesley, dreading a meeting in the morning, *explained* like a goose, and put him into good humour by allowing him to turn the joke against me. Poor Sir H. has accordingly been representing me to-day up and down the whole length of Bond-street as a *Blue*, and were it not that Lord George is my *chevalier*, and that *nuncle* is coming home with a heavy purse, it would not be so pleasant. As things *are*, I can *afford* a blue banner, or, as Lord George says, "We may hoist the *blue Peter* now if we like." He is very witty, and I assure you that *our* society is considered quite *haut ton*—quite *French*.

I did not intend to have written six lines, and you see how I have run on. Do, my dear, return to us as quickly as possible: you ought to be at your *post* when the old fellow lands on English ground. You will of course be his

principal *look out*, and ought certainly to *toad* him a little, especially as he will probably be very bilious after the voyage. Mamma thinks it likely that the new light and the bile will be extinguished together, and proposes being ready at an hour's notice to *whisk* him off to Leamington; but should we find that there is any thing so fixed in his religious derangement as not to give way immediately to the waters, she says that the worst which can happen is our leaving him for a time, and going to the continent. He will probably come home after so long an absence with his heart in his hand, and be as generous as a prince. If so, we shall get plenty of money to take us abroad, and thus fare the better for any little *twist* that he may have got from received opinions, I do not say from *fashionable* ways of thinking; for I observe, that East Indians are never people of *ton*: they are expensive and luxurious, but want the *je ne sais quoi*, that inexplicable *odeur de la bonne société* which marks the select few in a London circle.

My uncle, in all likelihood, will purchase a



magnificent seat, have a splendid establishment ; and as a little time will remove any quaint prejudices which he may have contracted, he may keep a first-rate table, and see the best company if he is properly managed. The *great* bore will be to watch him so vigilantly as to prevent his marrying. I am *sure* that I know at least six regular sieges that will be commenced against the citadel of his purse, besides whatever masked batteries may be prepared to take him by surprise. It must be our care to be his *videttes*, and keep a strict guard upon the motions of the enemy, giving him notice upon every approach of danger.

Well, I must go and dress : I hate the Opera, but we are forced to join a party of Lady Mildmay's, and Lord Clayton will not let us be off. *Adio mio Caro*. Say something civil to the goodies of the Glen. What sickly stuff is pastoral life ! I yawn as I write the word. Heaven defend me from your Arcadias ! I absolutely shudder at the notion of a golden age, cool grotts, and mountain nymphs. That milk diet, too, is a sleepy, corpulent sort of

thing. You will loose your *air de noblesse*, and we shall have to put you in training, and fine you down like a jockey before you are fit to be seen.

Come quickly. *Bon repos*. You are retiring to your slumbers, no doubt.

Your mother and Ady said something, I suppose—loves, and so forth, but I'm not sure.

Yours, ever,

L. HOWARD.

## LETTER XI.

GENERAL DOUGLAS TO MR. OTWAY.

My dear old Friend, *Calcutta.*

Were I less acquainted than I am with what was once Edward Otway, I could not dare to address a line with any hope of being remembered after the lapse which has occurred since last I wrote to you. I almost dread to look back and mark the time; I fear too that I should not advance a very satisfactory apology in declaring that I have been equally silent to all the European world. I am in this dilemma. I will therefore make no effort at defence or explanation, but proceed to tell you my present object in applying to you. A short time ago I wrote to my old friend Ingoldsby, one of the East India Directors to the like effect; but it may be prudent to provide against casualties, and therefore be it known to you, that with a constitution much shattered through vicissitudes of climate, and a mind *somewhat* jaundiced by disappointment, I am turning my face towards

England, which I hope to reach in about six months after you receive this announcement of my design. Though I speak of disappointment I am not *poor*; on the contrary I have amassed more money than enough to secure all the luxuries, as well as comforts of life, for my remaining term; but I have lived in banishment from all that ought to have been dear to me; I have lost my health, seen little but wickedness in my early intercourse with mankind, and, now arrived at a premature old age, I look on the past without pleasure, and to the future divested of hope. I have for some time been determined to return, but found my pecuniary circumstances in much need of winding up; and having learned, through sad experience, to distrust the people in whose rectitude I had principally confided, I resolved on an arduous undertaking, which was no other than to go myself first to Delhi, and thence across the country to Bombay, hoping not only to settle my affairs in the best manner, but to retrieve my health by change of air and scene. The first object I have in a great measure achieved, but my liver is deranged, my digestive powers are so impaired that I al-



most despair of cure, and my spirits are *gone*. Here is a sorry picture ; but to business. If this should find you in England, I wish your own taste to be employed, and if you are in Ireland, that of any friend on whose judgment you can rely, in the purchase of a snug demesne, well wooded, well watered, and having a handsome, commodious house, in an airy situation, into which I may step as soon as possible after landing. As well as I recollect my own impressions, I liked Hampshire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire, better than any other parts of the country, and I have no objection to go as far as forty or fifty thousand pounds ; it must be fee simple property, and in a rich, cultivated district. Order whatever furniture you think suitable, and let me find a travelling carriage, five or six good horses, and a few servants to begin with.—Dear Otway forgive me if I am giving you a great deal of trouble ; but Ingoldsby is a fixture in town, and I know so little of my relations, that I am hardly aware to whom I could give these commissions. The Howards, I conclude, are flourishing, for I believe that when my poor brother took the name

he got a pretty estate. Of the Douglas family I have lost sight, and as I have long enjoyed the privilege (no small one I promise you) of being considered an oddity, I mean to preserve the character, and choose for myself amongst the people I may meet with. I *hate* consanguinity. It is a cursed plague to have a set of needy folks continually pressing about one, whose claims are supported by relationship, and whose cares are generally directed by self-interest. I have lived too long, and seen too much to be bamboozled, though I do not mean to be uncivil. Poor Henry might have made a fortune had he taken my advice, and come out to India according to my suggestion; he was my favourite brother, and I should have found both pride and pleasure in providing handsomely for him; but so absurd a marriage as his naturally alienates a prudent man. Poor fellow! I never answered his letters, and looked on him as my son; for he was several years my junior, and *felt* his resistance to my advice. I never saw his wife, nor any of his children, who have all been born since I came from Europe, and though I *do* feel sorry that he died without any act of

reconciliation on my part ; though I intend also to settle something on his family if they are in want ; yet I certainly cannot blame myself for having shewn a well merited resentment at conduct so highly injurious to himself, and *obstinate* towards me. It is all over now, and I may perhaps follow him ere long ; yet, while we *are* here, it is human nature to deplore *that* folly which blights the happiest anticipations in the bud. No man knows the value of money so well as he who has made it for himself. If you know where poor Mrs. H. Douglas and her family are, I shall thank you to let me hear of their retreat, and believe me, my dear Otway, with best wishes for a happy meeting,

Your very sincere old friend,

FRED. AUBREY DOUGLAS.

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END OF VOL. I.



**BLUE-STOCKING HALL.**

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12-11-1914

J. B. NICHOLS, 26, PARLIAMENT STREET.

108

# BLUE-STOCKING HALL.

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"From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive :  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LONDON :  
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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1827.  
225.



## BLUE-STOCKING HALL.

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### LETTER XII.

MR. OTWAY TO GENERAL DOUGLAS.

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[In point of *time*, this letter should not appear till later in the series; but as it is an answer to the preceding, the Editor judged it expedient to insert it in this place.]

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My dear General, *Lisfarne.*

It gave me sincere pleasure to see your handwriting once more; and if I had required any thing beyond the gratification of an assurance that you had not forgotten your old friend, to put me in good humour, the commission which you have given me would secure all the



benevolence of which I am possessed in excusing your long silence. Most readily do I accept the trust which you confide in me, and happy shall I be if my exertions facilitate the event of your return to your native land, there to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* to which every man naturally aspires who has passed the best of his days in toiling for and realizing an honorable independence.

It is one of the sophisms of this paradoxical age in which we live, to prove that the absentee commits no crime against either patriotism, or political economy; but I rejoice that you have not fallen into the snare, and are coming to repose your mind, and spend your money, where every honest man ought to bring himself to anchor; namely, in his own country, and amongst his own people. By a lucky coincidence there is a splendid mansion with highly finished grounds and plantations, just offered for sale in Hampshire; and if I am fortunate enough to conclude a bargain for the sum which I have offered in your name, I shall think myself no ordinary diplomatist. The present

possessor, Sir Reginald Barnes, is like yourself, a *nabob*, but after rendering his demesne at Marsden a fit residence for a prince, he is grown weary of it, and is so anxious to dispose of the whole as it stands, that I am not without hope of procuring all you want at a single stroke.

This letter shall be sent through Ingoldsby, to catch you at the Cape, and of my farther negotiation with Mr. Snubb, Sir Reginald's agent, you shall have due notice. I know the place for which I am in treaty, and therefore, if I succeed, my *trouble* will be as *zero*. If not, I must look elsewhere, and you shall have reports of progress.

With respect to your relations, I have the pleasure to give you satisfactory intelligence. Your eldest brother, poor man, was rapidly advancing towards "that bourne from which no traveller returns," when Mr. Howard died and left him a fine estate, though very heavily burdened, in Buckinghamshire, together with his house in Grosvenor-square, plate, books, et-cætera. To substitute the name of Howard for that of Douglas was all the qualification

required to enable the family to take possession, and this was soon arranged. Your brother was taken to his grave without ever having visited any part of his new property, of which young Arthur is the heir, and a very fine youth he is: he will soon be of age, and is now on a visit in this neighbourhood to his aunt, Mrs. Henry Douglas, who lives at a sweet spot which you may remember that I purchased for my invaluable friend. A legacy of £20,000 left to your sister-in-law, by her great aunt, old Mrs. Norton, has enabled that first of women and mothers to reside at Glenalta, where she lives adored by her children, and by all who surround her dwelling. I have the happiness to enjoy the beloved society which her family affords, from which I am not more than half a mile distant, and here I shall hope to see you, ere long, added to the circle. Of Mrs. Howard and her daughters I only know by report: they live *in* the world, and I *out* of it; but of Caroline and her children I can venture to affirm, that had independence (beyond which their wishes never appear to

extend) been withheld by Providence, you would never have known them in the character of needy suppliants, or cringing sycophants. They are as much above any people with whom I am acquainted in every noble principle of heart, as they excel all others that I have met with in their powers of pleasing. Your nephew is likely to make a distinguished figure at the University, and is as amiable as he is clever.

There are three girls, all pretty and accomplished; and as to your sister, she is such a woman as, when you have once been in her company, will no longer permit you to remain in astonishment that our dear lamented Henry should have preferred poverty itself in Caroline's society, to the wealth of Potosi without her.

I trust to your own taste and discrimination for this tribute to your departed brother when you become acquainted with the object of his tenderest and unceasing affection; and will not take up any more time in describing the characters of your family, nor anticipate the delight which you will feel in exercising your



own judgment as they develop themselves to your penetrating eye.

The family of Glenalta beg to send you, through me, their affectionate greetings, and old Bentley, who is likewise a neighbour of mine, and as *caustic* as ever, desires me to say how much he rejoices in the hope of shaking you by the hand.

Farewell, my dear General ! may you have a prosperous voyage, and be permitted, ere long, to set your foot on British ground once more ! Believe me very

Sincerely and faithfully yours,

ED. OTWAY.

## LETTER XIII.

MRS. ELIZA SANDFORD TO MRS. DOUGLAS.

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My beloved Friend,

YOUR kind affection has anticipated all that I have to say: it has pleaded for me more powerfully than I could do for myself, and has surely told you how much I have been engaged on returning after so long an absence, to Checkley. At last I begin to breathe; and my little Agnes makes such rapid advance to returning health, that I can now, without self-reproach, indulge in the dearest pleasure of life except that of conversing with you, and begin once more to pour out my heart into your faithful bosom. I may now in full security of our punctual English posts give you undisguised details of every thing most interesting, and expect the same from you, till the happy season arrive which will, I

trust, re-unite us, and give me the delight of re-visiting Glenalta. I must obey you before I follow the dictates of my own feelings, and answer your questions ere I touch upon matter of another description. "Describe your girls," you say. Well, then, in a few words, they are dear children: Julia is a charming creature, and if I do not take the *mother too much upon me* in saying so, is worthy of that friendship which is the boast and pride of her life, and which is bestowed upon her by your Emily. *Such* a letter as she has lately received, describing *the retreat!* but I must not digress. Julia, then, is really, at seventeen, a most interesting character. She is docile as possible, singularly artless and innocent, yet possessed of admirable faculties, which appear capable of application to a great variety of different pursuits. In short, whatever Julia attempts she accomplishes, and performs well, but without the slightest vanity that I have been able to detect. Bertha is handsomer, *quicker*, and more striking, though not nearly so solid nor reflecting as her elder sister. She commits more

faults in a week than Julia in a year, from an impetuosity of temper which was not corrected while she was a little one; but her contrition is so genuine, and her nature so frank, that I always find myself loving her better than I did before whenever she has offended. She will be fifteen, you know, her next birth-day, and is certainly much improved since we went abroad.

The extreme youth of my dear girls, my particular *object* in leaving England being *truly* the recovery of health for one of them; the recent losses which they had sustained, and my dislike of company, all conspired to preserve *us* from the contagion of foreign influence; while I was enabled, by taking my young charge entirely from home, to break at once through a thousand ties which would have perplexed me exceedingly had I remained at Checkley. What I should have found much difficulty in *gradually* unloosening, I have now boldly dis-severed, I shall not hold myself under any obligation to resume the thread of acquaintance with any whose society may not be advantageous



to my young people, who at present furnish me with ample excuse for declining *all* invitations, and thus avoiding *jealousy* on the part of our neighbours. Julia has never been in company, and is the only one of my girls whose age makes it *expected* that she should go out. Bertha will suffer no *persecution* as yet, and my little dear Agnes is *hors de combat*. Her delicate state affords me a reason, as genuinely sincere as it is opportune, for lying by in perfect tranquillity; and during this happy *interregnum* I shall profit by your advice, and learn to act with decision when I am forced out of my retirement.

As I consider myself only in the light of *guardian*, and have really no *stake* in this country myself, even the most calculating of the neighbouring gentry must perceive that I am not bound to any particular style of life; and the more discriminating amongst them, I may hope, will give me credit for acting upon principle. This is all that I want. I know how impossible it is to *please* every body, and indeed I wonder how an upright mind should desire the approval of a multitude made up of the

most discordant elements ; but I am much puzzled, notwithstanding, what course to steer, and shall require all your pilotage to keep me steadily in the right track. To give you an idea of my dilemma, I must tell you what sort of people we are living amongst, and present you with a survey of our vicinage, before you can be of use in directing my steps.

The Burleys, who are our nearest neighbours, are people of large fortune, and decidedly children of this world. They have sons and daughters all brought up in luxury. They have a house in London, go to town every year, have large expectancies, and *so* no doubt are full of the present "life's futurities;" but while they are in the country, they are inclined to be very friendly, and it will not be *their* fault if the inhabitants of their splendid hall and those of humbler Checkley are not allied in close intimacy. I am quite aware how the homely adage of "for want of company, welcome trumpery," applies upon many occasions when fine people leave the "flaunting crowd," and come to rusticate for a season in their country seats. But

the Burleys, to do them justice, seem to wish for a familiar acquaintance on truer principles. Sir Thomas is a complete Englishmen, worthy, hospitable, open-hearted, up to the eyes in county politics, and when the affairs of this *wider* range are so balanced as not to call forth the extent of his powers, the parish cabals supply an under plot, which is sure to keep them in full practice for larger matters when they may arrive. At present, the game laws absorb all that is not given to conviviality, in the circuit of his head and heart, *without* the pale of his own family, *in* which he is deservedly beloved, and *of* which he is the sun-beam. Lady B. is simply vapid. She is neither ill-natured nor unkind, but so exceedingly insipid, that were not a log as troublesome as a wasp, though not so active, you might be justified in forgetting that she makes one of the family group. Devoured by *ennui* herself, she operates on all around her till the whole mass would be *vaporized*, were it not for the broad good-humour of her spouse, who is as alert as she is inanimate. They do not *quarrel*, however, and the young

people, though very uninteresting, are sufficiently alive to keep up something like cheerfulness, though not of that species which the French appropriately denominate *gaieté du cœur*. The *talk* at Burley Hall is so entirely of fashion, and *supposes* such a sympathy of pursuit, as well as conversancy with topics of which Julia is ignorant, that I question the honesty of permitting her to associate amongst those whose thoughts and feelings are so much at variance with her own, and of such a nature that I never desire to see her approximate to increased congeniality with them.

A mile farther off, we have the Henleys; excellent people, who are from morning till night engaged in doing good. They are rich and bountiful, friendly and good-humoured, but so strict, and so devoted to the *letter* of their particular sect, that if you agreed to travel with them over a line which had been divided into a hundred distinct measures, of a cubit length in each, and that after performing ninety-nine steps in the series, you were to stop at the hundredth, your former task would go for nothing,



and you would be as completely distanced as if you had never attempted to walk the course. These good people are anxious in the greatest degree to enlist my young folks, and like the nuns think it no harm to employ every art of affectionate inveiglement to persuade them into an adoption of a certain distinctive phraseology, and *form* of thinking which I do not like, and therefore shall endeavour to avoid without wishing to repel the kind fellowship which is proffered, though I conclude that *our* religion will be at once condemned, when it is discovered that I do not disapprove of many things which are proscribed at the Priory. I heard it rumoured the other day, that I am considered one of the *pie-bald* race. What am I to do?

Well, a third description of neighbour, and by much the most numerous, I find planted in three or four pretty places at no great distance from Checkley. There is a family of Liner, another of Peachum, and others whose names I need not plague you by calling over, who with competent fortunes enjoy all the comfort of life which money can bestow, and feel all the title to

consideration which belongs to independence; *but* who are so intolerably dull, unimproving, and self-complacent, so vulgar too in a perpetual rivalry of fine dinners, fine furniture, and fine dress, which have not even the stamp of fashion to recommend them, that my mind revolts against introducing my nieces into such a society as they form.

A fourth order remains to be mentioned, and here my pen could expatiate, untired of so delightful a theme. There is a family of Stanley who live six miles from this, and with whom it would be delightful to live in constant communion, if the distance between our two houses did not throw a barrier in the way of daily intercourse. They put me in mind of the Douglas circle, and can I say more to mark the estimation in which I hold them? Father, mother, and children of both sexes are superior to almost any people that I have ever met with, learned, informed, accomplished, the mind is kept in a continual round of exertion in their company, refreshing from its variety, and stimulating from its animation. An hour passed at

Brandon Court supplies materials for a week's *rumination*; and, like animals that chew the cud, we repose day after day, living on the nutriment which we have collected in the fertile pastures of that attractive spot. Nature's economy is such, in the midst of her lavish profusion, that she seldom endows the same individual with very opposite qualities; and we usually seek for the serenity of contemplation in scenes and amongst people far remote from the busy practitioner. The Stanleys, like yourselves, combine all the characteristics so rarely found in union. At Brandon Court you have meditation, not monastic—seriousness, not rigid—sentiment, never morbid—and practical energy, neither coarse nor bustling. Perfect harmony subsists amongst the various members of the interesting group. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are truly *one*. Every thought expressed by either, meets from the other a response of delighted affection, whilst a joyous band of happy youth disport around them, whose only rivalry consists in trying who shall contribute most to the gene-

ral stock of happiness, and pay most attention to the cherished authors of their being.

I fancy that I hear you exclaim, "How can Elizabeth hesitate? Why not cultivate the Stanleys, and forget that there is a vulgar world to be passed by?" I will tell you why Elizabeth doubts what path to choose. These inestimable persons are stigmatized by the paltry and mindless animals who environ them, and the Miss Stanleys are yclept blues, while all the rest are called philosophers.

For *myself* you know, that I have no possible feeling upon such a subject. Were I called *Blue*, because I was seen with the Stanleys, or reading any thing but a novel, it would not signify. *My* walk in life has long been determined, and I have outlived (if indeed I ever felt like the Mimosa upon such occasions) all sensibility to those nick-names, which are so generously bestowed upon single women. I am a *veteran*, and can stand fire. I can endure to be called by any appellation, the *true* meaning of which, is that I have preferred remaining unmarried to being encumbered by the cares of



wedded life; and if heaven have granted any measure of understanding, have chosen to employ, rather than let it lie fallow. But this is my individual view of the matter. Have I a right to place my *nieces* in society which they would certainly love and imitate? am I to incur for them the obloquy that waits on superior knowledge and acquirements in their sex? impeding perhaps, also, the chances of that settlement in future life which, though I have never desired for myself, and am in reality very indifferent about for them, I am still bound to consider as the ordinance of nature, besides being the point to which the artificial laws of the world are universally directed. Many cares will necessarily spring up in my way as I proceed, but at present, how to steer a middle course between Scylla and Charybdis is my chief difficulty. With the inanity of fashion, and its opposite vulgarity on the one hand; a religion which deals too much in external observances, and the reproach of female *learning* on the other, is there any *honest* method by which, without sacrificing integrity of principle,

I may *skim the cream* of each class, and save my children from the evils attendant upon *all* the classes that I have described? Be my Cumean Sybil; look into the page of destiny for me; say what is before me, and how I shall act.

The priest in the proverb, "christens his own child first;" you see that I have adopted the same prudent maxim, and given you nothing as yet, but my own story; but for this you need no apology my dearest Caroline. Innumerable interruptions break my purposes, and deprive me of any command over my time just now. By and by I shall be able to write less selfishly I trust, and repay your kindness by more agreeable matter than you will find in a *dish* of egotism which I have served up for your this day's fare. Before I release you, however, I must tell you that I was not a little surprised yesterday, by the appearance of an Irish acquaintance, Mr. Bentley, whom I have seen frequently at Lisfarne, and uncle to George, who is, I believe, an intimate still at your house, and Mr. Otway's. When I was at Glenalta, the young

man was, I suppose, at the University, for I did not see him, but I heard the girls and Frederick name him familiarly.

In the midst of giving directions to my workmen, a travelling carriage drove up to the hall-door, and I was really delighted to see Mr. Bentley, who is a highly respectable man, but who appeared in a new light of interest to my eyes, from all the associations which his presence awakened. I endeavoured to shew how glad I felt to see him ; and though I could not prevail with him to make a longer stay, he indulged me by remaining, to pass a few hours, and walk round our pretty grounds. In the course of conversation, I asked for his nephew, and was answered, that he was at Lisfarne, where he would remain till Mr. Bentley, senior, returns to the county of Kerry. I spoke of the advantage which any young person must derive from such society as that of Mr. Otway, upon whose character I expatiated with my usual warmth.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Bentley, “Otway is a noble fellow, though one of your *oddities* ; and poor George absolutely worships him, but never-

theless, I am not very sure that his staying at Lisfarne is for either his happiness or advantage."

"Pray, how so?" answered I, "with perfect unconsciousness."

"My dear madam," said the good man, "your friends at Glenalta are too near I should think, for my poor boy's peace. I do not say that *it is* so. I only mean that such things flow naturally from near neighbourhood, which often brings people into *scrapes*. I have known many a heart lost through the insensible influence of contiguity. Opportunity is the deadliest foe of the one sex, Importunity of the other; and between them both, many a match is brought about, to which an unwilling consent is wrung out of parents and guardians when it is too late to withhold one's fiat."

I looked grave, and begged him to be explicit. "Do you speak merely," said I, "Mr. Bentley, upon a general supposition of what may be possible, or have you any reason to suppose that your nephew's happiness is likely to be endangered? Not the remotest suspicion has



ever glanced across *my* mind, and I should take it as a favour, if, since you have touched upon the subject, you would enlighten me farther, by mentioning the ground of your surmise?"

"My dear ma'am, it is not *actually* surmise. I may be wrong, and must acquit George of having given me the slightest insight into his mind. In fact, he is very close; it is the only fault that I find with him, and my sole reason for *suspecting*, is derived from my own observation of his avidity to puzzle his brains about a great many useless things, such as chemistry, botany, and the like, which never put a guinea into a young gentleman's pocket. Now, you know that Mrs. Douglas and her daughters are so learned, that they could sack a grand jury; though I must do them the justice to add, that no people in the country are more beloved than they are. Nothing can exceed their unpretending goodness. But George has no pretensions; he must make his own way in the world, and cannot afford to waste his precious hours in learning what I call *fal lals*, that will never help him through life. To tell you the honest

truth, I am a little jealous of both Lisfarne and Glenalta. I see no business that any young man has to love or like mortal better than his own flesh and blood; and more time and wits are lavished in these foolish *episodes* which just end in nothing, than would put a man many a mile forward in his professional career. People fall in love through very idleness and vacuity. A young tenant of my own, excused himself lately, when I asked him what could possess him to marry a girl without sixpence, by replying, 'Indeed, sir, she lived *so handy* that we were always together, and 'twas the same thing we thought to get married.' Poor George would be probably dismissed by the Douglas family if they entertained the least idea of such presumption, as no doubt, a hope on my nephew's part, would be considered; and you will therefore not wonder, my dear Mrs. Sandford, that I am anxious to get my business in London, and a month at Buxton well over, that I may return home, where it is necessary that George should see after my affairs during my absence. I have seen a great deal of life, though not upon a

*grand* scale; and I know the folly of romance. Mrs. Douglas, I make no question, is as prudent as she is sensible, and has never given her children so elegant an education, to throw them away upon paupers. My own opinion is, that money is the only thing that does not disappoint. I do not say the only thing that is *good*, far from it; but while mental qualities may be only feigned, sweet tempers and dispositions assumed but for a season, accomplishments suffered to languish, beauty doomed to fade, money performs its promise, and procures all the comfort, and all the happiness that it ever engages to purchase. I repeat this every week of my life to poor George, but he is so reserved, that I never have the satisfaction of hearing whether or not I make any impression upon him."

To this *exposé*, I listened with the most profound attention, and could only reply, "my dear sir, it appears to me that you are putting trouble out to interest, and *compound* interest, by the view that you take of your family affairs. I can assure you that the remotest hint has never reached me, respecting any suspicion of a

feeling such as you ascribe to your nephew, who I dare say, is too much in the habit of venerating your counsels to fly in your face, by presuming to bestow his affections without your approbation; though whenever he *does*, at some distant period of his life, obtain your permission to offer his hand in marriage, I conclude that you will have no objection to his loving his wife better than you, as he must make a solemn vow to that effect, and cleave to her in preference to all created things. But of one part of your anxiety, I can with certainty relieve you; rest assured, that if the slightest symptom appeared to warrant my friend, Mrs. Douglas, in *imagining* as you do, the most decisive measures would be instantly adopted to prevent any painful result."

"I *thought* so; I always *said* so," rejoined hastily, Mr. Bentley. "I knew that Mrs. Douglas had a judgment too profound not to determine on marrying her daughters to men of fortune. I have told my opinion in George's presence (not *to* him, for the last thing I should desire, would be to convey to *his* mind, that an



idea, such as I have confided to you, ever entered *mine*), a thousand and a thousand times ; and I feel that my discernment is extremely flattered by your assurance, that I saw how the land lay so clearly. Your allusion to interest, and compound interest, is very just and beautiful ; and I declare that you have set my mind quite at rest."

So enraptured was the poor man, or rather I *suspect, rich* man, with his own sagacity, and my illustration, that I found the greatest possible difficulty in edging in a word or two to undeceive him respecting your mercenary projects. If none are so blind as those who will not see, there are certainly none more deaf than such as will not hear. Full of courtesy, bustle, and acknowledgment, this little worldly, but goodly *puffin*, bundled himself up in his chaise, and posted off, lightened of a load of care, and in such buoyant humour, that I prophecy a fortnight at Buxton will do the needful, and return him in half the time that he had devoted to his bodily weal, in a state of perfect restoration, to Mount Prospect and "poor George."

When he was gone, I resolved on giving you

intimation of all that had passed. It is very evident to me, that this visit, which I took so kindly, was paid at Checkley, for the sole purpose of *sounding*; and I think that I can perceive exactly the conflict of his mind. His vanity would be flattered to the highest degree, by even the remotest hope that his nephew might be accepted at Glenalta, while he is also manifestly bent on a rich wife for George with such hearty purpose, that no disappointment is consequent upon believing, as he now does, that there is no chance of a Miss Douglas for his niece. I am *sure* that he has a very *snug* store laid up somewhere or other; that being an old batchelor, George is his object, and that had he found reason for his conjecture in any confirmation afforded by me, he would have taught himself to be very well pleased, while he can, as sincerely, turn the current of his thoughts into another stream, in which he hopes that a larger quantity of the precious metals may be found. How comically people who are accustomed to employ a little cunning in their devices, betray themselves. Old Bentley, however, is a worthy

man ; and a very acute, though rather a vulgar observer. You need not dread the slightest indiscretion on his part, in making the young man a party in his cogitations. One excellent remark which he made with much shrewdness, convinced me that you have nothing to fear on that score. "Madam," said he, "I shall never give George the remotest hint of what has been passing in my head. No, no, when you want to keep young people from committing themselves, be very sure of what you are about, in expressing your fears upon the subject. If you have reason to *know* that there is an understanding, why then you *must* either sanction or refuse, and of course must speak ; but if you have to deal with timidity, or reserve, be assured that the first word is half the battle ; and in proclaiming your own apprehensions, you have at one stroke levelled a barrier which might have remained for ever impregnable but for your in-caution."

Well, dearest friend, here is a long letter. Let me have a speedy answer, and tell me of George Bentley ; is there any foundation for

his uncle's fancy: is he a person of whom you could ever think, for one of your dear children? My sweet girls unite in all that is affectionate to their young friends. Farewell.

I am ever your attached,

ELIZ. SANDFORD.



## LETTER XIV.

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ARTHUR HOWARD TO CHARLES FALKLAND.

My dear Falkland,

WHETHER I blush or not is not for me to tell; but surely I feel that I ought to do so. Yes, it is an absolute fact, that I am ashamed to recollect the date of my last letter; and, therefore, if you please, we will hush it up. All that I will put forward in extenuation of my guilt is, that my journal bears weighty evidence to the truth of your not being forgotten. In that faithful repository you will find, one of these days, a minute registry of all that passes; and I promise myself much amusement at some future time in recalling to my own mind, while I read it to you, this record of the happiest period of my life. Hey day! here is a downright confession. Even so: and I am not inclined to retract the avowal. As I am not in love, (at

least I do not *believe* that I am,) I suppose that I have less hesitation in proclaiming the state of my feelings than were Dan Cupid to be a witness to the declaration of my being more at home at Glenalta, and more happy with the Douglas family, than I ever felt at any place, and amongst any people, since I was born. I find one great disadvantage in having lost the thread of my good old diary, for I know not now where to begin or what to tell you, though I would have you to know that my difficulty does not arise from paucity of incident. On the contrary, my time has been so occupied, and so many novelties have varied the scene, that I am, to use a homely illustration, in the predicament of "not being able to see the wood for trees." The *ground tint* of life at Glenalta is soft and reposing, without being dead; and it has latterly been *picked* out (my simile savours, you will say, of Long Acre) by sundry events which have given contrast to its colouring. You are to be informed that I am up to the eyes in all the pursuits which afford constant delight to the Cousins: and would you

believe that from morning till night I am never conscious of time, except by its rapid flight? Falkland, I am awakened as if from a heavy sleep, which had dulled my faculties, and my mind seems to take new views of everything. Will this last? If it should, the age of man is doubled by the animation of such feelings as have been evolved in this Irish world. I tread on air—the sun shines into my *heart*—and you will never hear me again envying an opium-eater while I live. In three days we set out for Killarney; and, as I will certainly devote a letter exclusively to the *Lakes*, this shall contain a sketch of some minor exploits in the way of sight-seeing.

But I ought not to have proceeded thus far without saying that our Fred. returned, after his short absence, wreathed with victory; and I would give more than I am worth to have been able to call back the shade of Titian by some magical incantation, that his glowing pencil might have *fixed* that arrival in perennial freshness. Domestic love, what an exquisite painter thou art! Not all the most skilful efforts of

factitious refinement can group and touch like this artist of Nature.

It was Frederick's plan to be his own messenger; and, therefore, as no announcement of success or failure preceded his appearance amongst us, suspense hung upon the carriage-wheels as it drove to the very door, and only gave way to joyful assurance, from the uncontrollable gladness of Domine's eye, which sparkled a contradiction, detected at the first glance by Fanny, to the serious air with which the travellers had determined on playfully deceiving the sisterhood. "The Science Premium" presently resounded through the air, and a delighted group of servants, headed by old Lawrence, wafted the glad tidings to an outer circle, who stood peeping from behind the holly-hedge, ready to catch the first contagion that might reach them of joy or sorrow, without understanding how excited, or for what displayed.

When the transport seemed at its height, Mr. Oliphant abruptly exclaimed, "But how easily you are all satisfied! Not a soul has asked me what became of all *my* hard work at



Greek and Latin." Here followed the news that Fred. was doubly crowned, and had also borne away the palm of classical triumph. This was too much; the cup of bliss was full before, and now it overflowed. No, I never saw any thing like it; and even *this* scene, I suppose, could never *again* produce the magical sensations which I felt. The intensity of emotion, and the gradations evinced in its exhibition, from the silent, grateful tear that trickled down the hectic cheek of aunt Douglas — then passing through the gentle transports of Emily and Charlotte, the mad delirium of Fanny, the honest pride of Oliphant, the full, yet chastened glow of Frederick, the paternal exultation of old Lawrence, down to the untutored burst of the barefooted mountaineers, reminded me forcibly of that admirable picture by Le Thiers of the Judgment of Brutus, in which you and I used to admire the author's tact in apportioning the varieties of expression in all those numerous countenances, to the exact measure of refinement in each which accompanied the feeling that gave it birth. After the first tumult of

congratulations had subsided, I ran to the sea-shore, to get rid of some unwelcome thoughts, that were not in unison with the scene which I had witnessed, when I overtook a little band of young peasants, who were dragging along large bundles of what we call gorse, but is here yclept furze; and this circumstance soon turned the current of my musings.

"Where are you going, my lads?" quoth I. "Plase your honour, to get ready the bonfires for Maaster Frederick agin the evening." "I am a stranger in these parts, and should like to know what all this work is for," said I, turning to a fine, active youth, who led the van. "Why, indeed, sir, I don't *rightly* know; but, be what I can larn, Maasther Fred. is to be King o' the College from this time out." "Och! you fool, Jack!" cried another, "that isn't it at all. I heard my father say just now that he was (that's Maasther Fred.) *cheered* round the city like a Parliamint man, and that he flogged all the scholars in Ireland." "Well *you're* out too, Flurry," vociferated a third; "for Nance Haggerty tould Kit Lacy, and she ought to know,

be raison of being about the cows morning and evening at the big house, that Maaster Fred, got a power of money for making an illigant spaach about mancipashon."

I was greatly amused. It was all the same to these poor fellows. Joy was depicted on every face at Glenalta, and to enquire into whys and wherefores is quite too tame for the rush of Hibernian sympathy. The meeting with *Phil.* was another rich repast of mind; and young Bentley seemed so share the scene like a brother. When I returned to dinner, I found preparations going forward near the house which ended in a piper and a dance upon the green turf, in which the young people of the family took part. A great basket of bread-cakes sweetened with a little sugar, and a single draught to each of Kerry cider, made *all* the entertainment as related to eating and drinking; hilarity and affection supplied the rest, and I could not help remarking, that I had never till then seen so many people made supremely happy at so trifling an expense. With us at Selby it would have required the winning wiles of at least an

ox, and tree tierces of ale, to have prevailed on so many people to come together. When assembled, they would neither pipe nor dance: the gladdest tribute would consist in a few deafening shouts, and, after some coarse and clumsy merriment, the well-fed sons of England would stagger home, filled to the throat, regardless of all sentiment which could not be identified with roast beef and brown stout. Only give an Irish population permission to share in your feelings, and you may have a crowd at your heels in a moment, in any part of the kingdom, as I am told; but I can now say from experience, that, if you *deserve* affection, you may have an honest flow of its choicest streams unbought, except by reciprocating kindness. These poor people would endure anything for my aunt, her children, and Mr. Otway; and though I have given you a ridiculous specimen of ignorance, in relating the conversation of the bonfire, I am bound in justice, as a *set off*, to add, that when the festivities of the evening were at an end, Mr. Oliphant beckoned to two youths, who appeared to be about seventeen or eighteen,



and whom he called by the names of Cronin and Riely, saying, "Boys, I know very well that you are just longing to hear more about Mr. Frederick, so come in the morning, bring your Homer, and I will show you the part in which he was examined." The poor fellows seemed overjoyed, and kicking up a bare heel behind, pulled each a lock of hair on his forehead in token of thanks, neither of these young men having a hat with which to perform the ceremony of a bow, and this extraordinary mode of salutation serving as the substitute here for a more civilized mode of obeisance. To my amazement, I now learned that several individuals are to be found in these mountains who can read Horace and Virgil familiarly. The Homer which was brought in the morning was a curiosity too, for so filthy, so broken, and so disjointed a concern, I suppose you never beheld; and it astonished me, not only to hear these tattered academicians read passages with precision which were almost effaced, but translate with fidelity, of which Cowper would not have been ashamed. Frederick gave them each a new

book, and I presented a trifling sum to be expended in shoes and hats, sending off our poor scholars as happy as kings are said to be in fairy tales. When Frederick had been at home a day or two, he proposed that we should make the first use of his liberty in extending our excursions both by land and water. "We will begin with the nearest object," said he, "and as you enter with so much zeal into our Irish character, I *must* take you to see a person whom we have given the name of Wise Ned of the Hill." The next day was appointed, and we were on horseback at four in the morning, each provided with a sort of *wallet*, containing an ample supply of sandwiches, a small bottle of brandy, a canister of snuff for Ned, with a large parcel of newspapers, and a tin box (which Fanny insisted on adding to our accoutrements) to be filled with any plants which Glenalta did not produce. In this rustic guise, accompanied by three fine dogs, one of which is a noble animal of a species now very scarce, namely, the Irish wolf dog, we commenced our campaign, halting at Lisfarne, to call for young Bentley, by whom we were spee-

dily joined. As we rode along, I begged to know in the true Irish style what it was that we were going to see, and why "Ned of the Hill," was worthy of a pilgrimage to his shrine. "He is," said Frederick, "a most uncommon character, and one who will, I think, reward your trouble in *getting at him*, for I can tell you that his only neighbours are the eagles. Ned, like the poor boys of Homeric memory, received an education beyond the vulgar level, in the days of his youth. He was born of parents who were strict Roman Catholics; and having an uncle who was priest in a neighbouring parish, it was intended that young Edmund Burke (a promising name, you will say) should succeed to his relation's holy office. With this view he was taught Greek and Latin, though his temporal situation was scarcely raised above absolute want. His father was an idle profligate, his mother a bigot, entirely under the control of her brother, the priest. The boy grew up in the strange jumble of fastings and confessions, prayers and penances, with swearing, drinking, and all manner of profaneness, acted continually

in his presence, till his father was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy, on recovering from which he had some 'compunctious visitings,' and desired his son, for the first time, to read the Bible for him. There was none to be had except one which had been left in pledge by a poor Protestant woman, who owed a trifle to the little shop kept by these people. Ned objected to read out of such an unholy book, but the father insisted, alleging that his time was hastening to a close, and it was no season to stand upon ceremonies. A Bible was a Bible; and, if it was good *at all* to read it, the Protestant version could not be *very* far astray. Ned reluctantly complied, and felt it necessary at first, I dare say, to perform a sort of quarantine after touching the sacred volume; but his father desired that neither his wife nor the priest her brother should hear a word about the matter. The invalid gradually recovered strength, which he ascribed to the fit of piety that had come upon him; and though he did not dream of changing his religion, and was punctilious in his observance of its rites, he still felt a sort of



superstitious respect for the book that had been instrumental in keeping up a serious impression of divine things upon his mind; and was not displeased at seeing his son frequently poring over its contents after the daily task of reading to the old man was ended."

"At length Ned, through the single and simple force of truth, became convinced of the errors of the Romish Church; and, afraid to tell his parents, he quitted home, and sought the aid of an exemplary clergyman in an adjoining county. From this gentleman he received the kindest treatment, and the most judicious advice not to be precipitate in the adoption of a new creed. This good man gave him books, and protected his destitute youth from persecution, to which the poor fellow became subject, as soon as it was hinted that he was likely to renounce Popery; but Heaven had endowed Ned with one of those acute understandings which are rarely found in any class of men, and the books which were given him by the excellent pastor under whose tutelage he had placed himself, did not satisfy his inquiring mind. Con-

tending between a sense of duty to his family, his temporal benefit, and the habits of his whole life, on one side, and his newly awakened, and, as he considered, providentially directed, search after truth on the other, he roamed about, suffering the greatest privations, sculking in the mountains, and indebted to charity for his scanty fare, till accident brought Mr. Otway to the spot where he lay stretched upon the heath apparently dead, and a ragged Bible clenched in his hands. He was conveyed to Lisfarne, where he found the asylum after which his soul panted. When his strength was recruited, he was supplied with such books as were calculated to meet the sagacity of his doubts, and a short time made him a fixed and conscientious believer in the superiority of the Protestant faith over that in which he had been educated. About this time his father died, leaving him a little profit-rent of fifteen pounds a year, arising out of a poor tenement in Tralee. This is Ned's *all*, and as soon as he became possessed of independence he resolved to quit his benefactor and devote himself to the good of his fellow creatures. No argu-

ment will tempt him to accept of a salary that would better his condition. A few books, newspapers, and a little snuff, are all that he will permit any of us to add to his hermit's fare. You will see his dwelling, and be surprized perhaps by his remarks. The mountain on which he resides belongs to an absentee nobleman, and Ned lives there unmolested amongst almost inaccessible crags. The singularity of his character, its natural force, and the genuine disinterestedness of conduct which he manifests, combine to produce unbounded influence on the minds of the people, who, notwithstanding the charge of heresy against him, seek his advice, and consider his wisdom as quite oracular. Ned's life is passed in doing good. He traverses hill and dale on foot in quest of all whom he can succour by his counsel or sooth by his kindness. His Bible travels with him, and in spite of the avowed hatred of the priests, and the heavy denunciations of punishment which two or three of them have fulminated against any one who shall listen to, or harbour, poor Ned, he is a universal favourite, and often let in at a back door when his hosts

would not venture to receive him at the front of their miserable hovels. He reads the scriptures incessantly, expounding and applying them to the individual necessities of his needy neighbours. He attends the fairs, and prevents many a quarrel. His talents as an arbitrator are in such request that he keeps several paltry cases of contention from the petty sessions, and is even consulted as an almanack, for the signs of bad or good weather."

With this outline of Ned's character and history we approached his extraordinary *tabernacle*, which had no appearance whatsoever of human dwelling, till we reached it close enough to see a little wreath of blue smoke curling up from an orifice in the rock, and were assailed by the sharp and angry bark of a terrier, who lay sunning himself, with a cat lying close by him on a tuft of dried heath. A few great stones piled one upon the other, at each side of a natural aperture in the craggy face of the mountain, seemed to indicate the hand of man in bringing them together, and likewise to afford shelter to the entrance. A



stout wooden door opening inwards appeared the only means of ingress to admit even the light of heaven, for windows I saw none.

A few goats were roused from their *meditations* by our arrival, and I had just pronounced the name of Robinson Crusoe to my companions, when, at the end of our scramble, which had occupied three hours in its performance, Ned himself started from his *lair*, and stood before us clad in a strong comfortable loose coat of a greyish frize, manufactured in this country by the poor people. He had shoes and stockings of coarse but warm materials; and moreover, a hat, which, though it had seen better days, defended his head from the rude blast of this desolate wilderness, and was fastened to a button-hole by an old red worsted garter. Such was his joy at sight of Frederick, that some minutes elapsed before he seemed sensible that his friend had any companions. "Oh, sir," said he, "the news came to me just as I was lying down last night; Tom Collins sent off little Maurice his son to Tim Scannel, who put his brother

across the bay in the fishing-boat; and he ran every step o'the way over the hills till he brought me *the account*."

To have asked *what* account would have been a direct insult to all Ned's best feelings, and so Frederick thought, for he replied, "Well, though I am grateful to poor Collins, and also to Scannel, I am very sorry that they have been beforehand with me; I thought to have had the pleasure of telling you myself." "Never mind," answered Ned, "they, poor fellows, have not so many pleasures as you have, don't *begrudge* them *that*, for they had a sore *trot* of it bare legged over the stones to bring me the news; and by the same token I had nothing but two or three potatoes that were cold in the dish after my supper to give Jack after his long tramp over the mountain, and he was afraid of being late for work in the morning, so would not wait till I could get him a drop of milk."

Here was a journey of at least eight miles, by the shortest route, across the bay, performed at the end of hard day's work without the refresh-

ment of food or sleep, and without the expectation of a single sixpence to reward the toil ! La Bruyere, Rochefaucauld, and all the host of the Machiavelian school to boot, could hardly *concoct* a bad motive out of the given materials, with all the maceration and trituration which they could put this action through in their moral crucible, which can contrive to disfigure so much of human nature. The *worst* incentive to such a deed which ingenuity could extract from its analysis, might perhaps be discovered in that love of stimulus common to all lively people, and of which the Irish are peculiarly susceptible: they love to surprise, and be surprised ; but I feel certain that Tom Collins would have performed the part of *Speaking Trumpet* to " Ned of the Hill," without the aid of this excitement. I am becoming enthusiastic about these Hibernians: but to return to our mountain sage. He received us with native courtesy: his small deal table was quickly spread with the sandwiches which we had brought, to which Ned added a pot of fine smoking potatoes, and a red-herring or two

which he took from a stick on which they were hanging in the chimney. Brandy and water (the latter from a stream clear as chrystal that babbled by his door) finished our repast; and, whether from the effect of novelty, my long ride, the purity of the mountain air, or all united, I cannot tell, but I never remember to have thought the best dinner in London half so good as this upon the top of an almost trackless waste, from which we could see nothing but a boundless expanse of ocean lying to the west. When we had finished our luncheon, or whatever you please to call it, Ned invited us to come and sit by the stream in which he said that we should find the finest water-cresses that ever were seen; and "Gentlemen," said he, "I will get you an oaten cake, and new laid eggs, and plenty of milk, before you quit me."

In the first part of his invitation we acquiesced, but told him that my aunt would be uneasy if we were not at home early, and would wait dinner. "Go, then," said Ned, "and my blessing go with you; for I would



not have her suffer the smallest fretting or vexation for all the pleasure of your company during a whole week. She is a good mother, and a good Christian; and deserves all the love and duty that you can shew her."

We then walked with poor Ned, and I begged of Frederick to draw him out in conversation, that I might hear some of his opinions. When we were about a quarter of a mile from his *fortress*, Ned invited us to sit down in a sunny nook, formed by the rock, where the stream widened into a large surface, and here we found the cresses with which our host had promised to crown our simple repast. "I often," said he, "bring a handful of potatoes here, with a grain of salt, and gather a few of these to make out my dinner. It is a fine thing, sir, to think how easily a man may live, and that too upon food better for him than a lord mayor's banquet."

"You are very happy, Ned, I should think," said Bentley, who looked at him with the most profound admiration.—"No one is happy," answered the hermit; "but I believe that I

am as much so as anybody, for I am contented with the lot in which Providence has placed me, and would not desire to exchange it. Man is a poor creature, his life is but a vapour, and the less that he is in the way of temptation the better is it for him in time and in eternity."

"Ned," said Frederick, "you have leisure for meditation, and wish that you would tell me what you think of public affairs at present?"

"Why, sir, I should be considered a bad judge of what the public are about, I who live in the desert; but as every man has his own way of thinking, I have mine."

"This is," said I, "a time of great *stir*, and a great deal is *doing* that ought to tell either one way or the other for much good or evil."

"Ned smiled, and answered, "Sir, *you* might set up for an oracle, for you are *sure* to be right, as your prophecy will answer either way: and that is the method that a great many take to get *over* a knotty point, when they do not know how to get *through* it. No offence, sir, I hope."

I really felt a little disconcerted, and my companions laughed; but I begged Ned to explain what he thought himself of king's ministers, men, and nations.

"Why, sir, indeed we all flatter ourselves, even such a poor humble being as I am, that we can see all the working of the puppets, little and big, but people are often mistaken who have better means of coming at the truth than I have: all the way, sir, that I have to know what is doing in the world is by the newspapers, which my young master there (looking at Frederick) kindly brings me, and my notion is, from spelling and putting together, that though I may never live to see the day when such a matter will come to pass, a revolution is hanging over these countries as sure as you are sitting there opposite to me."

"That would be a strange event, Ned," said I, "as the consequences of those changes to which I alluded, I meant the change from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge."

"Sir, I mean the same thing, though I do

not give such good names to what I think undeserving of them."

"Why, Ned," said Bentley, "I know a place within three miles of this spot where you go three or four times a-week to teach: how does your conduct consist with what you have said?"—"It fits like a pea in the pod, sir," replied Ned; "I go to give what instruction I can to a few poor things who are longing to know God through His word; and as some are too young, and others too weak to climb this rugged height, I go to the foot of the mountain to meet them; and don't you think that I would teach every man, woman, and child, if I could make them learn the road to heaven?" I told him that Nature herself seemed to point a finger to the course of education in Ireland, for that such surprising faculties as I found in the poor sons and daughters of Erin could never have been designed by their Creator to lie dormant. "Young man, we know," replied Ned, "nothing of God's designs, and your reason for teaching right hand and left, is about as just as if you were to burn a hay-rick



in your neighbour's farm, and when you were asked why you did such mischief, you were to answer, that a heap of combustibles was lying convenient, and that as combustibles were by nature made to be burned, you thought proper to set them on fire. But, sir, my notion is, that the gentry are, as fast as they can, changing sides with the mob of the country, for they are winding off at the upper end of the spindle as much as they are winding on at the bottom, and so it will be only one thing in the place of another after all. Education seems to be declining amongst the *heads* of the community, as much as it is flourishing amongst the *tails*, and, before long, it will be found that the tails will take the post where the heads are now."

"Upon what grounds do you prognosticate this up-side-down, this new order, or disorder, of things?" said Bentley.—"Why, sir, upon two grounds: first, upon the ground of my natural reason, which tells me that it cannot be otherwise; and, secondly, upon the ground of the newspapers, which shew me that the matter is already coming to pass under our own

eyes. Without any help to my own thoughts, I should be a fool outright if I did not know that education is bringing out all the faculties that were rolled up like those daisies there, before you, in their winter-quarters, till the sun warmed the mountain, and untied the cords that bound every button of them tight and hard in their green cases. Now, sir, God is no respecter of persons: His providence has given understanding to the poor as well as to the rich, which only wants what it is now receiving to bring it into full bloom, and if the rich, who are the smaller number, neglect the instruction which the poor, who are the greater number, are eagerly devouring, you will find how it will be by-and-by: the lean kine will swallow up the fat; and when men find out that their hungry wits, sharpened by want, have gained the power belonging to knowledge, they will use it, and not rest contentedly upon a wild heath like this, without asking themselves the question, ‘Why should not we take those places that are held by men who do not know how to fill them, and benefit our-

selves and the country by shoving out a set of pampered geese, and coming down upon their snug nests with all the force, as I may say, of those eagles yonder?" Sir, when things are ripe for this question, the end is at hand."

"But, my good Ned, why suppose this neglect in the higher classes? What should lead you to conclude that, though the blessings of light and knowledge are spreading over the mass of mankind, the upper ranks are not holding their own, and cultivating as before, the benefits, which, with increased liberality, they are now determined to share?"

"Why, sir, I know very well that 'as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,' and if I look to your great schools, and your colleges, what do I see but an undisciplined rabble, doing what they please, and the masters, who ought to control youthful vice and folly, become like so many ciphers. At one of your great seminaries I see murder committed in a boxing-match, and the whole affair hushed up, as if no harm were done. At another of your great schools, the man to whose care the morals of your

English youth are intrusted, runs away without saying a word to any one, leaving a debt of £50,000 behind him.

“Did I not hear young Master Fitzallan tell his father the other day that after being at a third of your great English establishments he had never spoken but twice to the head Master of it? Don’t I read of Oxford and Cambridge time after time expelling the young lords and high gentlemen, for every sort of misconduct and disorder? What do *they* learn at the University, but to gamble away their money, and drink French wines? Sir, my notion is, that the times are out of joint. Children don’t respect their parents and rulers. Parents and rulers suffer children to get the upper hand, and think themselves before their time, and without taking the *trouble* to gain wisdom. The wholesome restraint of the old school is out of fashion; bit and bridle are taken off, and all the world scamper in the way they like best; while, to crown all the folly, the grandees are whetting knives to cut their own throats.

“Suppose now, sir, that there was in all Eng-



land, or any other country, but one single regiment of men who had arms and ammunition; and that it was the business of this single regiment to protect the king, and stand sentry over your banks, and prevent all commotions in your capital. If neither gun nor pistol, a dust of powder, nor a grain of shot could get into any other hands, would not that regiment, of only perhaps a thousand strong, be able to keep down a multitude that we could hardly reckon? but if the tower is opened, and a hundred thousand stand of arms taken out, and given to the people with plenty of balls and cartridges, and they are drilled from morning till night, learning all the new modes of squaring and filing off, the new *this* and the new *that*, while the old regiment does nothing at all, but stand as if it was cut of paste-board, at the palace gates, and the gates of your city; where will the rulers be then? Why, to be sure, in the young and vigorous recruits, who only wanted what you have put into their hands to knock your train-bands upon their faces on the ground, like the poppy heads that some ancient warrior cut down for a

sign to let the enemy know what he intended to do."

"But Ned have we not some long heads in Parliament that will keep watch over our interests?"

"Yes, sir, you have a few *long*, and a great many *short* ones. Lord Liverpool is an honest man and a sensible man. Mr. Peel is a man that I believe would not tell a lie to make himself a duke; and the greatest fault I see in him, is that he is so fond of sporting, and so afraid that any of poor Dick Martin's feeling for the suffering dumb creation, should interfere with his diversion, that he stifles the voice of humanity within his breast; but it will not be so always, I hope, for the best courage is ever to be found in a tender heart. The lion and the lamb, sir, make a fine mixture in a man's character."

"Then you think cruelty to animals a sin, Ned?"

"Think it a sin!" replied Ned, with an expression of countenance that would have brought thunders of applause at Drury-lane;

“ Yes, sir, it is a crying sin, and one of the very worst signs of our time. It is a foul blot upon our scutcheon. When I was a youngster, the gentlemen did not set their poor neighbours such examples as they do now, and we see the fruits. What right has a man, who is returning home from a bull-bait himself, though he rides a fine horse, and has ten thousand a year, to talk to an ignorant savage that he sees on the high road for goading a jaded bullock to market, or belabouring an overloaded ass up the hill? or what right has any man who encourages the wicked amusement of prize fighting, which teaches people to become brutes, and mangle each other in cold blood, to abuse others for doing the same in hot blood, when they meet at a fair, and meet too as enemies who think that they are *bound* to revenge some real or imagined wrong? No, no, sir, preachers must be *doers*, or they will only be laughed at.”

“ Whom else do you think well of in our great National Assembly, Ned?” asked Bentley.

“ Sir, I like Mr. Robinson. He knows his

business. He found things in a bad condition, and it is more troublesome to mend than to make. He is going the right way to work, and he is not frightened by opposition. Mr. Huskisson too, sir, is a sensible man, and knows what he is about."

"What say you, Ned. to Mr. Canning?"

"Why, sir, I think that at all events he can *talk* well, and I love him better for one thing that he said the other day, than if he had given me a hundred pounds in hand. Do you remember, sir, when he defied the house to shew him any act of liberality, any treaty upon a broad generous foundation, that was not proposed by the Tories. That was nuts and apples, to my heart, for it was *truth*, and very well they all knew it, for not a man dared to contradict him; even Mr. Hume, who contradicts every thing and every body, let *him* alone when he threw that challenge in their teeth."

"You do not then like Mr. Hume, Ned.?"

"I should like him better, sir, if he took the trouble of being better informed. He, sir, is the watch dog in the orchard, but he barks so



often when no harm is at hand, or when he mistakes a crow for a band of robbers, that when the thieves come in earnest, people do not mind him, and the uproar that he makes then, passes by unheeded, which is a pity. However, sir, he does some good, though not so much as he might do, and the fear of *giving tongue* keeps many a pilferrer out of the apple trees."

"Well, Ned, will it not be a fine thing for Ireland, if we live to see the day when emancipation is proclaimed, and all animosity, discontent, and rebellion, are laid in the dust?"

Ned laughed heartily. "Wait a while," said he, "and if we live to see that day I am a pickled herring. No, sir, 'tis not because I am no longer a *Roman* myself that I say it, but the never a bit of good would emancipation do in this country. The *name* of it indeed, would make the people light fires, and drink a double dose of whiskey, when they heard of it; and they would shout, and those that have hats would throw them up into the air. You would have more noise, and drunkenness, and bloodshed, and battery for a week or so, and when

that was over, and not a rap was to be found in their pockets, or a tatter left on their backs, they would begin to look about them, and ask one another, what they had got? Whether the potato-garden was lowered in its rent, or leather in its price? Whether wages were raised or the necessities of life cheaper than they were before; and when they discovered that all the difference in their condition was, that Daniel O'Connell and his partner Shiel, might stun the House of Commons in London, with their blustering speeches as they do now the Catholic Association in Dublin; the people would find that they had gained nothing but broken heads."

"But though it were only a shadow, a mere name," said I, "if the people's hearts are set upon obtaining it, will they not be happier and more tranquil, if they succeed in the object of their wishes?"

"Why, sir, as to *wishes*, you may set an ignorant multitude wishing for anything you please. You might make them wish, like an infant, for the moon, though they know no more about it, than that it looks like a fine big Gloucester

cheese ; but if the moon dropped down to them, and they discovered that they could not neither eat, drink, nor wear it ; that it would neither relieve them from tithe, nor cess, pay their rent, nor manure the ground ; nor, in fact do anything but set a few learned men in the college talking about the length and the breadth of it ; I would not go security for their being satisfied with ther bargain. Sir, when people are set on wishing, without knowing what they are wishing for, it is well for them if it ends as well as the fable, in a yard of good black pudding."

We were excessively amused by Ned's dry sarcastic manner. Bentley continued : " I think, however," said he, " that let Parliament decide as it may, the bonds of affection between landlord and tenant will be drawn closer by the discussions that have taken place. The poor will love the rich better from finding the sympathy so general in their suffering, whether the wrongs of which they complain be real or imaginary."

" Not at all, sir," answered Ned, with energy, " the people are poor and wretched ; they have many wants and many grievances to complain

of, but *those*, which their landlords might relieve or redress are never thought about, unless now and then by such a blessed man as Lord H. or Mr. Otway. *They* make their tenants happy, they treat them like Christians, and among *their* poor people you hear no cant about emancipation, they have enough to eat and drink, they are encouraged in their industry, protected in their rights, they enjoy all the freedom that they require, and as much as is good for them. But, sir, the *talking* landlords spend their breath and spare their purses; and the people, who are not such fools now-a-days as to be caught in springes, know the difference between saying and doing; they understand the *decoy ducks* much better than you seem to suppose. I know a great man, not a hundred miles off, who is building a house as fine as Solomon's temple, and he makes long speeches, and shakes hands with every ragamuffin who can give him a vote; but he is not a whit the better loved for all that, and why should he? He is a hard landlord, and they say that he makes his poor tenants pull down their stone walls, and raise mud ca-



bins for themselves, that they may bring the materials of their former habitations to help in constructing his palace. Ah, sir, words cost nothing, and a poor man would depend more upon the kindness that assisted him with a sack of oatmeal, or a warm blanket, than upon all the talk, empty and flourishing, that takes up the newspapers, and gives the county gentlemen the pleasure of seeing themselves in print. When the people had not so much experience as they have at present, it was easier to deceive them; but you can hardly now 'find an old weazel (as we say) asleep on his perch;' and the *true* characters of the landholders are very well known."

Then said I: "Ned, if you have many such landlords, it is the less to be lamented that they are so fond of going abroad. The absence of such men is as good as their presence."

"No, sir, bad as they are, they could not *help* being of some use if they stayed at home, and spent their money in their own country. Never believe any one who tells you that the absentees are not one of poor Ireland's greatest curses."

"Ned," said I, "while I listen to you, and hear so many sensible remarks from your lips, I cannot help thinking what a fine thing is universal education, and how great a change *must* be effected by learning which will enable the mass of any nation to reason with the force which you can bring to meet every subject that we have discussed to day."

"Sir, I thank you," answered Ned, "for the compliment, but I cannot return it without telling a lie. *Your* reasoning, sir, is not of the best, if you will consider the matter again, when you would say, all as one, as that books make brains. Why should the knowledge of reading and writing, and casting sums in arithmetic make wisdom amongst the poor, any more than amongst the rich; and you have plenty of dunces, sir, in the higher walks of life, who cannot argue a bit the better for any thing that they ever got hold of in school, or at college. But even if learning gave understanding, which it does *not*, for that is God's gift, still, sir, it might be, with all its worth, not fit for *us* in our present condition. If you gave me a barrel of the

best seed corn that your rich country ever grew, I could not say but that it was a good gift, and the grain fine grain ; but if I threw it on the surface of that barren rock yonder there, what return would it make ? Wouldn't it only bring the mag-pies in flocks about me, to eat not only that, but what little I had before ? First, fence in a bit of ground ; then, burn it, and dig it, and clear it ; after that, you may sow your grain, and it will come up and yield increase. In like manner, sir, if you gentry would make your tenants more comfortable, give them a little property in their labours, encourage them to decent habits, reward the sober and peaceable, punish the bad, live amongst them, and employ them, you would soon find your soil prepared for sowing a crop which at present is thrown to waste, or only devoured by birds of prey."

I could have staid till midnight with poor Ned, and Bentley seemed rivetted in attention to his acute observations and sound common sense ; but Frederick looked at his watch, and gave the signal "to horse."

As we were moving towards the place where

our palfreys were in waiting, I said to Burke, "tell me how is it that the mass of the people in Ireland speak so much purer English than we do, though it is *our* native tongue, and with you *not* so?"

"That is the very reason of it, sir, I suppose," replied this extraordinary man. "You speak English amongst your poor, as we speak Irish, by ear, and so we speak it badly enough, and differently in different places; but *our English* we learn out of books, because it is *not* our natural language, and so perhaps we may speak it nearer to the manner in which it is written than you do at your side of the water."

With intelligence thus superior to his humble lot, did this *desert* "Hampden" (for "*village*" would not suit with his desolate dwelling) discourse with us till we were mounted. Frederick made him promise to come to Glenalta, where he told him that a present of books awaited his arrival: and we promised to visit him again on our return from Killarney. With affectionate and mutual adieus, we parted, and left the wide blank of a deathlike solitude and



silence, to contrast with the merry din of our voices and the cheerful shew of life which had been produced by the group of men, dogs, and horses, on the gloomy heath.

I shall never forget Ned of the Hill while I live, and though his *brogue* is the *ne plus ultra* of possible discord to a musical ear, I would rather listen to him than to *almost* any *West-Indian* of my acquaintance. Bentley is *beside himself* with admiration of Ned, and I believe would like nothing better than a cave next door to our mountain sage, where some future book-maker, travelling this way, might set down the neighbours as a settlement of the Troglodites, who, by some wonderful chance, had been cast on shore upon the coast of Kerry. I am not yet sure how to classify Bentley. He is very worthy of a place in my Irish Pantheon, but I have not a niche ready for him, and as I hardly think that I shall be able to unravel his character without help, I will ask Mr. Otway about him, some day or other, if I cannot satisfy myself respecting certain incongruities which I perceive in his manner.

As we neared Glenalta, Frederick observed several traces of carriage wheels on the road, and, on examining them more nearly, prophesied that we should find company on reaching home.

"Not at this hour, surely," said Bentley. "Mr. Otway would not drive to Glenalta when he is able to ride or walk thither; and my uncle being an absentee at present, *who* is there that could venture to pay a visit at five o'clock with any hope of being at their more distant homes in reasonable time for dinner?"

"Depend upon it," answered Frederick, "that whoever came to Glenalta this day, is there still. Like Cacus' den, it exhibits no returning footsteps. All the marks of the horses' feet are in the same direction." See what it is to live in this out of the way sort of place!

The speculation of who could have come in our absence kept our minds for the last mile in the most animating state of inquiry and suspense. We rode up directly to the stable-yard, on entering which, a nice calèche and smart dennett were drawn up in order. The stable-boy could

not tell more than that "*quality*" had come, and old Lawrence, whom we met, could only add, that they were to stay, and were *English*, but every body was in such a bustle that, he told us, he could learn no more. On entering the house, we found the rooms deserted, and Fanny, who came radiant with excitement, skipping down stairs to meet us, was the only living thing that presented itself to our view. To our eager inquiries she would only reply, that we must go and dress, and that when we appeared in the drawing-room that we should know who were the guests. There was no use in expostulating, Fanny was inexorable, and to our toilettes we were sent. As soon as mine was completed, I hurried down stairs, and Fanny again was the first to me. She took me by the hand, and throwing open the drawing-room door, I found my aunt, Emily, and Charlotte all dressed, and looking full of some mystery, respecting which I was proceeding to ask questions, when two figures bounced from behind the large Indian screen, and who should stand confessed before me, but Russell and Annesley. Astonishment

was no adequate word to express what I felt at sight of them. How to account for the vision, how to express amazement, pleasure, at the unexpected rencontre, I knew not. What a creature of circumstance is man! Though I am fond of both Russell and Annesley, and they are the only people besides yourself, of whom I have spoken as friends since I came here, and introduced by character to my relations, yet a meeting with either of them in the Regent's Park, in Bond-street, at the Theatre, or the Opera, how insipid! Nay, sometimes even a bore. Yet here at Glenalta, county of Kerry, South of Ireland, it was rapture to behold their faces, though neither their personal identity nor my own can have undergone any material alteration since we met last at Cambridge. Is it that I, without knowing it, have got a drop of Irish blood in my veins, or that the features of my countrymen, my schoolfellows, my College friends, operate naturally in a strange place, like the *Ranz des Vaches* on Swiss hearts in a foreign land? I must leave you to develop the cause, I have only to do with effects.



After the first tumult of surprise was over, I gained in ten minutes the following outline respecting the hows, whys, and whens of this sudden incursion into the wilds of Kerry. From the time when first Russell heard of my being here, he began to devise a scheme for slipping over in summer, but as his father wanted him to join a party who were going to the Highlands, he did not find it an easy matter to accomplish his plan; having been told, however, by my sisters, that I was *bound* to Killarney, he determined on coming to Ireland; and, meeting Annesley, offered him a seat in his dennett. The project resolved on by these *wags* was, to keep me in profound ignorance of their movements, while they watched ours, and to meet us in some romantic spot of our Lake scenery; but in pursuing their route, they fell in with a travelling carriage which had just *smashed* down in the bog, and, having left all their English *sang froid* behind them, they immediately jumped from their own vehicle to make a proffer of every assistance in their power to bestow. A lady, her maid, and footman, were the party sub-

merged by fate beneath the murky waves of Acheron. Literally they were all struggling out of a dyke full of water as black as if it flowed direct from the forge of Vulcan. The knights flew to the rescue with all the zeal of chivalric adventure, and conveyed their fair charge to a neighbouring cabin, where a blazing fire, for which they were indebted to the same morass that had treated them so uncourtously, repaired the evil, and set them moralizing on bogs and bees, which, together with the bane, provide an antidote. They found the lady very agreeable, and moreover they discovered that she was steering for Glenalta, upon which they drew up their *visors*, proclaimed their names, and told her that a friend whom they were seeking was a guest under that roof. This coincidence pleased the lady, as savouring of a regular adventure, and she at once invested herself with the responsibilities of a godmother, and (one good turn deserving another) prevailed on her deliverers to step into her carriage, and resign theirs to the charge of her servant, promising to introduce them to the Douglas family. Well now, you

naturally inquire who is the lady whose intimacy at Glenalta warrants such a stretch of privilege? She is a Mrs. Fitzroy, with whom my aunt became well acquainted, during her long sojournment in Devonshire, and whose society beguiled her sorrows in the deep retirement of Linton. Mrs. Fitzroy is a highly-gifted person, and a most agreeable addition to our party; but to proceed with my narrative, her visit was not a surprise to my aunt, though a very great one to the rest of the family.

A letter came just about the time when Emily and Frederick had finished their works in the Glen, and the unlooked for pleasure which they had prepared for their mother, in introducing her to the rustic temple which they had with filial fondness dedicated to her, suggested the idea of concealing Mrs. Fitzroy's intentions, and thus repaying the young people in *kind*, by a pleasant necromancy. Nothing could be better managed, and my aunt enjoyed, to use the language of old Du Deffand, a *grand succès*. I was put in possession of all this before Mrs. Fitzroy made her appearance. Frederick, who

came next into the drawing-room, was now informed of all that had happened; and as to my two English comrades, they were at home in a quarter of an hour, a delightful reception for them having been doubly secured by their *sponsors*. Mrs. Fitzroy now completed our circle, in which Mr. Otway and Bentley had previously taken their posts, and a merrier group you never saw.

Mrs. Fitzroy deserves to be distinguished by a separate portrait, and therefore I must prepare my canvass, and endeavour to sketch her likeness. She appears to be about forty; her features are well defined; replete with intelligence, and when lit up by a gay expression, singularly playful and pleasing. Her faculties are strong and clear, her understanding comprehensive, and her mind apparently equal to any exercise of its powers which she chooses to put into action. She is evidently possessed too of considerable sensibility, which makes her peculiarly alive to whatever is interesting in the character of others. She and my aunt do not in the least resemble each other, but the difference between them is



not such as to impede the growth of a very warm friendship. The young people are excessively fond of her, and her arrival at Glenalta is considered quite a jubilee. Though an Englishwoman by birth, and living almost continually amongst people of her own country, all her sympathies are Hibernian, and she has much of that *raciness* in her own composition which she says is so attractive a composition in the Irish. The delight with which she goes into the cottages to converse with the peasantry, is something very amusing to witness. She says that, "Irish thoughts are so *fresh*, and the expression of them so eloquent," that she feels as if transported amid a new order of beings. She seizes on every idea, presented in whatever guise, with such intuitive quickness, that she charms the poor people in return, and Tom Collins paid her an odd sort of compliment yesterday which brought tears into her eyes: "Indeed, God bless your honour, you're just as if you were bred and born in the bog among ourselves." This is her second visit to Ireland, though her first at Glenalta; and she runs about in raptures collecting

traits of disposition which seem to have a native affinity with her own. I shall tell you more of her in a future letter.

We are to set out, a formidable *muster*, for Killarney, at six o'clock to-morrow, and I shall not seal this till the last moment, reserving my next exclusively for a report of our expedition. As I tell you every thing, I cannot conclude without mentioning a letter which I have lately received from my eldest sister, and which has caused me much disquietude; she tells me that my uncle the General is coming home from India, which is fully confirmed by a letter direct from himself to Mr. Otway, and it is my mother's wish that I should be in England when he arrives. What is still worse, there is an evident anxiety expressed by Louisa, who, I conclude, conveys the general feeling of the family *conclave* in this case also, that I should quit Glenalta directly. The rustication which I am enduring will, she says, totally disqualify me for polite society; my manners will become boorish, my person *unsightly*, and, in short, it is *voted*, that as it is supposed my health is per-

fectly re-established, I shall quit my banishment, and revisit the regions of civilization, which it is apprehended I may forget, if my recal be not speedy and imperative. Then certain hints are thrown out respecting Adelaide, and that ass Crayton, whose coronet, were it of ducal form, and decorated with strawberry leaves imported from Brobdignag, could never hide the length of his ears. How short a time has elapsed since these things which now perplex would have given me joy? I should have been thankful for a good excuse to bid adieu to Ireland for ever; and I should have thought my mother the first of human manœuvrers, and Adelaide the most fortunate girl in London to have succeeded in *hooking* that first-rate block-head, who, it is likely, I am told, may be my brother-in-law. Another subject of painful reflection is added to these, and it is a relief to my spirit to tell you *all* that oppresses it. Such a change has taken place in my own mind, that I see the character of others with new organs. My personal identity almost seems doubtful to myself, and I can hardly believe what is never-

theless true, that Louisa's letter, independently of the intelligence that it communicates, has shocked me in a manner difficult to be explained within my *own* breast, and scarcely possible to be expressed intelligibly to another. My sister's language is lively; she speaks of people familiar to me, of amusements in which a few months ago I used constantly to participate; of fears and hopes, in all of which I could have sympathized, and of events which would have excited my vanity and gratified my pride. Surely it is something savouring of magic that can have converted these things into their very opposites. You have often said that I was not formed for the society in which I was placed; that my character would have taken another direction had it not been *trained* by habit to a distorted deviation from its natural bias. Perhaps you were right; but, allowing that you were so, still I cannot account for the metamorphosis. Apply a ligature that shall bind the branch of a tree, or a limb of the human body, in any particular curve, and there it rests. The bark, the wood, the pith of the one; the muscles, tendons, arte-



ries of the other, obey the rule of distortion, and the removal of restraint effects no alteration; the crooked will not become straight. On the contrary, here I am a changeling in my mother's house; I see all objects with new powers of vision, and such as, I lament to add, render me ill satisfied with those who stand in the relations to me which I have now learned to appreciate. With a mind just awakened to affection, and a heart just opened to the genial influence of domestic love and harmony, my feelings, which this soft climate of Glenalta has unfolded, are blighted by the very thought of Selby. Yes, I sicken at the bare idea of return, and a consciousness which I only felt before upon *great* occasions, now represents the whole mechanism of that artificial compact sealed by fashion in the most intolerable view to my imagination. I cannot call things by their old names; the words no longer appear to suit their purposes, and the new nomenclature, which now seems most appropriate, disgusts me. How can I apply the terms bold, indelicate, unfeeling, unaffectionate, to a *sister*, and not turn

with horror from such sounds; or attribute the base design of selling a child's happiness, carrying a daughter to market, and disposing of her to the best bidder, with all the cunning and trickery of professed jockeyism—how *can* I attach such devices to the character of a mother, and not shudder as I write the word? Yet all this is but an unexaggerated picture of those relations, as I have hitherto known them; an epitome of that world in which I have had my being, and though a fugitive feeling, perhaps, occasionally whispered disapprobation, and I *have* now and then shrunk from certain violations of modesty or integrity in the conduct of those around me—such starts were but momentary. I quickly rejoined the beaten track, and pressed forward with the giddy throng. When I look at my aunt Douglas, I feel how I could worship such a parent. When I am with Emily, Charlotte, and Fanny, I say to myself, if I had such sisters how I could love them; then comes the sting, I *have* a mother, I *have* sisters, and my mind revolts from their society.

Poor Ned of the Hill told Bentley that "man is *never* happy." He was right, Glenalta would be Paradise did not the unwelcome intrusion of such reflections disturb its felicity.

I was called away, or you might have had more of my melancholy musings. We have had a charming ride to-day, and seen some *patches* of scenery so beautiful, that I can hardly suppose any thing to surpass them at Killarney, but like the fine beryls which were shewn to you and me, that had been found in the Kremlin, and looked as if they were set in a mass of pewter, these favoured spots are surrounded by such savage wildness as I can scarcely describe. You could hardly imagine any part of the dominions which own a British Monarch for their Sovereign to present such desolation to your view as met our eyes in this morning's excursion; but now and then we lit upon an oasis in the desert, the fertility and romantic loveliness of which would teach the veriest wilderness to smile. Annesley, who sketches admirably, took some hints for his port folio, which will

Till this moment I had never remarked that

astonish you some time or other. Emily and Fanny were of our party, and are excellent horsewomen. Our guests were delighted, and we had another cheerful meeting at dinner, but the evening was marked by a discovery which has *knocked up* poor Russell's repose for *this* night, I fancy, if not for a longer season. You know his devotion to music, in which he excels, and you are aware of his enthusiasm in collecting national airs, amongst which he thinks none so melodious as the old Irish strain. When the harp and piano-forte were opened this evening, we were listening to a *descant* of Russell's on the favourite theme, when Frederick said, "I do think Charlotte that you might now accompany yourself. I saw you practising some days ago, and never heard you touch the strings more sweetly."

"I am only trying to recover a little of what I have lost," answered Charlotte, "but, if mamma does not say no, I will do the best that I can. My old Irish airs are in the dressing-room, will you bring them here?"

Till this moment I had never remarked that



Emily or Fanny had always accompanied, and that Charlotte only joined in glees and duets, which she sings with her brother and sister in excellent style; but just before I came to Glenalta she fell, as she was dismounting from her horse, and hurt one arm so much, that it has been ever since regaining its ordinary strength. In any *other* family your ears would have been persecuted from morning till night with the details of such an accident. At Selby, I know that Eau de Cologne, Arquebusade, and every nostrum ever invented, would have been arrayed, and there would have been an incessant demand on the attentions of every mortal throughout the house, but such is the difference of education, that *self*, in all its branches, is banished from Glenalta. I had nearly forgotten that Charlotte was hurt, and as no one boasted of her powers, I never heard a word of her peculiar talent in music till in this unpremeditated manner it was called forth by Russell's dissertation on the character of Irish melody. The book was brought, Emily saved her sister the labour of tuning, and Charlotte, for the

first time, saluted our ears with such divine enchantment as quite baffles every attempt of mine to convey a sense of it to your imagination. Russell furnished a *study* to Mrs. Fitzroy, who was watching the variety of his emotion with the deepest interest. His account of Charlotte's music, perhaps, may give you the best idea of it that words can impart:—"it is not," he says, "earthly harmony. No mortal finger touches that harp; no human voice is uttered in the song; that strain floats in mid air, and the soft southern breeze has sighed through the strings"—

"'Twas the Genius of Erin that rose from her cave,  
And poured out her lament to the answering wave."

It is not in nature to conceive any expression of sorrow more penetrating than that which mourns in the wail of an ancient Irish ditty. Charlotte has contrived to procure several airs which are not in Moore's collection, and which carry internal evidence of antiquity in the irregularity of their *rhythm*, if I may apply such a term to music. No sea bird's note was ever

more sweetly sad ; and she has picked up translations from time to time of some poetical fragments which she has adapted with great taste, as well as judgment to the music, for which she has often been indebted to the peasants as they pursued their daily toil ; not that *they* sing agreeably in almost any instance, I am told ; the extreme barbarism which is induced by such poverty as reigns in the South of Ireland, is very unfavourable to the Muses ; yet they *will* linger amongst a people who possess such uncommon tact in appreciating their charms, notwithstanding the homely reception with which they are obliged to be contented. A death-song (*vulg. caöne* or *keen*), the words of which, I believe, are published in a late work on the Antiquities of this Kingdom, by Mr. Croker, and which Charlotte has set to an old *howl* that she heard a poor woman uttering (for singing would be a misnomer) with nasal twang, as she milked her cow, is the most heart-rending melody that I ever heard ; and a march which she plays, to which the famous Brian Boirombh led his troops forward at the battle of

Clontarf, is remarkable for a character of pathetic grandeur that I never found before in martial music. Russell's feelings underwent such excitement during the evening, that had not his sex preserved him from the simile, we should have compared him to a Sybil in the contortions of forthcoming inspiration. I now perfectly comprehend the pleasure which, I am informed, some of our first-rate public performers profess in exhibiting their powers to an Irish audience. The Irish feel music in the "heart of heart," and express what they feel with peculiar energy. Our English guests are *bitten*—I promise you; I heard them both emphatically declare their gratitude to Mrs. Fitzroy for her introduction to this "charming family," but I *must* have a nap before we sally out upon Lake adventures, so fare thee well. On my return you may expect a budget.

Vale, vale, yours ever,

A. HOWARD.



## LETTER XV.

MISS HOWARD TO A. HOWARD, Esq.

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Dear Arthur,

YOUR letter of the 10th to me, has produced a horrible combustion, and I am ordered to recal you immediately. Well or not well, you must be off; and as fast as coaching and steaming can bring you it will be prudent for you to appear before your angry parent, who will vent all her bile on us, if you do not come and relieve Adelaide and me from her ill humour. She accuses us of having persuaded her into consenting to your Irish expedition, and protests, at the pitch of her voice, that she would greatly prefer seeing you dead at her feet, to beholding you return a methodist, which she is convinced you are already become. You have no time to lose; but lest you should not con-

sider the reception which I am teaching you to anticipate from your *tender mother*, too attractive, I have another reason to urge for your speedy appearance, which will surely turn the scale, if you are in any doubt how to act. I gave you a hint in my last, which will prevent your being surprised with the sequel. *La mere* has played her game so well, that were it not for the dreams of affrighted fancy, which represent you with parted locks of greasy sable, mounted on a tub, and haranguing the multitude *al fresco*—in short, if she did not believe you in the high road to become a field preacher, unless you are one already, she would have reason to sound the trumpet, and claim the honours of a triumph. She gave a splendid ball by way of *clinch*, for which her cards were out when I wrote last to you. The bait took *à merveille*. Crayton and Ady waltzed together, after which, mamma sailed round the rooms, and whispered to three or four friends (good telegraphs), that she wished Lord C. was not quite so *particular* in his attentions. “*Le bruit*

court," so rapidly said *la bonne mere*, "that things are *settled* by the world before the parties themselves have the slightest idea of being serious." Of course you know the *eyes of Europe* were directed to the pair. The buz went round, and on the following day, old Lady Bilton be-thought her of a *cheap* return, for at least half a dozen parties, and sent off a note to the following effect, which mamma received before six o'clock, at which hour Crayton made his morning call to ask how we did. Old Bilton's *billet* was to this effect:—

"My dear Mrs. Howard,—As no one can possibly take precedence of me in the most lively interest for all that concerns you, I have made it a point to deny myself this morning to some particular friends, that I may write, to tell you of the rumours which are afloat. To be *explicit*, Lord Crayton and Adelaide Howard occupy the public mind, and the *on dit* of this morning is, that the settlements are *en train*. Do say, by a line, whether I may congratulate you. To a girl of Adelaide's expectations, the report can-

not be of any disagreeable consequence if unfounded ; but should it be true, I shall long to hear particulars.

Yours very truly,

S. BILTON."

No sooner was Crayton announced, than he was caught and *closeted* by *la madre*, who imparted Lady Bilton's intelligence with becoming gravity, and sundry comments on the pain to *delicate feelings*, produced by talking people ; the necessity of being more circumspect, her own disinterested sentiments, desire for her daughter's happiness, dread of Adelaide's affections being engaged ; all which matter, judiciously interlarded with my uncle's great riches, speedy return, devoted attachment to his brother's children, and her own fears that his generosity would be so profuse as to bring all the fortune-hunting tribe to torment us, operated so powerfully on my Lord, added to the surprise of his *capture* on entering the house, that the whole matter was arranged, Ady was sent for, ~~marriage~~ vanished, the proposal was made, and accepted, the horrid business-people are



put in motion, and you must come over, not only to take your seat amongst the musty parchments, but likewise to go through the silly form of giving your sister away. This latter ceremony is much more appropriate to the old Indian Plutus ; but there are two reasons against waiting his arrival. One is, that we are not sure but he may leave us in the lurch ; and, secondly, he may possibly be such an outlandish sort of animal, that we shall find it advisable to keep him in the shade. Now, it *may be*, that if you proclaim all that I am telling you, to the tiresome *primitives*, whose notions you seem to adopt with a degree of zeal, which I can assure you gains no credit *here*, I dare say that the eyes of your pious relatives will turn as naturally to the *new*, as the sun-flower does to the *old* light, and the blue, green, grey, or hazel, which may distinguish the organs of your serious aunt and cousins from each other, will be lost in the general *field argent*, as their pupils become heaven-directed, and the white of their eyes alone remain visible, like the sculptured orbs of so many statues. You will then hear a

rolley of methodistic nonsense,—of “fraud,” “take in,” “future unhappiness,” and such like mawkish stuff, which I protest makes me feel, while I am writing, as if I had swallowed a score of ipecacuanha lozenges; *therefore* it will be wiser of you to say nothing of what I have mentioned. It will be quite enough to tell Mrs. Douglas and her gawky lasses, that affairs of importance demand your presence in England, and that, having been cured of your cough, the object of your visit to them is accomplished. We are the more anxious that you should act promptly, because Russell, and that blockhead Annesley, are gone to see Killarney, the Giant’s Causeway, and whatever other odds and ends, in the way of *lionizing* that savage island may offer. Now, if they *poke* you out from the hole in which you are buried, or stumble upon you in a bog, the ass, alias Annesley, will begin to bray; he will tell the antediluvians of Glenalta that Crayton is not exactly such a puritan as he is himself; that he has gambled away money enough to build four-and-twenty chapels all in a row. Every irregularity of his life will be

dragged into notice, and as your *good* people are stubborn as mules in performing what they call their "*duty*," we shall have postage to pay for some of your aunt's homilies, and not only that, but folks who know nothing of the world, act so entirely without line or compass, that I should not be surprised if she took up her pen, and committed the monstrous absurdity of addressing a *tract* to Crayton himself.

To prevent such an absurdity must be our care, and silence is the only plan to pursue with your Kerry relations. If possible, your mother will write a few lines herself, but lest she should be hindered from doing so, I may as well mention that Lady Araminta Sandes strongly recommends a practice of which she has lately set the example, insisting on the insertion of a clause in every modern marriage settlement, to secure a proper provision for the lady, in case of a *separation*. I think the council so good, that whenever it comes to *my* turn, I am resolved to stipulate for at least a thousand a year.

The Duchess of Naresbury has fitted up her *pallazo* in the best style, and intends to be very

splendid; but she will never *be one of us*, with all her endeavours. She is to be "at home" on the twenty-first of next month, and Crayton asked her permission to take young Fancourt, who is just come back from his travels, along with him to her house. The Duchess forgot who he was, and when *Cray*. had *ticketed* him like a geranium in the conservatory, "honorable Augustus, second son to Lord Alison, a very fine young man, and my particular friend," her Grace drew herself up with as much dignity as if she was going to pronounce sentence, and answered, "Lord Crayton, I make it a point not to give any encouragement to younger brothers, 'tis a dangerous folly, of which sooner or later one has to repent. I am sorry for it, but I cannot make exceptions. I *cannot* receive Mr. Augustus Fancourt." Now, the rule is certainly *sound*, though this was rather an extreme case; but you know that our charming Byron says, somewhere or other,—I forget the lines,

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And pious mothers  
Inquired had they fortunes, and if they had brothers.

Well, Crayton was *piqued*, and as he would



have felt it quite a personal thing had he not succeeded in taking Fancourt to Naresburg-House, he essayed again, and with great presence of mind calmly replied, "I beg a thousand pardons, for my presumption, but I thought your Grace liked talents, and Fancourt is an acquisition any where. He is just come from Greece, and his *book* comes out in six weeks." "Oh! that is *toute autre chose*," said the Duchess; "I like clever people excessively. You know I patronize authors, and have a host of *protégés* continually about me. Lord Crayton, this is quite another view of the matter. Pray bring Mr. Fancourt; I shall be glad to see him, and wish that he was *out*. He should have brought his materials all ready for the press. He will be late for the season in town. Tell him so from me, and bid him print without delay. I will speak of his book. I will announce it to night at the Duchess of L—'s."

So ended the dialogue, and Cray. came off with flying colours. I was interrupted here by his entrance. Poor fellow! he looked pensive I thought; but I fancy he had a double dose of

Burgundy at Lord Morley's yesterday, and *who* does not *wince* at sight of the sable squadron in perspective, of those terrible law folks with their long bills, and yellow faces? It was not a week ago since Crayton was laughing heartily at a monstrous sum which rich Burton of Norfolk had to pay to his solicitors for some black letter job. Amongst the items in account was, "To anxiety for my client, March the tenth, two pound fifteen." How very good! When the affair was nearly at an end, old Burton thought it would be a clever thing to spur Rosinante, and accordingly ordered his coach and four to stop, at the "special Attorney's," persuading Mrs. Burton, that a *friendly call* on *market-day*, carriage and liveries at the *door*, would diminish the bill by a cool hundred at *least*. Mrs. B—waddled out of the coach in a full suit of green with yellow ribbons, like a walking bank of daffodils, and spoke most condescendingly to Mr. Pim and Mrs. Pim, and the Miss Pims, and the Master Pims, but notwithstanding, and nevertheless, the last entry in the account when it came in was, "To a long and tedious conversa-

tion with Mr. and Mrs. Burton, thirteen and fourpence." Crayton is so funny ! He tells a story when he is in spirits so well !

Here comes *La Madre* with her letter, and so *Adio*. Adelaide would send her love, but we are to *suppose* that she has none to spare. *By and by*, I dare say, that she will have plenty on hand ; but that is *selon les regles*. The only danger is, that what goes *out* love, may come *back* hatred. Well, Rochefaucauld says, that " hatred is distempered love," so 'tis all the same thing in the end. I am growing *prosy*, but do you know that the foolish story I told you in my former letter has made such a noise, that I am provoked, and shall begin to turn *blue* in earnest to vex the blocks. Old Pagoda is at hand, or I assure you it is well if my " Ostracism " were not to send *me* into banishment. It was rather an unlucky hit, half the young men in town do not understand it, and it is voted a *poser*. Crayton tells me that money is lost and won upon it daily in St. James's Street. When my uncle is fairly come, and I have touched the rupees, and golden maures, I will positively not keep my wits under

*hatches* any longer. After all, it is egregious folly to give opiates to one's brains because our exquisites are unfurnished in the upper story. I must, however, take the matter quietly, for *under* a hundred thousand, it will not do to use a word of more than two syllables in length, or *any dimensions at all in height or depth*; but you shall see what revenge I will have when, like the princess in the fairy tale, my "thread-papers are made of bank-notes, and my favorite spaniel drinks out of a diamond cup." I will then ransack Johnson's *folio*, and oblige every aspirant to come to my levees with the pocket Lexicon in his bosom. Remember what I have said—*mum* is the word. Let us not have a commission to try whether we are of sane, or insane mind, nor yet be forced, like Rodolpho, to seek our wits in the moon, for I promise you we should not find a Pegasus to mount so high now-a-days. *Encore, adieu.*

Yours, ever,

L. H.



## LETTER XVI.

MRS. HOWARD TO ARTHUR HOWARD, ESQ.

*(Inclosed in the preceding.)*

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My dear Boy,

I AM so full of business that I can only send you a few lines. I rejoice to hear that you are quite well, and that "Richard is himself again." Come to me *directly*. Adelaide's approaching marriage requires your immediate presence, and as you are within a few weeks of your majority, you will be able to enter into all my views for the establishment of your sister. You know *what* a mother I have been—how entirely devoted to the interests of my children; and I hope, my dear love, that I shall find you, on the present momentous occasion, ready to give your best aid in raising money for an immediate supply. You will feel with me, the propriety of a suitable

outfit; and I am sure that it would be as painful to your mind as to my own, were our dear girl to want any proper accompaniment of her new dignity. The Granvilles too (Crayton's sister, you know is Lady G.) are people of such connection, that we must make an effort extraordinary, and I do not think it will be possible to get through the necessary expenses for less than five thousand pounds for present use. I want you also on Louisa's account; and, *entre nous*, feel very uneasy at a silly flight of her's the other evening. She was in high spirits at our Thursday's *soirée*, and imprudently *let fly* a scrap of history. As *really* very few young men now read any thing but the Morning Post, and the Novel of the day, it is not surprising that Louisa's learning confounded the party. I was much vexed, but it cannot be helped. When *you* come, you may be of use, in assuring all your acquaintance that she has not a particle of *blue* in her whole composition, and that the long word which has made such a sensation, was picked up from Blackwood, or the New Quarterly; that she never reads history, and knows

no more of the Greeks than of a plum-pudding. Nothing alarms me more, than the apprehension of her taking to literature in a fit of disgust. You see how much we have for you to do. Commend me to Mrs. Henry Douglas and her family. They are very good people I am sure, and I feel much obliged by their attentions to you. It is a great comfort when folks are doomed to live in retirement, to see them enjoy it; and nothing can be wiser than your aunt's determination to remain in her present abode; but I need not, my dear Arthur, I am *convinced*, impress upon your mind the absurdity of taking up such notions as are highly commendable as well as suitable to Ireland, and confined circumstances. You are born in another *sphere* altogether, and must leave your Kerry ways behind you. Lady Cantaloupe and the Comtesse de Soissons just come! I must see them. Dear Arthur,           Your affectionate mother,

MARIANNE HOWARD.

P. S. I had a great deal to say of my dear brother the General, but will postpone. *Adieu*.

## LETTER XVII.

ARTHUR HOWARD TO MISS HOWARD.

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Dearest Louisa,

On my return from Killarney, I find your packet, and hasten to say to my mother and you, that I shall obey your summons with as little delay as possible, consistently with all that I owe to the beloved friends whom I am about to leave. So many conflicting thoughts press for utterance, that I know not how or where to begin. Louisa, you will find me a very different being from the Arthur of your recollection; and I fear that at first the change which has been wrought in me will not please you. If you disliked my friendship with Falkland, and less powerful, yet still strong, regard for Annesley; what will you think of a devotion which can only end with life for my aunt Douglas, her children, and her friend Mr. Otway?



Yes, I own it to you. At Glenalta, in this despised and remote corner of Ireland, which you and I have so often ignorantly ridiculed, I have met with the most perfect happiness which it has ever fallen to my lot to enjoy. At Glenalta I have found the kindest affection, the most genuine refinement, not confined to mere exterior observance assumed for strangers, but originating in the heart, and living in every action. I have been instructed and amused; and while each hour has done something towards the cultivation of feelings and powers which I did not imagine I possessed, I have never been once a prey to *ennui*, that constant and wearisome associate of my former life.

Dear Louisa, you have a good understanding and your heart is naturally lively, and even *kind*, if you were not perverted by the precepts, creeds, and example of that most dogmatizing of all human teachers—Fashion. Why not break the bonds that shackle your every thought, as well as action? Why not exchange the coarse, (alas, yes, I *must* speak truth) I say the coarse, unfeminine language of your last letter

for that of true delicacy and female softness? My ears are new strung I suppose, for sounds which scarcely made a passing impression before I came to Ireland, now grate upon the organs of sense, and vibrate painfully to my heart.

When I picture to my mind the scene which is now acting in Grosvenor Square, I confess that I feel disgusted almost to estrangement from those who are the chief performers in such a drama; and you are very right in the belief that were there any means by which without lowering a mother's character, I could inform that *arch*-blockhead, whom she has entrapped, of the fraud that has been employed to take him in, I would certainly, in humbling his vanity, remove his blindness, and charitably catch him from the brink of a precipice. What a marriage you are *brewing* amongst you! Were *you* the victim about to be sacrificed on the altar of folly, I could not restrain my feelings, which would burst into immediate counteraction of a plot to destroy all happiness and respectability; and I am more quiescent on *this* occasion, *not* because I have always loved you so much better

than Adelaide, but that I question the utility of endeavouring to snatch *her* from the evil to come. She has no strength of character: her mind is a mere machine, ready and willing to be worked upon by the arts of any juggler who can produce a certificate of skill in the only science respected by a world holding all things in abhorrence that do not present themselves clad in the trappings of rank and fortune.

If Adelaide were saved from falling into the hands of *one* profligate coxcomb, she would quickly throw herself into the arms of *another*. Crayton is not a designing man, and that is the only redeeming circumstance that I can see in his character—if the word character have any meaning when applied to a person who has *none*.

Say to my mother that, as a point of duty, I shall obey her mandate, and as soon as I am legally empowered to act, will do any thing to assist her which can be done without injuring a property too heavily burthened already. But, dear Louisa, you must prepare her, Adelaide, and yourself for my absence at the marriage ce-

remony: I cannot perform the part assigned to me. My mind revolts from participating in a *trick*, and I will never sanction the fraud by becoming a witness. I warn you of the evil, and I can do no more. We are totally unacquainted with my uncle, who may never give us a shilling, who may dislike when he is acquainted with his relations, and either marry, adopt a stranger for his heir, or leave his wealth to public charities. In short, we know nothing about him, and if it should turn out that the golden dreams with which my mother has dazzled the imagination of a man who has wasted his patrimony, and involved himself almost in ruin, melt in empty air, what consequences may not be anticipated? I turn with horror from the perspective, and dare not tell you *all* my fears! Crayton has an uncle too, and one from whom he expects the fortune, upon a reversionary hope of which, he has, to my knowledge, been trading for a long time past to supply the exigencies of the gambling table, to which he is obstinately addicted; and the pale face which you visited on a double dole of Burgundy, was probably



attributable to a loss at play which, under existing circumstances, it would not be pleasant to reveal.

I have now said enough to put my mother and Adelaide on their guard. A little *candour* would easily bring the matter to a conclusion, and prevent the mischief which is likely to ensue; but it rests with them to determine. I am not asked to advise, and do not say that I am qualified to act as counsel for any one. I trust, however, that I may be forgiven for this unsolicited interference, on the score of brotherly feelings, which *shrink* from the projected alliance, splendid as it appears.

Louisa, should the day arrive, in which you become acquainted with the Douglas family, I am not without hope of your proselytism. What joy it would give me to see you like these charming girls, and I am the more impatient that it *should be so*, because you have all the materials which might promise a rich harvest, were they but used to advantage. I would stake more than I shall ever be worth, that you

will delight in the society of our aunt and cousins, if you are ever introduced to them.

Say all that is affectionate to my mother and Adelaide, and add, that I give them present pain, to avoid for them a severer future pang. Adieu.

Your affectionate,

ARTHUR HOWARD.

## LETTER XVIII.

ARTHUR HOWARD TO CHARLES FALKLAND.

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My dear Falkland,

I COMMENCE my Killarney *advices* on the first evening of my arrival there, or I should despair of sending you the promised packet on my return to Glenalta. We reached our inn in gay spirits, having come over bad and good roads alternately, and through a barren wild looking country; but a party, composed of such agreeable ingredients, and affording so much variety as ours did, is very independent of external scenery. If beautiful, it affords an additional source of pleasure, and *one* topic more for occasional comment; if otherwise, one can *do without* it: the latter was our case. Having once exclaimed, How desolate! we thought no more about the grievance of an ugly country,

but laughed and talked, exchanged places—some riding, some driving, till we found ourselves at our journey's end, after performing five-and-thirty miles without any misadventure. Mr. Otway had written on before to provide "entertainment for man and horse;" so when we arrived we had the satisfaction of finding ourselves *expected*, which makes a *difference* everywhere, but particularly in a situation which cannot afford to relax in a single instance the discipline which keeps up some appearance of order and cleanliness; however, I do not mean to throw aspersions on our *hotellerie*, and am not one of those who consider it fair to abuse unmercifully whatever we find near home, while with something *more* than philosophy, we *revel* in the *desagrémens* of foreign countries, preferring dirt and inconvenience abroad to all the luxuries of *comfortable* England.

In ten minutes after our arrival we were assailed by all sorts of people; boat-men wishing to engage our large party, musicians desirous of attending us on the lakes, beggars



hoping to receive charity, with sundry applicants bringing boxes made of the red deer-hoofs, which are very neatly manufactured here, and various cups, goblets, and other utensils formed from the arbutus, which grows at this place in lavish profusion; all anxious to sell their wares, and all clamorous to recommend them.

Mr. Otway, who knows the genius of the place, and is well known here and loved everywhere, undertook to direct our operations; and, singling out a remarkably fine looking man from the rough personages by whom we were surrounded, addressed him by the name of M'Carty More, and ordered him to be ready with all possible punctuality and accommodation at seven o'clock on the following day at Ross Castle, where we were to embark. The workers in red deer-hoofs and arbutus, were ordered to bring large supplies of the toys in which they dealt on the day preceding our departure, and the beggars were dispersed with a promise that they should have a *scramble* when we were going away, for which these

ill-fed, worse clothed, cheerful, and easily-satisfied beings, were as grateful as if every want had been supplied at the present and prevented for the future.

After this *clearance*, we sat down to a repast rendered delightful by companionship, had it been less intrinsically excellent; but Killarney salmon ought to have a place in my journal, and should be farther noticed *here*, were it not not to figure on the scene again. After dinner we walked to Lord Kenmare's, and amused ourselves in his demesne, during two or three hours, my aunt having insisted on our leaving her at the inn, as she complained of being fatigued; and those who were best acquainted with all her feelings, suspecting that to be left *alone* would soothe them, no offer was made to remain with her by any of the group.

On our return to the inn, we were surprised to find an elderly gentleman sitting with her, who proved to be old Bentley, and never did I see more evident annoyance expressed in a countenance, than was depicted in the nephew's

at sight of his uncle. They met, however, with cordiality *too*, but the younger of them, though singularly unexcitable in general, changed colour upon the present occasion, and appeared suddenly cast down by this accession to our party: however, we were sufficiently numerous to prevent any *downright* awkwardness, whatever might be the existing cause of young Bentley's uneasy sensations; and his uncle explained his sudden appearance by telling us, that having reached his home too late on the preceding evening to disturb the families at Glenalta and Lisfarne, he delayed announcing his return till the following day, when, having learned our *elopement*, he resolved on not being left behind.

You may fancy us rather closely packed in our *dormitories*: Russell, Annesley, and I, were crammed into a hole just large enough to hold three small camp-beds, no bigger than births on board a Holyhead packet: we could neither toss nor tumble, for the best possible reason, we had not *room* for such indications of restlessness; but we lay quietly as sleep-

lessly we "chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" upon all that we had seen and heard in company with each other since the "*English foreigners*," as old Lawrence calls them, had been at Glenalta. In the pauses which *will* occur, even in the best supported colloquy, sundry sighs, which had not quite so far to travel as from "Indus to the Pole," were borne right into my bed by the *impetus* with which they were sent from Russell's, and a certain melancholy expression, which even a sigh can convey to a *finely constructed* ear, convinced me that my friend had lost his heart, or at least *mislaid* it since he came amongst us. While exercising my ingenuity a little farther, to determine the person who had committed grand larceny on his affections, a few notes whistled from time to time, *sotto voce*, assured me that Charlotte was the thief, and that her Irish melodies lived in the memory of my poor *chum*. Annesley is such a sensitive fellow, that if his heart is anything the worse for the wear since he came to Ireland, I have it to discover; but from the specimen which I



have given above, I flatter myself that you have already decreed my sagacity to be worthy of apotheosis, even amongst the North American Indians.

This Killarney will be a good test, I think, of our amatory tendencies, and a romance *a-piece* must be the result of such "means and appliances" as a glance from Lord Kenmare's park, across the lower Lake, promise for our *coup d'essai* on the morrow. Mine is rather a situation of responsibility, for, in addition to my *own* loves, should these bowers inspire the tender passion, I feel a Godfatherly sort of security called for on my part, that the new guests shall conduct themselves so as to return well pleased, and pleasing, to the last. In short, though, like Mrs. Gilpin we are "on pleasure bent," it must be to resemble her discretion also, "with a prudent mind," and I clearly perceive that I shall have to enact the part of a male *duenna*.

The appointed hour found all ready, and M'Carty More, that noble *savage* before-mentioned, who claims to be king of the boatmen,

was the first object that we beheld on issuing from our *malapardis*. This man is quite a character, and so strikingly fine a specimen of rude, but manly beauty, that were he a little less weather-beaten, he might stand for a Hercules to Canova, were he alive again, or to Chantry. His *calling* renders him quite familiar with his superiors, and he takes the command of his party as a pilot does of the ship, *pro tempore*. Mrs. Fitzroy, whose animation is very inspiriting, and whose enthusiasm I told you in a former despatch is glowing for the Irish character, chose him for her *Cicerone*, and, taking him by the arm, led the van towards the scene of embarkation.

If you wish to know, as that mad-cap Melville used to say, "who and who were together," you may *enfilade* us as follows. Next to M<sup>c</sup>Carty More and Mrs. Fitzroy marched my aunt, leaning on the arm of Frederick, who, I believe, in the midst of all the beauty that Circassia could boast, and all the fashion that London and Paris exhibit, would still be found his mother's prop: on her left side Bentley the

elder with his hands tight in his breeches pockets, as though he feared that their contents were going to fly away, *paddled* along, with unequal steps. Mr. Otway took charge of Emily; and I observed that a simultaneous movement of that slow and fearful nature that scarcely indicates design, incited at the same identical moment Bentley the younger and Annesley to wish that the disengaged hand of my cousin were safely lodged under the protective care of a right arm belonging to them, though neither had courage to step forward and offer himself as a candidate for the honour to which both aspired. Moreover I made a second observation; and though these sapient remarks were formed *in transitu* from the threshold of the inn to the street, I'll be sworn that I am right. "But what was your second observation?" quoth you. Why, it was, that the *mauvaise honte* which prevented our rival *beaux* from interfering with Mr. Otway's exclusive possession of the fair one's attention, arose from different causes, and produced different effects in the minds of the disappointed knights.

Annesley's timidity lay in his breast, where, if he has made the confession to himself, he has truly said that Emily's is the character, of all he has ever seen, which comes nearest to his abstract of perfection in woman. On this *beau idéal* I have heard him dilate, and thus far can decide upon his feelings. *He* then was moved by an incipient desire to improve acquaintance, and secure a sort of prescriptive right to be Emily's *particular* in our wanderings by "wood and lake;" but the thought, though proceeding from preference established since the day of his arrival, was an *impromptu* of the instant in its present shape, and the reality of the sentiment which gave birth to the wish, confounded its ready expression; whereas in Bentley's manner I could trace more of the guardian than the lover; he was less anxious to appropriate Emily's society exclusively to himself, than to prevent its being appropriated by another, and this again was less dictated by a jealous or churlish feeling, than by a strictness of opinion on the subject of a young lady's walking arm-in-arm with a stranger. All this I read at



a glance, and perhaps you will tell me that such profound skill in what the French call *le metaphysique de l'amour*, could only be learnt in Cupid's court; but the fact is, that I am *only* in love with the entire family, and therefore safe for the *present*, at least, from the imputation of having been a *booby* till the blind god had sharpened my penetration.

Charlotte and Fanny were hooked upon my arms; Russell keeping a steady eye upon the former's left side, which he contrived to secure as soon as we had cleared the door; and our brace of *shy* youths were presently resolved into *unattached flankers*, who changed sides, fell back, or pushed forward, as pigs, dogs, children, &c. interrupted our progress to the water's edge. At length we were seated in our barge, and Cleopatra on the silver Cydnus could never have swung the oar more gallantly than we did from Ross Castle. I shall not favour you with the history of tenfold reverberations, which you will hear when you visit this scene of enchantment; nor shall I think it necessary to give you such details as if I were going to raise the wind

in these book-making days by publishing, "A Companion to the Lakes of Killarney," but hastening to our first *stop*, land you on the exquisite island of Innisfallen, where we lingered for hours, unable to tear ourselves from its tiny shores, every little pebbled indenture of which might represent that where Ellen is described by the northern bard to have landed from her skiff in Loch Catrine.

This Killarney is a centre of legendary lore, and the lovely islet on which we first touched *terra firma* from our boat, was the depository of those annals which bear its name. Domine, who did not appear in our procession from the inn, because he had walked alone to the castle that he might try the echo at his leisure before we came up, told us a thousand interesting particulars of this spot, and entertained us with various stories, rich in fabulous, as well as real events, of the olden time. Why does not that wizard Scott, draw from a source so worthy of his magic pen? He has been here, but passed, I am told, through Ireland generally with such rapidity, that his carriage wheels hardly seemed

to come in contact with the earth. Positively, unless he can endure it to be thought that with a few lithographic sketches in his hand, he skimmed over the country, contracting for views *as per sample*, like a corn merchant bargaining to replenish his stores, the author of *Waverly* *must* shew signs of having visited this little focus of imagery by dressing one of his matchless casts in the drapery with which Killarney could furnish his splendid powers of tasteful decoration.

Will that genius, who can transform into gems the commonest minerals produced in a desert, and give with African prodigality, the purest gold in return for rusty nails, and beads of glass; will *he* permit Erin to draw the ungracious inference from his silence, that she could supply *no* materials for his laboratory? and while so many immortal records of Scotland's fame and England's glory, have been charmed from their dark retreats by his necromantic spells, shall Ireland, the fertile Isle of Emerald glow,—the island of saints,—the land of heroes,—the fane of learning, piety, and music,

—be left to rest on the divided property in Fingal for all poetical memorial of her traditional celebrity? Forbid it justice! forbid it gratitude! Let not a people who have so liberally bestowed their praise on those numbers in which their neighbours have been so sweetly harmonized, remain themselves unsung!

Some of our party eloquently urging the claims of Hibernia to a niche in the temple of Apollo, Russell, addressing himself to Mr. Oliphant, said, "I hope that you will not mistake my object in asking you a question which I have often heard triumphantly asked, and never answered, namely, if Ireland was really, at a former period distinguished as a seat of learning, virtue, and genius, where are her credentials? What is become of her buildings? Where are her documents of proof to support these fond pretensions? Now I echo this inquiry not in the spirit of a sceptic, but because I can never in future listen to such interrogatories with the phlegm of indifference, and I wish to be provided with an argument to



rebut the conclusion which is frequently drawn from silence on this subject."

"Indeed, my dear sir," answered Mr. Oliphant, "I have always thought the question very irrelevant, and the triumph very unfair. If we boasted that Ireland had produced the finest architects in the world, we might be desired to shew the monuments of their skill. If we arrogated the fame of wealth, we might be challenged to point out the palaces in which the splendid of past days had held their revels; but we lay claim to none of these things. Our pride consists in having been a learned and pious people. Now piety and scholarship are not so often allied to worldly distinction in *this* age of mankind, that we should associate them in a *past* time through any existing analogy. That Ireland was resorted to for education; that she produced men remarkable for knowledge and virtues; that her *magi* were held in repute and invited into other countries, to impart the treasures of superior light; that her ambassadors took precedence upon different occasions,

of those sent by the sister kingdom, to continental courts and councils, are matters of historical record which we have no right to contradict, unless we can prove their falsehood; and as to the remnants of antiquity, which are insisted upon, we may collect ample testimony to evince a high state of former cultivation, if we make due allowance for poverty, subsequent civil wars, and the dilapidating influence of a damp climate. The language of Ireland bears evidence of ancient date. Every letter in the alphabet is in itself *the name of a tree*, which leads to the inference of originality in its design. The round towers of this country, many of which are in the highest state of preservation, baffle the utmost skill in research to account for their purpose, and determine their age. Of one thing only are we certain, and that is, of their great duration, and that, as far as present information extends upon the subject, Persia is the only country, besides Ireland, where buildings of this remarkable structure have been found. Our Druidical remains are in fine preservation, in various parts of the island. The names of

several of our elevated promontories, with other circumstances, mark the fire-worship of eastern usage to have prevailed here. In many parts of the kingdom, ornaments in gold and silver have been discovered, of the purest metal, and most elaborate workmanship. I have seen some lately that were dug up in the neighbourhood of Dublin, which, for beauty in execution and elegance of device, may vie with any modern manufacture, and which, likewise, are identified with eastern fashion, as the decorations to which I allude were exactly similar to the Indian bangles, and must have been employed as such, to deck the ancles of the wearer. In our search after mines, we have come upon ancient excavations, and often found tools of brass which bore testimony to the former working in different places, and at a period so remote that the instruments used for the purpose are formed of a material, and exhibit shapes totally unlike any of our modern implements. In this very county are to be found curious remains of two spacious amphitheatres which, if discovered in any other country of the earth, would excite the liveliest

competition of industry to explain ; but because these things are discovered in Ireland instead of Tartary or Siberia, ridicule and contempt are their portion. However, as the one flows from ignorance, and the other from coldheartedness or jealousy, and neither affords demonstration, we may hope that they will cease, and that a land, too fertile of soil, too rich in the finest harbours in Europe, to have been overlooked in early times, will regain her character which has been lost through the misfortunes of her history. You must bear in mind that in the very remote periods of which our accounts are scanty and imperfect, the religion of this country was not Roman Catholic. It was a much purer faith, and free altogether from those superstitions which now disfigure the Popish ritual. The poor Waldenses in their vallies of Piedmont, though they have lost much of their original simplicity in a necessary communion from time to time with the Protestants of Geneva, still preserve, I believe the nearest approach of any mode of worship extant, to what *was* our creed about the time of Saint Patrick, whose *purga-*



*tory* was instituted many centuries after his death. In *those* days then, the magnificent piles which owe their existence to the zeal of papal devotion, would not have been erected here, whatever might have been the pecuniary abundance of the people; and at a later time, when abuses crept in, and the pure faith was exchanged for that inconsistent mass of human invention appended by bigotry and avarice to gospel truth, Ireland was too poor, and too savage a nation, to raise such mighty altars as bear witness to the former wealth and glory of your beautiful England.

“*Some* remnants we do possess of ancient grandeur, and we can still shew you specimens both of Saxon and Gothic architecture, which are worthy of your highest admiration, though they not numerous, I confess.

“Lord Elgin has transplanted much of the Athenian Parthenon into the heart of London; what he left, is daily suffering deterioration, and diminution. If the pride of Greece, the classic, the inimitable Athens, should vanish, and, like the Golgotha of Troy, only exhibit the

*place* where once stood in unrivalled grace and splendor, would you not still declare that her temples and her statues, though crumbling in the dust, proclaim that Pericles and Phidias *once* had being.

“If but a single column of the once astonishing Pæstum now survived the decay of time and the barbarism of man, would you suffer incredulity to take her stand amid the ruins, and fulminate her tasteless anathemas from the very scene of whilom greatness? *We* only crave a measure of the same candour which you liberally employ on other occasions. Let our round towers and cromlechs, our castles and abbeys, be allowed in evidence of our not being a nation just sprung from the sea; and suffer our annals and chronicles to be received in testimony of our having sent forth pious and learned men, when less favoured countries sought our assistance. Come now, and I will shew you a fine Saxon arch in this wee island.”

As we moved on towards the ruin, we found some of our party gazing on the lake below, from a little rocky eminence on which they were

seated, and here we caught Mrs. Fitzroy and old Bentley in furious debate. He is an odd sort of *restive* old fellow; sharp, clear sighted, and very bitter in his remarks; but withal good-natured, and, though rough, by no means implacable. Mrs. Fitzroy had been, I suppose, expressing some sentiment in favour of the Irish peasantry, perhaps in praise of the Herculean M'Carty; for just as we reached the spot where the antagonists were contending, Bentley exclaimed with stentorian vehemence, "Madam, I tell you that they are rascals, one and all. It is a mere fiction to talk of the Irish as you do. I know them better. They are a cringing lying race; and as to your admired M'Carty More, he is a drunken dissolute dog; and you spoil him by letting him prate for your diversion."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bentley," answered his adversary, "your abuse is wholesale, and spreads over too large a surface to cut deeply. I do not agree with you; and I repeat, that such is my preference for the people of this country, that I shall beg my friends Mrs. Douglas

and Mr. Otway to be on the look out for a cottage to suit me in their vicinity at Glenalta."

"No, no, madam, you will do no such thing," retorted the cynic; "you are acting more wisely. Believe me, that the most knowing people are those who *travel about, if society be their object*. By change of place, you come in for the best of every stage at which you halt. You skim the cream as it were, and ought never to rest long enough any where to alter your opinions of people, very few of whom, be assured, will stand the test of intimacy. There is nothing truer than that Alexander was no hero to his valet-de-chambre, and the maxim applies as forcibly to nations as to individuals. You will tire of us, if you know us better, and look back upon your present judgment as mere poetry. Every oyster is made up of the fish and its shells. Swallow the one and get rid of the others as fast as you can: they are not worth keeping, and you will do well to throw them away."

"Not with *my* charitable feelings," said Mrs. Fitzroy, "pounded oyster shells are a fine cor-



rective of acid. I would reserve them for the good of all who require alteratives, and you should have a Benjamin's dose."

Old Bentley is a merry wight, with all his acerbity, and as this *hit* was made with perfect good-humour, and a playful countenance, it had a happy effect, and seemed to raise his estimation of the powers of mind opposed to him.

"Madam," answered he, "I thank you for your desire to make me better, though your *sweetners* should not succeed. I pique myself on seeing things as they *are*, and set my face always steadily against every species of romance."

In so saying, he gave a consequential *hem*, and turned his eyes towards "poor George," his nephew, whose nerves are, luckily for himself, not externally perturbable, and though I am certain he *felt* that "more was meant than met the ear," he continued, as calmly as possible, to converse with my aunt, whom he had engaged in a *tête-à-tête*.

We were now reminded by M<sup>c</sup>Carthy More that Innisfallen was only the beginning, not the end of our progress; and, regaining our barge,

we were again embarked. This may be a proper place to tell you, lest I should forget it hereafter, that to prevent any unavailing efforts on your part at tracing the pedigree of so great a personage as the said King of our Killarney lake-men, the word *More*, which appears like a surname, is in reality the Irish for *Great*, as *Beg* is for *Little*: so that M<sup>c</sup>Carthy More means the great or chief M<sup>c</sup>Carthy.

We now bent our course towards Glena. If you were not coming one of these days to see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears, the wonders of this little elysium, I should send you my journal at once, where almost every tree is registered as if I were an Irish tenant, and had planted them myself; but of description you will not have much in my letter, or it would swell to a volume; and, as it is, you would be bankrupt, were it not for your good luck, which again presents a private opportunity of sending a packet to you.

At Glena we landed, and here the arbutus arrested our steps, and fixed the party for some time in amazement at its quantity and size.

Here too, our *Monarch* informed us that we should fish for our dinner, inviting us to watch the process of drawing a net. Broken into groups, we seated ourselves along the margin of the lake, and I for one could have believed myself translated into some happier region, *at least* intermediate between heaven and earth. As I muttered something to this effect, I heard a sound behind me resembling the growl of a dog who is not quite sure whether he should bark or not. I turned round, and beheld old Bentley at my heels ; and this movement had the effect which it would have operated on one of the canine species in giving voice to the *grumble*.

“Aye, aye, poetry and sentiment—romance and delusion ! But yours, Mr. Howard, is the natural age for all these humbugs. You will come to your senses before your glass runs out, and find that you are mistaken in your views of happiness.”

“Well, sir,” said I, “it is some comfort that at my time of life you *admit* of my being deceived into bliss ; and as life is short, as well as precarious, it is a great matter to be delighted even

with *shadows*. But why do you set your face, Mr. Bentley, against nature, and insist upon forestalling the season of care, and laying burthens of anxiety on shoulders not fitted to the toil of supporting them? The colt in the forest is allowed to range at liberty till his strength is matured, and he can bear the load that is destined for his back. Do you really think that it is right to anticipate evil, and never enjoy present good?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Bentley; "but a wise man removes the veil from his eyes as soon as possible, and endeavours to see through the mists of folly and prejudice which obscure his horizon. He directs all his energies to the pole star of truth, which will quickly place the things of this world in their just light to his understanding, and teach him that what is called society is a foul cheat; a dishonest compact, by which people agree to jockey each other, and pass, like counterfeit coin, for the things that they are not; assuming manners, professing regard, and displaying dispositions the very opposite of those that are exhibited when the mask is



taken off in the privacy of retirement. Then, as to sunshine, and fine scenery, let people enjoy them for the *time* if they will, but not imagine that a cloudless sky or perennial green would change the heart of man and make him contented. No, sir, independence is the only positive good of merely earthly origin; it gives us the power of being useful to others, and of being disengaged from the trammels of the world ourselves."

"And pray," said Mrs. Fitzroy, who leaned on my right arm, while Emily occupied the left, Mr. Otway and George Bentley bringing up the rear of *our* division, "are such feelings as you express likely to lead to your conclusion? Will riches be employed for the relief of others who want their aid, by a man who thinks of his fellow-creatures as you do, and looks at creation through a jaundiced medium?"

"Perhaps not always with *intention*, madam," said old *Crabstick*; "but the beauty of money is that it works without impulse, and *must* do good in spite of its possessor. Even a miser, who expends only enough to preserve life, is

hoarding that which, if useless now, will circulate hereafter for the benefit of mankind. And this is an extreme case : there are few misers in the community."

"I conclude then," said Mrs. Fitzroy, "that you approve of money matches as they are called, and would not readily forgive a son of yours if you had one, for marrying badly, in a worldly sense?"

"Certainly, madam," answered old Bentley, with great animation, and apparently charmed with having an opportunity in this natural manner of giving out the whole "head and front" of his opinion upon so important a subject, *perhaps* with a secret view of regulating the conduct of his nephew, "You are perfectly right, very right indeed in your supposition, Mrs. Fitzroy. Money matches are the *only matches*. Money meets money, there is no deception in that sympathy, all else is balderdash; and except in a very few remarkable cases of happy marriage, which like the flowers of the aloë, bloom only once in a hundred years, you may pick out and select with all your care the

finest ingredients of learning, taste, accomplishments, and so forth. I give you *carte blanche* in your choice, but bring them together at the altar, and in a year you will have a dish of *sour crout* as the result of your compound."

"How *can* you hold such opinions of your fellow-creatures, Mr. Bentley? It is surely you yourself that convert all mankind into acids, by looking on them. I should be afraid if you walked into my dairy, that the very milk-pans would turn to curds and whey on your entrance," answered Mrs. Fitzroy; "but were the fact really as you describe, I should like, for the sake of curiosity, to hear how you account for this transmuting effect of marriage on the human mind?"

"Why, madam, in various ways. In the principal number of instances, no transmutation at all takes place; the only difference is, that people discover each other's true characters when it is too late to remedy their want of accordance, and then it is much worse to find yourself ill yoked in marriage, than suffering disagreement in any other relation of life. If

children live unhappily with parents, there are all the chances of death, matrimony, and profession, for separating the discordant elements. If brothers and sisters quarrel, *they* too are free to hope at least for better days; and in both these cases the evil in question is not of a man's own contriving. No one feels lessened in his own eyes, however he may be otherwise vexed, if he loses at a game of hazard; but marriage is like chess, if we are *check-mated* there, it is our own fault, and proves our want of penetration. This, madam, is a grand cause of unhappiness in married life. People cannot forgive themselves for having sacrificed their liberties, and committed *felo de se* on their own peace. If you are not satisfied with the causes already given, of disunion in this generally luckless bond, I can supply you with fresh impediments to contentment, without going out of my way in search of them. I see people every day whose wits are all laid up in ordinary, like ships of war after a battle, which, when once the conflict is over, are dismantled, and left to their fate. Intellect, madam, which you ladies of the



*Blue school* make such a fuss about, is a pretty toy in the hands and heads of single folk, who turn it to account for pleasure or profit; but in married life, it is not wanted. People who are buckled together, probably know each other's sentiments upon most subjects; and no one would ever be at the trouble of talking upon abstract matters, if the vanity of display, the pride of triumph and the stimulus of novelty, were put out of the question. The world of *fashion* is not troubled with brains in either *one* condition or the *other*; and as for your Darbys and Joans, it is far better for them to nod at each other in a couple of arm-chairs in the chimney corner, than debate about morals, manners, or 'the Punic war.' Madam, man is *sui generis*, a pugnacious dogged animal, and requires all the restraints which public opinion imposes, to prevent him from being rude and overbearing. Amongst strangers he *must* not be so, or if he give way, and outstep the bounds of propriety, he is sure to get a timely rap over the knuckles, which calls him to order; but in his own family he is generally a bear without its muzzle on, and

depend upon it, the less *argument* the better between the sexes, when once they are noosed in the holy bands. They have enough to do to get through the daily affairs of life, without fighting in earnest upon practical subjects; and are foolish if they throw away time in idle skirmishing on theoretical topics. What signifies it to any man, or woman either, whether Newton's *Principia* be founded, or not, in true philosophy; whether Lock's Essay on the Human Understanding be or be not unanswerable; whether air and water are simples or compounds; whether the earths can be turned into metals, and diamonds be reducible, so as to leave no residuum behind in the crucible. Such points are very useful and interesting to mathematicians, professors of moral philosophy and chemists, but what have lawyers, physicians, officers in the army and navy, merchants, and country gentlemen, to do with these matters at their fire-sides? No, madam, peop'le must, that is, the *major part* of mankind, must marry, for so it is ordained. The earth must be replenished, and marriage is the nursery to furnish a succession of young

plants, as the old ones die down, and return to their dust; but *wise* people (I grant you that they are few in number), purchase exemption from many of the thorns and vexations of life by the union of well-lined purses. Prudent parents, by insisting on good settlements and suitable *pin-money* (as a separate income is foolishly called), may secure their daughters against the tyranny of present power, and future extravagance; while a man who marries a good fortune, is enabled to relieve both himself and his wife from the *tedium vitæ* of each other's society, by keeping a hospitable table at which cheerful company may beguile the monotony of domestic routine."

Mrs. Fitzroy smiled, and said, "Well, at least you are candid enough to throw the principal odium on the male part of creation, and I believe that many women would heartily thank you for the establishment of liberal *pin* money, which, according to your account, is very *aptly* named I think, as it is the only arrangement you say, that attaches the parties to each other, and prevents perpetual flying off?"

“Yes, madam, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, money is at the *bottom* of domestic strife. Some women are fools and lavish, others are cunning and narrow-minded; but, almost *all* men are devoted to the *love of power*, and hate to share the dominion over their coffers. It may perhaps surprise you to hear what I am going to say, coming from the lips of a rough mortal like myself, but I will confess that I have never known any thing approaching to happiness or respectability in married life where, if the woman did not manage all the pecuniary concerns of the family, she had not at least an equal share in them. I have a tolerably bad opinion, generally speaking, of *both* sexes, but of the *two*, I think yours better than my own. Lord Chesterfield, who saw human nature in its true colours, though he abuses men and women without *parsimony*, still allots something of a better character, because a less selfish one to the ladies, when in his division of mankind, he asserts that “the former are compounded of vanity and avarice; the latter of vanity and love.”



"I hate these cynics," said Mrs. Fitzroy; "and as to *you*, Mr. Bentley, I feel certain, that some early disappointment in life might tell its tale, and account for your cross-grained notions of the world. Let me hear what Mr. Otway says on this subject."

"My opinions," said the amiable Lord of Lisfarne, so far agree with those of my worthy friend, that I feel the imperfection of my *species*, and have only to turn my thoughts inward to perceive the depravity and weakness of the human heart. Yet in this motley world there is *much* enjoyment, *much* rational happiness, if we use with moderation the materials which Providence has bountifully placed within our reach. The fact is, that this scene is *too* alluring with all its errors and misfortunes; and a far greater share of good might be achieved if we did not mar our own happiness. It has been my lot to see the finest endowments of human character united in the bonds of wedded affection, and I have lived to see such perfect harmony in married life, that I can never charge the preponderance of misery that we

daily witness to the state *itself*. On the contrary, were people to employ only as much attention in this most important act of life, as they do in any ordinary traffic, we should not have to deplore the shipwreck of domestic happiness in ninety-nine instances out of every hundred : but I am far from thinking that it requires to be highly gifted to be happy. If the capacity of one vessel be as a pint, that of another as a gallon, and a third as a hogshead, all may be *full*, and none can be *more* than full. I am of opinion, too, that very unequal measures of intellect may meet both profitably and agreeably in connubial life, though there can be no doubt of the superior charms of such companionship as that to which I first alluded ; but it is a singular coincidence, that I should at this moment have a letter in my pocket from a relation of my own, precisely apposite to our present argument, which, if you like, I will read to you."

We had just requested to hear the story, when Frederick came running out of breath, to summon us all to the beach where the nets were

drawing. We immediately started up, and hurrying towards the shore, adjourned our debate till after dinner, when *Phil.* engaged to fulfil his promise. Assembled on the edge of the lake, we saw several of the finest salmon I ever beheld, brought to land, and M'Carty More having secured two of the largest, for which he made the bargain himself, he proposed that we should proceed to Dinas Island, where the fish was to be roasted after the manner in which the people here are accustomed to dress it. As we were preparing to go on board the boat, Frederick whispered to me a remark that M'Carty had made, in his untutored phrase, upon Bentley the elder, and Mr. Otway, as he saw them walking forward together.

"There goes a pair that were never made to walk abreast."

"How do you mean?" said Fred.

"Why, sir, that straight and crooked, bitter and sweet, short and long, are fitter for harness than those two men."

"Describe them M'Carty," answered Fred.

"I will then," replied the boatman. "Mr.

Otway is just what a *raecal* gentlemen ought to be, neither too rough nor too smooth. He knows his *distance* (meaning, I conclude, his station), and never mounts above it, nor falls below it; he is mild and good like a child, though a *raisonable* man, that has a why for every wherefore; but Mr. Bentley, Sir, never got out of bed in his life, that it was'nt with the left foot foremost, and so every thing goes contrary with him."

How admirable are these rough sketches by ignorant beings of the lowest class! Oh the exquisite beauty of Dinas! but I have made a vow not to entangle you in bowers, nor plunge you in the silver stream. This island is flat, and of much greater extent than Innisfallen; there is a pretty cottage upon it, where preparations were made for our repast by those amphibious animals who live indifferently on land and water, and who were suddenly metamorphosed into cooks, having previously performed the parts of rowers, and next of fishermen. They instantly split the salmon, and having cut some stakes of arbutus, *spitted* the



fish, and fixed it in the ground, then lighting a fire all round, completed the operation with culinary skill, and served up, in process of time, the best dish of fish that I have tasted. This mode of cooking has a peculiar name, and a salmon dressed in the manner that I have mentioned, is said to be *kibboded*, the term, as Mr. Oliphant informed us, applied to a favourite food in Persia, which is made by splitting and broiling fowls, as the fish was managed here, and in the method to which we gave the name of *spatchcock*—another coincidence between that country and the Island of Saints. When we had finished our rural banquet, and again *filed off* into detachments, I found myself pursuing a beautiful pathway among the trees, along the border of the Lake, arm-in-arm with Mr. Otway; and, when we had interchanged some remarks on the loveliness of the surrounding scenery, I begged him to give me a key to some of the characters that composed our party.

“Mr. Bentley is a very amusing person to me,” said I, “and his *running bass* of ill humour so *good* humouredly expressed, forms an

anomaly in his manner exceedingly diverting. Mrs. Fitzroy too is very agreeable, and the continual skirmishing sustained with so much spirit on her side, between that lady and Mr. Bentley, is fully as pleasant as "Mathews at Home;" but I am not enough acquainted to understand her completely, and, as for young Bentley, though I *like* him much, and *esteem* him more, I am not familiar with his *style*, and wish, of all things, for some light into his history."

"You have set me a task," answered Mr. Otway, "which would require more time to execute than we have at present to spare; but you are perfectly right in your conjecture, that they are all three worth knowing *au fond* as characters of peculiar though very different construction; and I look upon every one of them as such a well defined specimen of its genus, that were I assorting mankind, as a cutler does knives and scissors, I would stick my three friends on the outside of my parcels, as indexes to the contents within each paper of the several classes to which they belong. Though the lady claims

precedence, I will tell you something of my old neighbour to begin with:—Mrs. Fitzroy made a true hit to-day, when she said that she was certain he had been disappointed in early life. It was exactly the case. He began the world with humble expectations, and was intended for the profession of an attorney. Nature had given him a strong and shrewd understanding, set in one of those brazen scabbards that defy the inroads of time and bad weather. He was one of many children, and accustomed, as the sailors say, to *roughing it*, through life. With a body in which *nerves* were left out, and a mind divested of any troublesome sensibilities, he *tackled* to his calling, and had not fortune stepped in between him and the necessity of working for his bread, would not only have been one of the most active of the busy fraternity with which he was incorporated, but would also, I believe, have set a praiseworthy example of upright conduct; for I look upon him as a man of incorruptible integrity. He had finished his *noviciate*, and was just embarking in this minor department of the law, with a respectable coad-

jutor, when he began to think that a partner of the softer sex might be a proper *copying to the wall* of his destiny; and accordingly he made his proposals to a young lady of some personal attraction, and such a convenient *modicum* of wealth as, without rendering it presumptuous to approach her, flattered his self-complacency with the prospect of meriting, at least, an *ovation* for his success. There was no *if* in the calculation; a doubt never once insinuated itself into his mind; not that he was a conceited or overbearing young man by any means; but his opinions, derived from vulgar sources, were made up in bundles, endorsed, and stowed away in the various compartments of his pericranium, where they were alphabetically arranged like papers in the pigeon-holes of his desk. On looking at number thirteen, letter M, and taking down the packet, he found it docketed ‘Marriage;’ and on turning a page, the following synopsis of contents may, we suppose, have presented itself to his view:—‘Eight and twenty; fair time to look for a wife—marriage, convenient for man—indispensable for woman—idle



to marry without money—a profession, may reasonably be reckoned against three or four thousand pounds. Any thing over five feet eight *tells* in the appearance of a man; figure of more consequence than face, with a man *on his preferment* as touching the other sex.’ It was not needful to seek farther into the documents thus labelled. My worthy friend, perhaps, heaved a natural sigh, as he involuntarily approached his faithful mirror for the purpose of smartening his dress, and read the mortifying sentence of ‘hard featured,’ which, added to the painful certainty that he wanted two inches of standard measure, might have damped the energies of our would-be Benedick, had it not been that some unseen but friendly spirit so frequently takes compassion on our humiliation, and whispers comfort in extremity. Such consolatory unction was poured into Bentley’s bosom in this trying moment. If his optics rested on a snub nose, ferret eyes, and pock-marked cheeks, his good genius breathed into his ear the words ‘quick, intelligent, droll;’ and when the fidelity of a two-foot rule forced the

unwelcome conviction of five feet six as the utmost height to which truth would permit him to aspire, the soothing sounds of 'well-built, compact, genteel,' again fell on his organ of hearing, as if sent from Heaven to encourage his faltering purpose. The toilette ended, Bentley took his well brushed hat, and catching up a slight rattan, which not only gave a finish to that *dapper* activity on which he meant to rest the character of his appearance, to which *grace* was unfortunately denied, but was likewise useful in supplying an object *with* which to twirl away an awkward feeling, should such arise, our hero set out, and walked towards Surgeon Sharp's, with an expression in his gait which, if called upon to translate, you would have interpreted by the words, 'secure, confident, and self-satisfied.' Alas! what vicissitudes are incident to our mortal career!

"Bentley returned to number one, Mortgage Row, had a rapid vision of his chop-fallen countenance in the large brass plate upon which was engraved 'Deeds, Bentley and Co. ;' rushed to his apartment, exchanged his black stock for

an easier neck-cloth, and, whistling louder than he had ever been known to do before, took four steps in every stride down stairs, and joined his partner, a keen, sarcastic, but sensible man, from whom I had the greater part of these particulars, at dinner. But, as every man has his evil, as well as his friendly genius, rumour has spread to the winds that poor Bentley's thoughts being unpleasantly occupied, he wished to drown them, and swallowing a more liberal potation than was his ordinary custom, of native spirit, diluted with warm water, and seasoned with lemon and sugar, experience confirmed the proverb of '*in vino veritas*,' the half-muttered sounds of 'rejected addresses,' and stimulated the curiosity of Mr. Jacob Deeds. The distressing confession distilled from Bentley's lips, and so entirely did he lose all prudent controul over his feelings, that the boy who passed to and fro with the dinner apparatus, heard sufficient of his misadventure to make a good foundation, and splicing on from his own invention as much as was requisite to complete the story, he published his master's disgrace with the diligence of

a bell-man that evening. When Bentley went to court on the following day, he was attacked on all sides, and to come to the *moral* of my tale, this *debut* in *love affairs* gave the bias which has influenced the life and character of my honest neighbour from seven and twenty to sixty years of age. Had *affection* been blighted, I could not even *now* laugh at his expense, but his pride alone was engaged. The prudential aphorisms which he had learned of vulgar parents, had established certain points as fixed principles in his mind, not requiring farther discussion. Amongst these, was the firm belief that no young woman could possibly refuse a tolerable match, and *partiality* having, perhaps, represented the offer of his own hand as something *beyond* the average of good luck in the case of Miss Sharp, it was too much for his philosophy to find such a flaw in a theory which might have otherwise lasted to the end of his days, and not only this vexation in the abstract, but the particular sting of furnishing the contradiction in his own person. He began with rage, and finding no balsam in his wrath, he



turned on mankind, and revenged, by the poignancy of his satire against the whole species, this fancied wrong inflicted by a single individual. In a short time after, an advertisement appeared in the papers, setting forth the death of a person who possessed considerable property, and who dying intestate, and without any near relations, the next of kin were called upon to declare themselves. At the end of a suit which occupied four or five years, my friend's claim was substantiated, and he was put in peaceable possession. The progress of time, which mellows men and wine, together with the healing which affluence brought to his pride, operated a salutary change, not in kind but degree. His mind had received a bent which no after circumstances of his life had power to alter, but every year has produced a softening effect, and he is now, comparatively, smooth as oil. George, who is the only son of a brother, who died a few years ago, will probably inherit his uncle's estate, if he can submit to the penalty of being guided solely by his advice. Of this I doubt, and, as I have a great regard for the young

man, I cannot help watching him with anxiety."

I delight so much in Mr. Otway, that I treasure all he says, and have given you his account of old Bentley as nearly as possible, in his own words; but just as I pressed him to tell me all that he knew of the nephew, we were joined by some stragglers of our party, amongst whom was Bentley himself. The weather was enchanting, the Lake dotted with boats, and we perceived that our island was not sacred to *us*. As we proceeded to explore the intricacies which thickets of the finest evergreens concealed from our view, several voices assailed us at once; we saw a number of gay-looking people land from a barge at a little distance; feathers waved in the air, peals of laughter were driven by the breeze, and we would gladly have retired, but a sort of rude curiosity, common to fashionable people, impelled the strangers to overtake and *see what we were like*. Conceive my astonishment on hearing my name pronounced, and, in a moment, finding myself in the midst of a group composed of Lady Matilda Murray, her

pretty daughters, her son Henry, Lord John Craven, young Lewellyn Spencer, and half a score others, with whom I was slightly, or not at all acquainted, and who might have been mistaken for figures hired from a hair dresser's shop window to swell Lady Matilda's train, if it had not been for the uproar that they made. Conscious, long ago, of the revolution which has taken place in my mind, I never knew its full extent till this meeting. Nay, I have often felt at intervals that opportunity might again betray me into my former participation in all the follies which used to occupy without interesting me; but Dinas island has finished my conversion. The place seemed absolutely profaned by the presence of this silly group of milliners' dolls, and hair-dressers' dandies. It was so incongruous a sight, that, forgetting how lately I had been one of themselves; that I too had lived in London's west end, and that steam packets and post horses had not ceased to be when *I* was deposited in the County of Kerry, I wondered like an idiot how they came to Kilarney; and I believe looked as the savage o

Averon might have done, had he suddenly met the *beau monde* of Versailles in his forest. The whole set gathered round me at once, and, totally regardless of the company to which I was attached, they overwhelmed me with questions all talking together. Even Miss Murray, whom we used to call the "sleeping beauty," seemed inspired with animation, and became as obstreperous as her sister. When the din had in some degree subsided, Lady Matilda, in a languid drawl, said, "I assure you, Mr. Howard, you should not waste time in these wilds. Reports are in circulation respecting some members of your family; and delays are dangerous. The prize may slip out of your sister's fingers if you are tardy. I speak as a true friend, I do assure you." "Aye, aye," added her ass of a son, who was standing close to us, "bag the game Howard as fast as you can, or i' faith it may fly and leave you in the lurch."—Before I had time to utter a syllable in reply to these impertinencies, Miss Angelina Murray abruptly exclaimed, "oh! but would it not be excellent if Mr. Howard were to give us a sermon *al fresco*,



All the world is of opinion that he has turned Methodist, and it would be charming to tell of this adventure when we go back. Do dear Mr. Howard, you may make it as short as ever you please; but *do* indulge us with a discourse. Here I will send Lord John for my cloak; you shall put it on, and fancy it a full suit of canonicals. Pray do not disappoint your congregation."

This wit, which appeared to be considered quite attic, was received with bursts of laughter, which intoxicating its vapid author, she would have gone on plaguing me with her nonsense till now, if I had not cleared my throat, and, like a canary bird, conquered every other voice by the vociferation of my own. At length I was heard, and succeeded in telling Lady Matilda that I had come like herself to see Killarney; that like her too I intended returning to town, and if arrived there before her Ladyship, should be happy to execute her commands.

"Thank you," said she, "I shall return myself as fast as my delicate health will permit, and shall be happy to take you back in my suite.

You seem to have got into a set of odd-looking people here. *Natives*, I conclude; and the sooner you leave them the better. As to me, I never was so weary in my life; and am so frightened too, since I came into this barbarous country, that I do not attempt to sleep, though I make two of the servants sit up every night with loaded arms to repel an attack. It is more than my nerves can endure; and I fear that I have already suffered in a greater degree than I am aware of."

"Are you not pleased with this scenery," said I, "Lady Matilda?" turning a deaf ear to absurdities which I could not answer: "Killarney is the only place with which, after hearing such encomiums as all people of taste lavish upon its exquisite beauty, I have not been disappointed; and the lower Lake is nothing, I am told, in comparison of what we have to see." "I shall see no more, I promise you," replied *Miladi*; "I have had enough of this sort of thing. The air is too damp—it disagrees with me; and besides, the object is achieved. *We have been at Killarney*, and may pass our travelling examination:

This sort of thing is vastly tiresome, and too fatiguing for my nerves. Then '*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*,' I dread the Trosach, but I suppose that we must make a tour in Scotland, Lord John is so bent upon it; and really three days more in this horrible place would kill me."

Joyful to my ear were the sounds of parting; and having extricated myself, I scarcely know how, from this "unreal mockery," I took my leave, with a promise to call upon her Ladyship, and, bidding adieu to the rest of her *Court*, I bounded over every obstacle of rock or brushwood, that separated me from my own party, and never felt the triumph of nature and good sense to be so complete as when I regained their society, and listened once more to their refreshing conversation. We were not molested any farther. I saw some of Lady Matilda's attendant swains yawn and stretch their arms, as I passed them by; and it was not long before we discovered them re-embarked, with cloaks spread across their knees, as a substitute for tables, and engaged in two regular matches at cards, while their boat returned towards Ross' Castle.

*We* lingered untired till the moon rose upon the water, and never will the impression of that evening be erased from my imagination. We rowed round Dinas, we coasted Glena, and again took a view of Innisfallen wrapped in shadows. We had two bugles on board, and were so fortunate as to secure a man of the name of Spillane, who is a capital performer, for our principal musician. Nothing could be more rapturous than the sensations I experienced when M'Carty, whose fine athletic form, as he sweeps the oar, is worthy of the canvass, called to Spillane and his brother bugler, saying, "Come, my hearties, the oars are flagging — blast up a tune that will make the boat walk of herself." No sooner had the word been given, than the inspiring air of Stuart memory, called "Who'll be King but Charley?" was admirably played. The effect was magical. The sinews that had been flaccid before, from heat and toil, seemed braced afresh. The men were silent — sat erect — and appeared endowed with new powers. No longer a set of slouching boors, mumbling each his quid of tobacco, which the



peasants here chew as the Turks do opium or beetle nut, our boatmen rose in dignity as they yielded to the talismanic influence of a strain replete with the expression of spirit and pathos, that *rainbow* character of music, so deeply interesting, and of which the Irish are so sensible, that it seems to speak directly to their hearts, in a language all their own. The boat really *did* appear, as M'Carty said, "to walk of herself" over the Lake, so long, so smooth, so vigorous, was the pull, and such perfect time did the rowers observe; but Spillane's power of enchantment was not confined to them. The whole band partook of the emotion which he excited. My dear aunt turned her face towards the dark wooded side of Glenna, and rivers of gentle tears were silently mingled with the waves below. Mrs. Fitzroy stood up, fired, as she afterwards said, with such enthusiasm, that, like Semiramis of antient memory, she could in that moment have placed herself at the head of a warlike host, and led them on to death or victory. She absolutely looked pale with the intenseness of sublime sensation. Russell was, as

usual, in a state of convulsion; and all were silent, till, actuated by an impulse compounded of all the varied sensibilities of those around me, I gave utterance to a passing wish that I was Charles-Edward. "And I Flora M'Donald!" exclaimed dear little Fanny; who seemed delighted at having her tongue untied, and finding a precedent in my rapture for expressing her own — but without the most distant idea of paying me a compliment, by coupling her destiny with mine. *Her* wish had, in fact, been formed without reference to me; and, had I said anything else than what I did say, it would have equally unlocked Fanny's lips, who longed to speak, but who was withheld by a native modesty, which is inseparable even from her moments of greatest excitement, from being the *first* to do so. It was *her* turn now to govern our sympathies. She had touched a new spring, and many a gay smile shone through the tears that had been flowing. Many a merry peal of hearty laughter brought us again into cheerful communion. "Miss Fanny Douglas," said Russell, "I envy Howard, who has received so ex-

plicit a declaration of your kind feelings towards him." Fanny looked *blank* for a second or two before she caught his meaning, so *single* had been the thought that occupied her mind when she spoke — but seizing on the new idea presented, she blushed violently, *only* because it *was* new; and with that exquisite *naïveté* which is worth all the treasures of Golconda, she hastily answered, "Indeed, no; I did not think of any one except my favourite Pretender alone; but that makes little difference, for my cousin knows perfectly well that whatever Flora could accomplish for Charles-Edward I should desire to perform for Arthur, if he stood in need of my assistance."

I must now hurry you to the landing-place, transport you from thence to the inn, dispatch supper, and distribute the group into their several apartments. Russell contrived, as I squeezed into mine, which is hardly large enough to turn about in, to impart his secret to the faithful *porches* of mine ear; and I have it now from his own confession, that he is in the list of *killed and wounded*. I asked whether he had any rea-

son to expect reciprocity of disposition, but he said no. "I *hope*, but I certainly have no reason to *expect*. These charming Douglasses love each other so much that it is very difficult to penetrate their sentiments towards strangers. Girls in general think little of mothers, except as necessary appendages. A *chaperone* is indispensable, and therefore young ladies tolerate their mammas in that character; but these cousins of yours seem to idolize their parent, and to be almost absorbed in studying her countenance, and reading every thought as it arises in her soul." Annesley's entrance interrupted our dialogue, which ended for the present; and the next morning saw us gliding over the calm expanse which we had traversed the day before, to visit a new region, of such perfection as, if I had not forsworn all description, would puzzle me to find words in which to clothe it. Traits and touches — mere memoranda — are all that I shall give you. Of the first, I must relate one which is worthy of your moral sketch-book. There is a narrow strait, of exquisite beauty, dividing the upper from the lower lake, which,



from the shelving nature of the ground, assumes somewhat the appearance of a rapid. At this place it is customary for the boatmen to quit their boats, which are dragged up by main force to a joyous cry, which they raise in concert, as American sailors do in heaving the anchor. It is a particularly cheerful sound, and pleasing from the measured cadence in which it is given. While the boatmen, who strip off their shoes and stockings, jump into the water, and ranging themselves two and two, perform this feat, the company are always landed, and pursue a winding path on the verge of the water, till the boat is drawn into the lake above, and they are ushered into that aquatic paradise.

On the night preceding this day, a poor fellow had reached this narrow pass from the upper country in a tiny skiff. A sudden gust, which frequently occurs in this amphitheatre of mountains, hurried him so irresistibly down the watery descent that his little bark was overset, and no human being living near the spot, his voice was not heard;—unable to swim, he was drowned, and his lifeless corse was extricated in

the morning from a bed of arbutus, which lay so softly on the surface of the lake that it appeared more like a Naiad's couch than the bier of poor Florence O'Neil. Our men were none of them related to him. They only knew who he was, and that he was unfortunate. When we reached this little gorge, we were told to prepare for landing, and M'Carty More standing up in the boat, poising his oar with graceful ease, and making no more of its weight than if it had been a straw, addressed himself to us all, and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I hope that your honours will not take it amiss if we draw up the boat silent and quiet, like the poor fellow himself that lay here this morning." So saying, he and his comrades, without uttering a sound, pulled our bark forward in the profoundest stillness; thus paying a tribute of delicate feeling to the manes of a departed brother, which would have adorned a far higher class in life. We were all affected by this incident, which was quickly changed from a merely sentimental occurrence into one of practical compassion and usefulness, by a proposal from my aunt, that the

same spot which had in the former moment been dedicated to remembrance of the dead, should now be marked by tender care for the living. "Here is my subscription," said she, "and when we have made up a little sum for the widow and orphans of poor Florence, M'Carty More, if you please, shall have the pleasure of bestowing it." Joy lit up the countenances which had been just before honestly expressive of sadness, and showers of choicest blessings were lavished on the mover of this benevolent project. M'Carty's thanks were as warm, as if he had been made rich himself; and when Russell good humouredly said to him, "I suppose that you are flattered, by being chosen to convey glad tidings to the poor woman and her children, and pleased that Mrs. Douglas should put such confidence in you;" his noble reply was, "No your honour. The lady would not have mistrusted *any* of us; we may all be bad enough, but there is not a man in the boat, I'll be bound to say, would rob the widow. Every one of these lads, sir, gave half a crown this morning to bury poor O'Neil, and while

they had a potato themselves they would not *be-grudge* the half of it to her that's left desolate."

Mrs. Fitzroy gave a searching look, and shook her head at old Bentley, who growled under his breath, but for *once* did not express his scepticism in words. We now entered the upper lake, and all language fails to do justice here.

Do you remember the happy valley of Abyssinia, described in *Rasselas*? Here is in water what that was in land. So completely are you surrounded with the magnificent range of mountains which inclose this little world of beauty, that you seem as if separated at once from all that is external to it. You perceive no means of either egress or ingress, and but for the recollection of having entered by that narrow pass which I have described, might fancy yourself let down from the skies. This lake is sprinkled over thickly with islands, every one of which would make a picture in itself. These are covered with the most luxuriant evergreens, the glossy brightness of which might warrant a be-



lief (were fairies as efficient personages as in the "olden time") that they had been under water till your approach, and rose at that moment into air, "dripping odours" in all the freshness of a new creation. While we gazed in astonishment at the scene before us, silence again took up her sceptre, and no one appeared willing to disturb her reign.

I cannot with accuracy describe any feelings save my own, though I think I could read several minds amid the group; but for myself, I felt actually raised above this nether sphere, and as if I was holding communion with Deity, in this the first hour of my life in which I beheld his perfect workmanship, unspoiled by the finger of man. I was in a *trance*, and should have lost every remembrance that human creatures surrounded me, had not M'Carty More, in a half whisper directed to Frederick, who wins every heart which was not already his own, interrupted my musings by saying, "Mr. Douglas, I come from the rightful kings of this place, and though I am a poor man now, I can make *you* king, sir, of one of these *islands*, and, with the help o'God,

you *shall* be king of it sure enough: pull my hearties for M'Carty More's Island."

We were awakened from our reverie. The tear drops were brushed from aunt Douglas's eye. Mrs. Fitzroy's cheek, which blanches with emotion, resumed its colour. Emily and Charlotte, whose countenances are the most pelucid, mirrors of all that passes within, were illuminated by Frederick's approaching triumph, and Fanny's ready joy sparkled so brightly in her eyes, as, in a poet's fancy at least, to make the rippling of the lake, while our bark shot nimbly through its gentle bosom, shine with more dancing radiance than the sun alone could have imparted. Now followed a scene of mock heroic, amusing from the gravity with which it was conducted, and curious from the mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of law and fiction, which it involved. We were marshalled by M'Carty in a circle, on this beautiful *spangle* of earth, the sovereignty of which was to be bestowed upon our youthful chief. Frederick was placed in the midst; a sod was cut from the turf, and an arbutus twig severed from the shrubs which

hung over our heads. With these insignia of feudal investiture, M'Carty approached the monarch who was to be, and kneeling on one knee presented *seizin* of his dominions, with an appropriate enumeration in correct Latin, of the rights and royalties intended to be conveyed by this Imperial grant, the boatmen forming a semicircle exterior to the ring already mentioned. When Frederick received the symbols of his enfeoffment with a graceful bow, a shout from the men proclaimed the act of acceptance; and next followed the anointing, which was *here* performed with "mountain dew," alias whiskey, which I suspect M'Carty and his fellows prefer on such occasions to oil. Two or three bottles of this Irish usquebaugh were brought from the boat, one of them was dashed upon a rock, and the name of "Frederick's Island," pronounced by M'Carty, who enacted the part of high-priest. The next step was to quaff a libation to the honour of the new monarch, in which part of the ceremony he was obliged to join; and after drinking to the health and happiness of the crew, Fred. was installed,

desired to take his seat on the rude throne prepared by spirituous unction for his accommodation, and to exercise his first act of authority, in arresting the arm of Russell, who was busily employed in cutting a fine walking-stick of *arbutus*.

The party were again seated in their boat, when old Bentley repaid Mrs. Fitzroy's piercing look, of which I told you, *in kind*, and with his *grimest* expression of discontent, turned to her, with, "*There* madam ! *There* are cunning rascals for you ! Those scoundrels will elect a king from every boat-load of blockheads that they bring to the upper lake during the season, and will wheedle money out of the *royal* pocket, and guzzle whiskey at the general cost, till they have not an eye left in their heads." How Mrs. Fitzroy would have turned the edge of old Bentley's ire if she had been disengaged, I cannot tell, but she was listening with so much interest to Domine, that Bentley's tirade passed over her mind, and seemed to be shaken from it like "dew drops from the lion's mane," while she gave her attention to Mr. Oliphant, who is really



a mine of knowledge, and who possesses the art of rendering it always pleasing, by his unaffected simple manner, the accuracy of his information, and the tact with which he imparts it.

The *investiture* which we had just witnessed, called forth an agreeable and instructive account of consecration in all its varieties of mode, from the field of Luz mentioned in the 28th chapter of Genesis, to the stone alluded to in the Odyssey, on which Neleus sat "equal in counsel to the Gods." Pope, I remember, translated this passage in four lines, which I gave to Mrs. Fitzroy, in pencil on a scrap of paper, as Domine paused on his tide of learned lore :

"The old man early rose, walk'd forth and sat  
On polished stone, before his palace gate ;  
With unguent smooth, the lucid marble shone,  
Where ancient Neleus sat, a rustic throne."

From thence Mr. Oliphant adverted to the superstitious accounts of the Baithylia, or consecrated stones of Phœnicia mentioned in *Sanchoniatho*, and a great deal more very pleasantly communicated, which you shall have in my journal, but not *here*. I must, however, give you

the history of the stone which you and I looked at not long ago, in Westminster Abbey. It lies, you may recollect, under the old chair on which the Kings of England are crowned in the Chapel of Edward the First, and a Scotchman who was standing by when you and I were there took the whole credit of this sacred relique to himself, declaring that it was originally a supernatural gift to his country, and had a prophecy attached to it of the highest importance to the Caledonians. It was called "*Ni fallit Fatum*," and gave rise to the verses which are translated into English thus :

" Or Fate's deceived, or Heaven decrees in vain,  
Or where they find this stone the Scots shall reign."

But it seems that this precious morsel of antiquity, said to be the pillow of Jacob, on which he laid his head, when he slept on the plain of Luz, and dreamed of the ladder that reached to the skies, was really wrested from Ireland (whither it had travelled from its original site, first to Jerusalem, from thence into Spain, and thence again into this country, where it lay

treasured as it deserved to be, in the great Cathedral on the rock of Cashel) by Fergus the First of Scotland, who conveyed it to Scone, and on it the Scottish Kings were always placed to be crowned, till Edward the First transported this "Patriarchal bolster" to Westminster, where it is still preserved with veneration, not unmixed perhaps with a certain dread of seeing the dynasty pass away, should the stone set out again upon a *tour*, as the marriage of Margaret of Scotland into the Royal Family of England, gave colour to the fidelity of that prophecy to which I have alluded, when this bone of contention quitted its Northern abode.

If Domine had not soon come to the end of his story, we should probably have been out all night in the lakes, for so intense was the curiosity of M'Carty and his myrmidons to devour every syllable of the tale, that they lay upon their oars, and appeared in danger of being metamorphosed into images of stone themselves, such fixed attention did they bestow upon a legend which I am certain they quickly made their own.

To avoid producing a dearth of paper at Tralee, whence I procured my last supply, I shall now pack you up, and placing you in the car of a balloon, permit you no longer to loiter your happy hours amid scenes of enchantment. You must neither land on Ronayve's Island, nor accompany me to Fure Lake, nor wander by moonlight through the Abbey of Muccruss, nor toil to the top of the eagle's nest, nor visit Dunlow-gap, Mangerton punch-bowl, nor any other spot in this region of fascination. Were I to indulge your passion for romance, and allow you to linger any longer at Killarney, I should fear your becoming a hermit, and requesting Lord Kenmare's permission to build a cell, in which the remainder of your days would be dedicated to solitude and contemplation. Take then your bird's-eye view of the map, as it lies spread beneath you; return to your inn; with a mind torn between love and curiosity, quit the society of our charming female companions, leaving them under the care of Messieurs Otway, Oliphant, and Bentley senior, descend from your balloon, mount a rough Kerry poney, and



if you can ride like a Tartar through the desert, you may join Russell, Annesley, Frederick, Bentley *secundus*, and your humble servant, in a two day's trip over Kenmare mountain, the Priest's leap, and through Neddeen to Bantry. Oh Glengariffe, surpassing Glengariffe! thou "brightest gem of the Western wave," in what words am I to paint thee?

This transcendent spot was the limit of our excursion, and how can I, in general terms, more aptly sum up its attractions than in telling you, that *reeking*, as we were, from Killarney, the matchless scenery of which was still vibrating on every retina, shadowed in our imaginations and resting in the hearts of all our party, who felt as if nature was reposing, admiration drained to its dregs, and language run out, by all that we had been called upon to see, think, and feel, so recently, Glengariffe strung each palsied nerve anew. We rose "like giants refreshed with wine," and experienced that delight which only the highest excitement of mental or physical excellence occasionally produces, namely a consciousness of power within

ourselves, of which, till thus extraordinarily elicited, we do not dream of being in possession. Perhaps this is one of the most pleasurable feelings of the human mind, and we now enjoyed it rapturously, surprising our own ears with the awakened flow of eloquence, poured out from fountains which might have been supposed already exhausted; and admiring beauties in all around, the greatest charm of which, though sometimes undiscerned, is the vivid reflection from our own souls. But you must only glance your eye along that blue expanse, and catch a hasty glimpse of that splendid bay, where the concentrated powers of France, while menacing destruction, were themselves destroyed. Before we regain our inn, and rejoin our friends, you must pause for a moment with me in a scene which, from its singularity, delayed our retrograde progress.

Having mounted our shaggy steeds, we turned our faces, like Sir Bertram, "to the wolds," and conceitedly imagined ourselves able to retrace, unassisted, the homeward path; but we were mistaken; and after proceeding for some-

time without meeting a living creature of whom to ask the way, we at length espied a thing scarcely human, naked almost to the hips, and trotting at a quick, equal pace, holding a staff horizontally in both hands, and having a tattered weather-beaten bag that looked like an old Spanish wine skin, strapped upon his back.

“Who, and what are you?” exclaimed Russel.

This was not a conciliating address, and accordingly it was rudely answered: “May be as good as yourself. I am a post; and my father was a post before me.”

This letter-carrier for so we interpreted him to be, never relaxed his steady trot, nor condescended to be angry. Calm contempt appeared to be the feeling which dictated his reply; and he would have passed on his way with-deigning to look behind him, if Frederick had not said, in his cheerful manner, “My good fellow, I know that you are the very man to tell us how we shall get into the track that leads over the mountain to Killarney, for I have lost my way, and my friends here are strangers?”

The youth immediately became a *poste restante*, and gazing benignantly on Frederick, setting his voice to a very different modulation from that in which he first spoke and resting his chin on the staff which he now stuck into the ground, he replied, "Why then, indeed, I'd do more than that for ye. Go down till you see the smoke, then turn to the left and face north'ards; turn again to the west, and you'll find a track that will bring you out at the kiln by a short cut, and then you can't miss your way any more, but will get down into the *illegant* new road, along the upper lake which is so lonesome, and smothered in trees, that you might be *murthered* there in all aise, and pitched over into the lake, and no one know what become of you during ash nor oak."

"And pray," said Frederick, "how am I to find out north and west in this strange place."

"Then sure, your honour, I suppose, isn't such a poor scholar as that you wouldn't know very well by the sun."

Fred. gave the poor fellow a shilling, and en-



couraged with this agreeable notice, of the perfect *convenience* with which we could be "*murthered*," we pursued our route; and found the instructions which he had received, accurate to a tittle. The smoke, which was the first finger-post in the journey, brought us into a deep ravine, wild, barren, and silent as the grave, yet judging by the wreaths that seemed to be sent up from numerous chimnies that were invisible, populous of human life. We looked for habitations but there was not a single roof to be seen, nor an individual to be met with. Curiosity prompted us to approach nearer to this uncommon defile; and here we found numbers of poor creatures, who, terrified at the sound of so many horses' feet, and dreading a visit from the police, were employed in hastily extinguishing their fires. We speedily tranquillized their minds, and then received that generous welcome and hospitality which the poorest sons and daughters of Erin, never fail to extend to the stranger.

To be a *stranger*, far from exciting suspicion here, is a free passport to the best which these

kind people possess. Whiskey was all which these had to offer, for this was a little colony of illicit distillers. We tasted their *pottein* (their name here for the purest spirit) to oblige our hosts, and scattering a few pieces of silver amongst them, turned to the left, then to the north, made for the kiln, and were just descending from the moor, into something resembling a road, when a figure stalking along the horizon, of apparently gigantic stature, arrested our attention; we drew up, and as he *neared* us, we beheld indeed a prodigious form of at least six feet in height, black as Erebus, skin, clothes, and all; and armed with a pole of fully ten feet in length, terminated by an immense bush of holly. Warned by the former incivility which he had excited, Russell now thought proper to leave all enquiries to Frederick, who with a kind, "good morrow my lad," begged to know where this Patagonian was going, and why so accoutered?

"Plase your honour," answered the spectre, "I am the sweep o'the mountains, and I'm

going yander to clane some chimblies for the people."

What grotesque habits, and how extraordinary the mixture in this country of barbarism and civilization !

Arrived at length, we found all the pleasure of joining such a circle as we had left behind, doubled by our short absence.

An excursion such as this to Killarney, brings the people who are included in it, so informally and so constantly together as to preclude the possibility, I should think, of neutral feelings at parting. This is a strong proof, one would imagine, that a state of life mid-way between poverty and riches is the surest soil of domestic felicity. Rise *above* this middle standard, and you soar beyond the want of sympathy, and owe your principal gratifications, it may be, to fortune alone. Fall *below* the medium, and the anxieties of life press so painfully as to annihilate, from an opposite cause, that dependence on each other, which constitutes the perfection of human happiness.

Falkland, did you ever expect to hear these sentiments from your friend Arthur Howard?

We had now passed ten days in an intercourse so intimate, so intellectual, the tastes, the faculties, of each individual had been brought into such activity, that, like the manufacturers of soda water who compress three or four atmospheres into a pint bottle, we seemed to have condensed into one short fortnight, more solid enjoyment of life, than would eke out half a century in the vapid inanity of fashionable routine. During this blissful dream, we had known nothing of factitious wants, nor artificial accommodations. There was a simplicity, a reality in our pleasures which deluded us into forgetfulness that the "sweetest are still the fleetest," because they seemed so natural that one did not see *why* they were to cease; and when the last evening actually arrived, it came with a shock as dreadful, as if entirely unexpected. The fastidiousness of former habits had vanished. Our apartments were large, and numerous enough, our cold dinners were eaten with appetite. We had felt no blank, and we



desired no accession to our comforts. Such are the charms of *that* society which I reviled, because I did not comprehend, and was unable at first to appreciate its value. Alas! I know it now too well; and yet I am better off than my neighbours. I may hope to pass much of my time with the Douglas family, while poor Russell and Annesley, who are certainly minus a heart each, may never see them again. The former will not leave Glenalta, for which place we set out to-morrow without trying his fate. A few short months ago, and I should have ridiculed the idea of Russell's being refused by one of my country cousins. Handsome, gay, musical, sought after, with fair prospects, and good connections, that Russell could not command any possible Miss Douglas, or Miss any thing else, possessing no more than five or six thousand pounds, was I confess what never occurred to me as matter of doubt. I now feel apprehensions that my friend may suffer disappointment, as with all the penetration which I can exercise, I perceive nothing in Charlotte's

manner beyond easy kindness and polite attention.

Annesley is not a free agent: *his* views are lost in clouds; and should little Kepple live to be of age, his father may levy fines, and cut off the entail which will otherwise give the estate of Compton to Frank, who will have little or nothing, except in this event, and he will therefore never betray his feelings towards Emily. Perhaps he may hope that in absence they will wear away; but were this not the case, Annesley has great self-command, and would suffer much rather than commit himself. I know too that he has pride, which would ill brook defeat, and in his present circumstances he could not expect to be successful.

I think that I can perceive a knitting of your brow, and can also tell the cause of it. I anticipate your question, and reply, before it is asked, No, there is not the slightest tendency in my cousin's manner indicating that Annesley's departure will leave a single pang in her breast. Emily is free as the air of her mountains; so let your forehead resume its unruffled serenity.

How various were the feelings of the individuals that composed our party, and how different from those which accompanied us when we left that place a fortnight ago. In my aunt's face I read the word *home* written in every direction. Spite of all her efforts to be cheerful, suppressed pain sat on every feature during her stay at Killarney; and spite of all the natural glow which beamed in the countenances of her children amid the pure pleasures of that enchanting scene, their mother's looks so far alloyed their happiness as to make them sometimes long for return on *her* account, and therefore on their own. Mr. Otway, too, retraced the road to Lisfarne with calm satisfaction; but for the younger members of the group (and I believe that I may also include Mrs. Fitzroy) the prospect of a *break-up*, the certainty of parting, and the uncertainty of meeting again, corroded every heart.

We reached Glenalta in a beautiful sun-set, but the letters which awaited our return have so completely absorbed my thoughts, that I pass over sufficient materials, *at our* rate of corres-

ponding, to furnish half a quire of paper, and hasten to say that a few lines from Louisa bring me the disagreeable intelligence that I have offended my mother, who desires me not to go to town, but to set out directly for the Continent and join you. This I shall only do in case of finding that my presence in London is of no use; and thither I must fly. Mrs. Fitzroy offers me a seat in her caleche if I remain here another week; and as there is nothing to prevent this short delay, I have arranged to be her companion. Russell and Annesley leave this in two days, and you will probably meet them ere long; at all events they will take care that this packet reaches you in safety. I have inclosed for your amusement the letter to which Mr. Otway alluded at Glena, when the conversation between Mrs. Fitzroy and old Bentley induced him to mention having lately received it. Mrs. Fitzroy desired a copy, and permits me to send it to you, provided that you return it whenever you have an opportunity. I inclose you also Louisa's letter.



You shall hear from me after I reach Grosvenor-square, and will not envy my feelings in the interim.

Adieu, my dear Falkland!

I am ever your affectionate,

ARTHUR HOWARD.

## LETTER XIX.

MISS HOWARD TO A. HOWARD, Esq.

*(Inclosed in the preceding.)*

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My dear Arthur,

YOUR letter has made me gloomy, and my mother's temper does not improve my spirits: she is very angry with you, and so offended by the style of your remarks on Adelaide's approaching marriage, that so far from wishing your presence, I am commissioned to say, it is my mother's express desire that you should not come to town till the ceremony is over. As you are not yet *quite* of age, you could not be of any absolute use at present; and she will contrive, upon the good faith of your assistance when you are enabled to give your aid, to supply the immediate necessity for money by borrowing on bond. This is her

message; but as her anxiety that you should quit your present situation is fully equal to her wish that you should not come here, she would be glad if you were to *go* to the Continent; and as your friend Falkland is somewhere in Italy, and his company may be an inducement to *immediate* arrangements, she has no objection to your joining him and his tutor wherever they may be. It is my mother's design to hasten the marriage as quickly as possible. She means to inform Crayton that you have seriously hurt your leg, which will be sufficient excuse for your non-appearance; and should he ever discover that you have left Glenalta to go abroad while it might be supposed that you could not stir from your sofa, it will be easy to make out a new *version*; or if the wedding is *over*, as soon as we hope that it *will* be, we shall not care much about a slight inconsistency which will not signify a *rush* when the deed is done.

You look grave, but really it cannot be helped. Nothing could be worse than any interruption to the nuptials of Clayton and Ade-

laide ; it must not be ; and though I *believe* him to be a gambler, and *know* him to be a dunce, our sister is willing to wear his coronet, and excuse his errors and deficiencies. For myself, I am not sorry that the bustle of coachmakers, jewellers, milliners, &c. in which we are involved, prevents my having time to *think* much, for I am low, and quite out of humour. What you say of the world is true enough, and no one feels *how* true except he is carried round like a fly upon its wheel ; but to stand still is worse : it makes one's head giddy to pause ; and the country after all is so flat, so utterly devoid of interest, that tiresome as I *confess* a London life to be, any thing is better than the cobwebs of retirement. A rural bower sets one to sleep, even in imagination, and the only part of the system kept *alive* in retreat is the muscular apparatus by which we yawn.

If I could find out any "Royal road" to happiness, I should like to cut many of my acquaintances ; but till I do, they must be endured, idle and silly as they are.

Here comes a man with Ady's diamonds, and



I am called to council. I will write a line to Paris, *poste restante*; so as you will probably make at once for the French capital, as a central point; you will there receive intelligence of *our advancement to the peerage*. I will send you the newspapers that you may see how the paragraph *runs*. Old Lord Hawkston, being our hundred and fiftieth cousin, *La Madre* applies to him to act your part in giving the bride away.

Called again. Coming! coming!

Yours, ever affectionately,

L. HOWARD.

## LETTER XX.

[Alluded to by Mr. Otway, addressed to him, and inclosed to Charles Falkland.]

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My dear Friend,

I HASTEN to obey your injunctions, and give you some account of your amiable kinswoman, Clara Browne. On reaching York, I found a letter from her so earnestly praying me to visit at her house, and so warmly expressive of her wishes to make, as she kindly called me, "one of her oldest and most valued friends" acquainted with her husband, that I prepared as soon as I could to accept the invitation, and set out for Stockton. I found Clara the picture of contentment, and surrounded by all the substantial comforts and rational elegancies of life. Nothing could exceed the openness and affection with which she received me; and I was welcomed

by Mr. Browne in such a manner as to assure me, in the most gratifying language, that I was not a stranger to him. In a few days after my arrival at his house, a letter on urgent business required his presence in a distant part of the country; and I yielded to the united entreaties of my two friends that I would take care of Clara till his return in two days from D—.

Clara and her sister were now my only companions; and upon the first opportunity which occurred in a *tête-à-tête* walk, the former demanded of me a full, free, and candid declaration of my opinion respecting the object of her choice. I told her truly that I liked her husband extremely, and congratulated her with all my heart on having united herself to a man of high principle and worth; adding, that the suavity of his temper, mildness of his manners, and polite acquaintance with the world, attracted my admiration as sincerely as the graver qualities of his mind commanded my esteem and respect.

“Clara,” said I, “you know that I was always a plain man, and as I am an old fellow, too, and used to abuse your fastidiousness in days

of yore, I have the more pleasure in praising now the sensible, excellent person with whom you have allied yourself. There *was* a time when nothing short of a galaxy of light, a constellation of genius and talent, would have satisfied you. I often told you then that you would one day or other discover your mistake, and I hoped not experimentally. I told you that good sense and a sweet disposition were of more value than all the *brilliant*s upon which you set so high a price. May I not now wish to hear from your own lips that you have proved the truth of my doctrine?"

"Yes," answered Clara, "I glory in my renunciation of the follies which marked my youth; and, as dear Edward Otway will take the same interest that you do in my change, I shall egotize a little, and through you make confession to him of the motives which produced it. You remember, both of you, how I worshipped intellect, and if I am not too insignificant to have made so lasting an impression, you may recollect the silly energy with which I used to descant on moral virtue, and say that,



like air and water, it was certainly indispensably necessary, but so common—so entirely a thing *of course*, that it slipped out of calculation, and only served as a vehicle for the ingredients of happiness, without ever presuming to be an item in the recipe. In short, all the truly valuable parts of human character were mere *negatives* in my flippant creed, while to genius, intellect, and splendid abilities, did I hold mankind to be indebted for whatever exalts the human species. Under this delusion I passed my early years, that period of life which the French call “*La premiere jeunesse* ;” and at five-and-twenty was still as much inclined as ever to be a dreamer, if the marriage of my two dearest associates to what the world styles *prodigiously clever men*, had not awakened me to clearer views, and, by a striking practical lesson, caused me to understand that it was possible to shine brightly as the glow-worm at a distance, and be a sightless grub, when brought close to the eye. As one experimental fact is better than a world of theory, I began to apply the melancholy instruction which I de-

rived from the unhappiness of my friends, to my own profit. The result was a firm conviction that plain sense, and gentle temper, resting on the foundation of a sincerely religious and moral character, are the very best ingredients to depend upon in the cup of domestic union; and that with a few beautiful but very rare exceptions, the worst companion of earth at a family fire-side, is a *man of genius*. I know that an instance now and then occurs to prove the *possibility* of higher things. I know that minds have sometimes met, bringing the richest gifts of head and heart in heavenly communion to the altar; such signal deviations, however, from the common history of mankind, but serve to establish the opposite rule, repressing those visions of romance, which only entail disappointment.

“When I had paid a visit of some months to each of my friends, I perceived that their husbands were men of whom they might be *vain* but could not be *fond*. Isabella, the eldest, had married one of your “admirable Creighton” sort of people. He was a Mr. Mills, and set up

for a person of universal science, taste, and talent. There was nothing too high or too low for the omnivorous appetite of his ambition; and he has often reminded me of Johnson's sarcasm directed against Goldsmith, "Sir, he would be jealous of Punch;" and so would Mr. Mills. There was no trial of skill, however humble its object, in which he would not exert his powers for the pleasure of a triumph. He knew every thing, at least superficially, and astonished every society of which he was a member. How clever! what talents! such a memory! such universal information! echoed from room to room whenever he appeared; and the sweet savour of this incense is the food upon which he lives, it is his daily bread, and to purchase it his continual employment. How Mr. Mills should ever have married, would surprise, had it not been that the general habit of mankind protesting against single blessedness, he thought it necessary to prove that he possessed superlative powers of captivation, and accordingly set his eye on my poor friend, who, in an hour of infatuation, consented to

be his bride. That purpose being accomplished, some newer project succeeded. He lives as if the world were indeed a stage, and he a player, continually occupied in learning or rehearsing a part for the next exhibition, and his wife is no better in his eyes than candle-snuffer to the theatre (though far surpassing him in all that gives solid dignity to human character), because she is too wise and too honest to flatter him.

“My younger friend, Lavinia, is just as miserably yoked as her sister, though Mr. Dormer does not resemble Mr. Mills. The latter hates society as much as the former courts it; and *his* weakness is that of authorship. He writes for every newspaper, magazine, and review, that will give a place to his lucubrations. He worries all the members of parliament with prosing dissertations on political economy, finance, agriculture, and commerce; he wastes his property in trying experiments which never come to good. The restless activity of Mr. Dormer never slumbers, and is exhibited in endless schemes, the utter failure of which has no influence in deterring





HIS OWN device, and found at  
years, that the children had n  
His sheep were all shorn in t  
the excellence of a theory o  
wool ; but, as might naturall  
poor animals all died. He p  
summer to demonstrate tha  
mistaken who prefer spring a  
purpose, but as you may easil  
beholds a leaf on any of h  
which, after a few months of  
are consigned to the oven.  
favourite dog the other day i  
of his own construction ; and  
year by a fall from a balloor  
flated with some new gas, and  
essay himself with *such* succe  
and the old Dublin

him ; and though I passed four months with Lavinia, I never saw her husband come but twice to the room where she and I sat in the mornings : on the first occasion, to ask for one of her harp strings, with which to make experiment on a new theory of vibration ; and upon the second, to beg a bit of gum from his wife's drawing-box, with which, to secure one of his retorts. Always in a hurry, he makes a perpetual *breeze* through the house, by the rapidity of his motions ; and, as his hands are generally imbrued in chemical compounds, not of Arabian odour, I cannot say that the gale thus stirred, wafts perfume on its wing. Nothing can rouse his attention to his own affairs, which would fall into utter confusion were it not for the good sense of his wife. He dislikes the neighbouring gentry, because he does not consider them people of *talent* ; and expends his money without any reference either to ornament or real utility, but simply with the vain-glorious hope of advancing his individual fame as a man of genius.

“ Thus instructed by the shipwreck of others,

I did not dare to fancy that my bark would escape where goodlier vessels had foundered. I therefore resolved, that should it be my fate to encounter the voyage of matrimony, I would try another course; and though sunken rocks might mar my hopes, I determined that I would steer clear of the quicksands which had been fatal to my friends. It is but justice to the long contemned counsel of you and my valuable Edward Otway, to finish my story with a tribute to *him* who furnished the comment on your text.

“Adolphus is remarkable for an excellent understanding and correct judgment. Others may outshine him in original powers of mind, but none can surpass him in the tasteful appreciation of merit, whatever be its form, and wherever it exists. Kind and unselfish, he can praise in others those attributes which he does not himself possess; and every scheme in which he is engaged, has for its object the comfort and advantage of his fellow-creatures. If he find that his views are erroneous, or detect a flaw in their application, far from becoming the *advocate*, because he was the *proposer* of a plan, he

resigns his particular views with a noble ingenuousness, and, confessing that they were either unfounded, or not suited to the case, seeks farther light from whatever source is most likely to afford information. This complete absence of pertinacity has a powerful effect in enhancing the weight of his opinion in every deliberation, as it is well known, that he will not adhere to the wrong side because it is that which he had first adopted. While others pursue the 'bubble reputation' abroad, Adolphus seeks to be loved at home, and his own fireside is the scene in which the best energies of his mind, and the purest affections of his heart are expanded. I am reclaimed by his virtues from my visionary absurdities, and shall endeavour to make all the reparation in my power for having wandered so far from the truth by *preaching a crusade* to the youth of my own sex, who may be inclined to deviate into the labyrinth from which I was myself so happily extricated. If you have any female friends to whom my tale may be useful, advise them from the experience of Clara Browne, against an overweening admiration of



talents without due reflection on the manner in which such talents are associated. Tell them that books, and occasional conversation may supply all that is necessary of mental variety, while *nothing* is capable of compensating for the want of common sense, disinterestedness, and affection."

Clara ceased; and as I remained a month at Stockton, after her husband's return, I am enabled to bear a willing testimony to the fidelity of her narrative, as well as to the soundness of her views: and as I know how glad you will be to hear of her happiness, I have given you this detail without fear of your being fatigued by its perusal.

I am, my dear Otway,

Your sincere friend,

G. L.

## LETTER XXI.

MRS. DOUGLAS TO MRS. E. SANDFORD.

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My dearest Elizabeth will believe that Glenalta has charms which even Killarney cannot boast for me. Yes; though the word *home* never meets my eye or ear without producing a *gulp*, which tells of other days, when that little monosyllable of four letters contained the *world* for me, yet repose is so necessary to my existence, that I sighed for return to my peaceful glen, and the pain of concealing every feeling that warred against the happiness of my beloved children, from their acute observation, increased my restraint, and has converted the enjoyment of my *cell* into more positive pleasure than I have felt for years. How gracious are the mercies shed upon our daily path, and how tender the dispensation which so often renders what we

conceive to be inflictions, conducive to our comfort! Elizabeth, my spirits are unusually depressed, but you are expecting an answer to your letter, and I will not suffer my pen to forget its duty, nor wander from the subject of your inquiry, till I have given you what little aid, my longer experience of your present cares, may contribute. You think that my advice would be, that you should resign yourself exclusively to the charm of such society as you find amongst the Stanleys, No, dear friend; I would only allow you to *prefer* them; but there is a net of kind, expansive benevolence which it would seem as if Nature loved to throw more widely in scenes of rural life than in any other. "Man made cities, God formed the country." It is very true, every heart must acknowledge the distinction, and yours my friend would desire to emulate, as far as the imperfect creature is enabled to do, the bounty of that Being who has placed you where all the sweet charities of fellowship may be called into exercise. I do not mean that you should mingle indiscriminately, nor *over-much* in society: I would only say avoid

unkindness; exclusion should be reserved for the unworthy, but not visited on those who have only the misfortune to be less pleasing than their neighbours. A judicious *assortment* will always prevent the disagreeable effects which sometimes spring from neglect of selecting such people only as harmonize with each other in manners and modes of thinking. I should be more diffuse upon this subject, were there the slightest danger of your supposing for a moment that I could be the advocate of an *electioneering* system. You know how I abhor the arts of popularity, and revere independence; but human virtues and vices are often separated from each other by such imperceptible shades, that in giving ourselves credit for the performance of the one, it is too often our lot to glide into the other. Selfishness is an arch fiend, and ever at hand to whisper temptation. I know that it is a prevailing opinion amongst a large number of respectable and worthy people, that we are bound to make profession of our creeds in the highways, and in the corners of our streets, that every sentence which we utter should tell of the sect to which we be-



long, every article of dress which we wear be a symbol of distinction; and every person with whom we converse, every book that we open, be submitted to an ordeal, and pronounced upon, by a few self-elected judges, before we venture to pursue acquaintance with the one, or advance in perusal of the other.

I cannot enter into this system of parcelling out mankind by quite so restrictive a rule; I see nothing of all this in the inspired precepts of the great Founder of our faith, whose beautiful simplicity of doctrine and extensive charity of example, are too little dwelt upon as matter of imitation, while His name is mingled with disgusting familiarity in every trifling discourse.

Oh, my friend, human nature is so frail that we should not *tempt* our pride, or our vanity, by putting on external marks that may deceive even our own hearts, and persuade us that we are better than others. Let our consistency be seen in our *lives*; our religion shine through our actions; our tastes be proclaimed by our preferences; and let us not *profess* at all, let us not belong *exclusively* to one party, or one

preacher. Let us catch illumination from those who possess more than we do, contributing our own light to such as have less. Do not suffer your dear girls to assume names or badges. Do not permit them to be tied down by observances. Let their books, their society, their opinions, and their tastes, spring from their *habits* and their *principles*. It is an *inverted* method, to begin with the mere trappings, and argue to the indwelling of the spirit, from the rigidity of the letter. Set up no sign-posts; use no cabalistic phraseology; make no premature vows, and adopt no rule but that of your Bible in matters of religion. In matters of inferior concern, I would advise equally against precipitancy either in proscribing or adopting. *Parade* is of all things to be avoided; be natural, be kind. You will find that some, of whom you may at first have formed high expectation, are over-rated, whilst others may rise in your estimation as you know them better. A little *time* settles our modes of life, and regulates our conduct without any *eclat* much more consistently than any pre-arrangement of our own, and with

a little patience we may gradually *sift* people and things, till we find ourselves placed as nearly as circumstances permit, in the situation most suited to our characters. My little experience leads me to certain conclusions which had they been earlier impressed upon my mind I should have been spared much anxiety. One of them is, that in the beginning of our career we all *plan* too much. We take as it were a *survey* of all the territory that lies spread before us, and sitting down in the pride of full possession, we scan the map of futurity, dazzle our imaginations with mines that are to be dug, and riches that are to be realized, amuse our fancies with palaces to be built, and forests to be planted, worshipping within our breasts the idol of self-complacency, while we contemplate *ourselves* as the *great* engineers whose skill is to operate these mighty improvements. We *assume* too much, we *trust* too little; we know nothing but the present, and the present we despise. Our limited vision cannot extend beyond a point, and we strain our eyes over all created space. *Little* things and *proximate* purposes, make up

the real sum of happiness and virtue: but we pass by these in contemptuous disdain, to aim at the great and the distant; the undefined and generally unattainable. True wisdom is surely to watch with our best attention, and cultivate with assiduity, the daily, the hourly circumstances which arise in our path, leaving the widely spreading consequences of unseen result, to Him who alone is acquainted with the final issues.

I have never known a failure in any wish of my own respecting the good of my family, which I could not resolve into over solicitude in *looking* too far, and *doing* too much in my *own strength*. Examine your heart; be sure that it is single, that no divided empire *there* is likely to split its councils, and lead to compromise or dissimulation. *Simplicity* of design is a panoply of power. Clad in its protective guardianship, put up your prayers with confidence for that aid, without which all your efforts will be abortive, and rising from your knees refreshed by the blessed assurance that the sincere suppliant is *never* disregarded, go forth to your *daily* task;



as you are taught to ask for your *daily* bread. Endeavour to perform the little duties which are allotted to a *given hour*. Neither perplex your thoughts, nor weaken your sight by scrutinizing the hidden things, and pouring through the darksome mists of future time, but leave it to *become* the present. At its appointed period your duty is declared, and its boundary is traced: be that your *practical* object. What mind indeed of "lofty pitch" would be contented with the prison that I prescribe, were I not confining the consideration to that part which we are individually called upon to *act* in life; but you do not mistake my meaning. Ah! who would wish to walk over "the field of Marathon, or wander amid the ruins of Iona," without desiring to possess the power of abstracting thought from the fleeting moment that eludes our grasp, to expatiate in the mighty vast of years gone by? Or who that has ever loved and lost, would clip the spirit's wing, and stay its airy flight from stretching beyond this narrow strait of time and space into the boundless regions of eternal blessedness, where it is not forbidden to seek

amongst the dazzling host, the happy myriads of the sky, for *one* bright seraph, dearer than the rest, towards whom the newly emancipated stranger flies to meet its fondest though un-earthly welcome? *Can* there be danger—is there impiety—in this vision which steals with heavenly influence on my solitary musings? Oh, if there be, speak, my Elizabeth, and I will try to curb my *waking* thoughts, and turn imploringly to *sleep* for the precious imagery which perhaps my day-light dreams ought not to mingle.

Sleep! balmy Sleep! thy poppies shed  
A pitying respite on my woes;  
Bind on thy charm around my head,  
And lull my soul to calm repose!

Yet not those slumbers I implore,  
That steep the brain in Lethe's wave,  
Tho' such the weary sense restore,  
'Tis not this lifeless boon I crave!

I woo thee with thy world of dreams,  
That o'er the mind in vision play  
Thro' mimic shades—by airy streams  
Where phantom Hope delights to stray.

Now gorgon Reason sinks to rest,  
And Fancy, with unchartered range,

Soars to the regions of the bless'd ;  
The transit neither hard, nor strange.

How radiant the ethereal light !  
Credulity, companion kind,  
Has spread her wing to join the flight—  
The spirit's dungeon left behind.

Borne upward to the glorious sky,  
Crowds of celestial beings throng ;  
Whose brighter, more inquiring eye,  
Is that which beams their ranks among ?

'Twas his !—no more—the vision's past !  
Hark ! is that sound the funeral bell ?  
Raptures too vivid cannot last—  
That dream is but a broken spell !

There are days so sad, and feelings so overwhelming, that to make war against their flow is as fruitless as to oppose a barrier to the sea. Forgive me. *You* are not one of the unskilful comforters who attempt to impart consolation by checking the tide of sorrow. *You* understand better the nature of the human heart, and are aware that a little kind sympathy is the truest balm which friendship can bestow.

I will now impart to you some circumstances which have weighed upon spirits, at *best* so tremblingly poised, that the slightest addition to

their usual burthen destroys the balance. As I mentioned to you, my excursion to Killarney was, in itself, a great effort. *Such* scenery, and sweet music, are the most powerful excitors, in my mind, to a train of association which I dread in company. Memory is so acutely painful, from the minuteness with which its traces are engraved, and the fidelity of its pictures, that I fly from whatever is likely to unlock the stores, and present to my view *much* that I dare not contemplate, unless I am alone. The delight, however, of gratifying my dear children overcame every other consideration: and I accompanied a party composed of admirable materials, but too numerous and too gay for me. I had not been long from home before I felt myself, for the first time, involved in those cares which, as my children grow up, I must expect to encounter.

My dear friend Mrs. Fitzroy, whose enlivening society charmed the whole group, was the first to awaken my attention to the expressions, both by looks and manner, of feelings in Mr. Russell's mind, which her quick eye discovered that Charlotte had excited. I have such per-



fect confidence in the delicacy of my dear girls, that I was spared all solicitude on the score of *conduct*; but I watched with uneasiness the progress of a sentiment which, as it met no return, will I fear be the cause of pain to an amiable and an accomplished young man. I find that he is acquainted with you, and, as he talks of going into Derbyshire on his return from France, you will probably see him, and perchance hear his story from his own lips.

The conversation, in which he made known his attachment to Charlotte, took place on the evening preceding his departure, and was so unlike the common place dialogues upon such occasions, that I could not, when it was repeated to me, repress a smile in the midst of more serious impressions. It was a lovely evening, and the young people had, as usual, strayed away from the elders, whose more sober views of happiness, and less active powers of locomotion, happily prepare us, as time advances, for the final rest.

As lovers always contrive to find the opportunity which they are seeking, Russell soon de-

tached Charlotte from the group, by some appeal to her taste in particular; and when removed from all ears, save her own, he exclaimed (and, poor fellow, I believe with genuine truth), "How wretched is the *ending* of such happiness!"

"It is indeed," replied my innocent Charlotte, who willingly perhaps gave her companion a share in the feeling which she echoed.

Perhaps assured by this encouraging sympathy that all might be as he wished, Russell continued: "Even inanimate objects interest the heart when we are about to quit them."

"Yes," said Charlotte, "and when one lives entirely in retreat, where the living objects are few, we do *really* love trees, rocks, and streams, as if they were human beings. Is it not for this reason that mountaineers, like the Swiss, Scotch, and Irish, are fonder of their homes than any other nation?"

This is not what Russell wanted to know, or cared to inquire respecting. "To waste love upon trees and rocks, when so many of our own species are dying for want of the food lavished

upon *them*, is not right," said Russell; "and *you* are more guilty than any one, inasmuch as your affection is more prized."

Charlotte interrupted what she perceived to be a *compliment*, by answering: "You must not make *speeches*. The love that one feels for rural objects, long known, and seen with daily interest, can never interfere with better affections. It is a different thing, and *you* must know how *very* different, as you have a father, mother, and sisters." The honest air of directness, which I can imagine to have accompanied this *reasoning* upon love, was not very favourable to farther dalliance.

When the youthful heart is *first* excited, and hope is felt that kindred feeling has touched the soul in which it feels an interest, how exquisite the happiness of developement! Like the beautiful buds of early spring, the unfolding of each individual scale that binds the young leaves is in itself delightful, and we do not wish to lose a single hour of *progressive* enjoyment, in impatience to behold the crown of summer foliage. Did you ever meet with an old book called "*Gua-*

*Amor di Lucca?*—It is a story in which, amongst some primitive race of people in South America, I think the lovers are made to declare their mutual sentiments by an interchange of buds, and, as inclinations advance, the full-blown flower.

But to return. Russell felt that his way was retrograde, and therefore, making an effort, he bounded over rocks, shrubs, and rivulets, and, taking my sweet child by the hand, declared, in the spirit of Hector to Andromache, though with the difference between *is* and *might be*, that *all* relations, however fond, concentrate in the object of tender and devoted love. To hear a confession of this nature, for the first time, must necessarily produce confusion in the mind of so gentle a being as Charlotte, and she told her sister that she felt quite unable for a few minutes to collect herself. Courage was imparted at length, by the fear of conveying the opposite of what she intended to communicate by her silence; and, summoning resolution, she turned to our young friend, and, thanking him kindly for the preference which he had just expressed, added:



"I have many blessings, and I am very young. It has never before occurred to me even to *think*, in my own case, of parting with such treasures as I possess; and though I shall always remember your visit to Glenalta as a period of *great* pleasure, and *you* as an agreeable member of our happy party, I can say no more."

Russell urged the usual arguments. "Surely she did not mean to devote herself to a single life. She might still have the society of mother, sisters, brother. Marriage was the natural object of life: it was the happiest lot when 'heart met heart.'"

"And *how* can heart meet heart," replied Charlotte, "on a three weeks' acquaintance? *My* heart would require a much longer time for disposing of itself, if I could disengage it from the ties that bind it here; and I cannot imagine how people should be either so vain, or so confiding as to fancy that the foundation of happiness, for perhaps a long life, can be laid in a short moment of time."

Russell assured her that to the quick eye of a lover, moments were years in bringing people acquainted.

"Ah then," said Charlotte, "why are so many married people unhappy?"

"They are just as well off in the end," answered Russell, "as those who are single, and certainly, till they discover their mistakes, much happier."

"Well, my life," replied Charlotte, "is too happy for any change of my *own* making, I believe. If heaven deprived me of all that I love, it is another question, but to deprive *myself*, I cannot. My idea of marriage is not so favourable as yours. I think it would require the most powerful affection to render it a relation of real felicity; and if not *that*, I should think it much worse than even an unfortunate lot in single life."

"Have I then *no* ground of hope," said Russell.

"Indeed, I feel wholly disinclined to marry any mortal at present," answered Charlotte. "To you I am scarcely at all known; and I believe that you are entirely mistaken in supposing for an instant that we are suited to each other."

You and I have been educated in very different schools, and could never sympathize."

"Do you then forget our musical sympathies. Am I not devoted to your sweet melodies, and have we not often admired them in unison?"

"Oh yes, certainly," said Charlotte, "but music is a very little part of life.—We must not stay any longer from our party, who, perhaps, are wondering at our absence." Fanny appeared precisely as Charlotte spoke the last word, and the latter, seizing her sister's arm, was delighted to find excuse for terminating the conversation.

The *last* evening is always sad, when those who have been pleased in each other's society are to part; but there is generally also some degree of bustle, immediately preceding a journey, which prevents the mind from dwelling on gloomy thoughts, at least in *common* cases; and as all were ignorant of what had happened, except the pair immediately concerned, there was less reserve than might have been anticipated by any one who knew the fact that a proposal had been made and rejected.

Mr. Annesley is a very sweet young man, and he too was happy enough in our friendly circle to leave us with regret, which expressed itself silently in a fine and speaking countenance. We said farewell. The morning saw our visitors set out at so early an hour that the track of their carriage wheels alone reported of them when we met at breakfast. Is there one bright, breathless, listening joy that ever hung upon expected happiness which is not familiar to my memory; and is not that memory too a faithful register of every pang that severed love could teach the heart? How is it then, I wonder, that a tear is left for minor griefs? Yet tears *will* flow; and I felt the difference between the gladsome merriment of approach, when our young friends were introduced by Mrs. Fitzroy, and the melancholy of their departing hour.

Still we are not bereaved of our guests all at once, though I grieve to add that another week will deprive me of dear Augusta Fitzroy, and my charming Arthur. I have real pleasure in the hope of presenting the latter to you one of these



days, and in the mean time I prepare you for finding him *almost* all that I desire to see him. Such a change I did not imagine possible, as has taken place in his mind since he has been with us. The materials were in existence, no doubt, but a London life has little need of *heart*, and, therefore, *his* remained *hermetically sealed*, except when brought into action by his inestimable friend young Falkland, whose letters, which Arthur preserves like "leaves of the Sybil", have rendered me acquainted with his extraordinary virtues. Now in full exercise, my dear nephew's affections are the source of happiness to himself and delight to all around. His abilities are shining, and, as habit strengthens the power of applying them, I feel no doubt of his becoming an ornament to society, and filling the situation appointed for him by Providence so as to set an example worthy of imitation. Domestic anxiety at present weighs upon his spirits, proving at once an acuteness of feeling and exalted sense of rectitude, which promise a foundation of future character, delightful to anticipate.

I must speak of George Bentley before I conclude; and, to answer your inquiry in the *first* instance, I am wholly unconscious of any ground for his uncle's apprehensions, though had I been aware of any such before we set out, I should not have consented to his being of our Killarney party; however, as Mr. Bentley followed us, my anxiety was removed. The young man is a fine and uncommon character: you shall have a sketch of it as far as I can trace its peculiarities. George Bentley offers a remarkable instance to prove, that what climate is to the vegetable kingdom, such to man is the moral atmosphere by which he is surrounded in early life. The temperature and aspect will not indeed convert an oak into an elm; but as the sapling of either, or of *any* kind may be checked in its growth by the chill north-eastern blast, and turned aside from the natural tendency of its course; or, as the tender and languid seedling may be improved in strength by the care which tempers its exposure, and provides shelter for its weakness, just so may a

particular bias of nature in the human mind be enfeebled or invigorated by circumstance, that powerful agent in the completion of its structure. Young Bentley came into the world with excellent faculties and dispositions, but nothing could be less favourable than that society in which they were to be unfolded. It is not the tutor's lessons, it is the manners and opinions which *breathe* around us, that impart the *tone* which distinguishes individuals from each other. Young Bentley was formed in a different *mould* of intellect from all his family, and soon discovered in books, a companionship which was denied in the circle of his immediate relations. As he advanced in years, his mind, stimulated by a general sense of hunger, rather than by any discrimination of appetite, sought food for the cravings of curiosity in a library of motley mixture, accruing from various professional hoards, and a medley of novels, annual registers, and magazines, accumulated in a series of generations, through family survivorship. He was not met at home by either literary tact

or talent. No, nor by that sort of tact which sometimes supplies in a great degree, the defect of one and the other.

Let loose as it were in an immense common, without a guide to direct him in the choice of his pasture, he devoured with avidity whatever presented itself. He passed through school and university with distinguished success, less the meed of brilliant talent than the reward of diligent application, and, unfortunately for himself, was emancipated from the trammels of education long before his age would permit him to enter one of the learned professions for which he was designed. The interval between the termination of a young man's first course of scholastic discipline, and the commencement of his professional career, is perhaps by far the most important period of existence in determining his future fate, and no prudent parent should permit that interval to be a long one. The mind, relieved from its former habitual restraint, and not yet *harnessed* in a new pursuit, dashes wildly forward to revel in the charms of liberty, and woe to him who enjoys



such length of holyday as to unfit him for returning to the toilsome track in which he must plod for daily bread. George Bentley employed the *chasm* in *his* course, chiefly in reading every thing upon which he could lay his hands in the region of fiction and romance. His college studies were ended before he had passed that awkward time of life, when neither child, nor man, the youth not knowing how to dispose of the disproportioned length of legs and arms by which he is encumbered, often flies from polished society in which he cannot expect to receive much notice; and young Bentley was too amiable, too aspiring a character to seek in low company the ease which he might have attained at the expense of morality. Thus while he was sliding into manhood, his days were principally occupied in solitude, amidst a heterogeneous mass of books, except during the hours of occasional meeting with his parents, brothers and sisters.

Inelegant, and unrefined in the habits of domestic economy, the circle of his relations presented not a single likeness to any of the

pictures of imagination which were promiscuously piled in his memory. What he *saw*, did not in the least agree with what he *imagined*; but there where two powerful motives, though of opposite parentage, which co-operated to prevent him from making the humiliating confession, even to *himself*, that he could not trace the most distant resemblance in his mother and sisters, to the portraits which delighted him in story. These motives were the *vice* of pride, and the *virtue* of filial piety; and these combined, determined him to try every effort that was practicable in the way of twisting and turning, letting out and taking in, to fit some of the drapery with which his favourite novels abounded, on those forms which his affectionate heart would have gladly invested with whatever he found most attractive. It would not do: and he has at length given up the attempt, satisfied to respect and esteem, what he cannot admire; but the effect upon his mind of this war which I have described between his tastes and his fortunes, is singular. Let him describe character, whether in actual existence, or of abstract con-

templation ; and you would be surprised by the accuracy of his judgment, and the refinement of his taste ; yet from having studied books more than men, and been debarred in early life from referring the rules which he learned, to any living examples which might have afforded a practical illustration of them, he seems at a loss in society, and gives one the idea of a person who had attained to a perfect skill in geography by mere inspection of maps, without ever having stirred from a close room in the heart of London. If such a person were suddenly brought to the coast, he would be confused, and quite unable for some time to follow the line of bays and harbours, creeks and head-lands, with which he was familiar on paper. When George Bentley, at a later period extended his acquaintance, and quitted home, a number of new varieties were presented to his view, in which he might have found specimens of every character ; but the most impressible time of life had passed away, he did never possess, originally, the power of comparison in any vividness, and the absence of all encouragement to its exercise in youth,

has rendered him slow, now that he is of maturer age, in adapting objects for the first time to his patterns. The eye accustomed only to painting, does not come at *once* to criticise sculpture; and a surgeon, who knows the whole anatomy of the living subject, which *either* is employed to represent, may be a dunce in *both*. The things are *different*, and will remain so, unless early habit and natural tact familiarize the mind in applying them to each other, and seeking similitudes between them. Young Bentley's mind and manners in fine do not amalgamate; one *layer* lies upon the other like a *fineering*, which does not make a part of the plank to which it is cemented, but is glued on to a material less fine than itself. He *reasons* more than he *feels*, is more solid than brilliant, and wants that beautiful *lightning* of the mind which plays sometimes round characters not half so intrinsically valuable as his, with fascinating illumination. Such is my brief sketch of 'poor George,' as his uncle calls him. The future is concealed in mist. If a child of mine ever love young Bentley well enough to marry him, she



shall have my full consent, for I am *sure* of all the essentials that give security for substantial peace. The graces which he wants *may* be dispensed with. The virtues which he possesses are indispensable ; but I shall avoid giving *direction* to the inclination of my girl, towards any particular objects, not because I do not think that many a parent might choose more wisely than young people do for themselves ; but there is something perhaps inseparable from the human heart, which renders us more willing to excuse our own blunders, than those of even the people whom we love best. “ Youth is easily deceived ; ” “ love is blind,” &c. Many of these flattering aphorisms occur to extenuate our own errors, while the question of “ how did *your* experience fail, how did you commit a mistake ? ” arises in the heart, though it may not be expressed by the lips, of every young romancer, who, finding life a chequered scene in which the *tessalæ* of black and white, hold perpetual contrast, attributes to the influence of a friend’s advice, the failure of those *generally* disappointed hopes that paint the marriage state in colours

bright and fleeting as the imagination which supplies them.

This moment comes a letter from the India House, to say that my poor brother, General Douglas, has had so serious an attack of illness, that his voyage to England is hastened, and we are informed, that his arrival may be looked for immediately. How this event may operate at Glenalta, I cannot tell; but though "the noiseless tenour of my way" should be disturbed, I shall rejoice if it be permitted me to afford comfort and assistance to the invalid. Adieu, my Elizabeth.

Your faithful

CAROLINE DOUGLAS.

## LETTER XXII.

ARTHUR HOWARD TO CHARLES FALKLAND.

My dear Charles,

THIS letter, if not melancholy in its commencement, will surely be tinged with a very gloomy colouring ere its close, for the day of departure is at hand, and to quit Glenalta is no easy matter, I assure you. Poor Russell and Annesley left us the day before yesterday. I told you that I expected to be informed of Charlotte's reply to certain questions which I felt confident would be *put*; but I miscalculated: however, silence tells *some* tales, it is said, as well as language, and so in this case I found it. It was plain to *my* eyes, and others too amongst our party, that Russell chose his opportunity while we were loitering about the Glen, to make his proposals, which

were evidently met in a feeling not *sympathetic* : an increased *activity* of countenance told me this. It would be injustice to call it anger, but there was an expression of eye, and a bright spot on each cheek-bone, that seemed to indicate a very honest surprise, mingled with what the peasants here comically call the "least taste in life," of indignation. If I am *right*, this is all in the strict *keeping* with Russell's character. You and I long ago decreed that he would never die of *love*, notwithstanding all his enthusiasm about soft music. No ; Russell loves his *own* emotions better than the object who excites them ; and though I just feel sufficient *esprit de corps* not in *general* to like an individual of the other sex better for having made one of our own look *foolish*, yet I am sincerely glad that Charlotte has not accepted our friend ; first, because she would not be happy if she married him, and secondly, because I *do* think that just such a *hitch* will do him good. He is a fine honest-hearted fellow, and has a great deal of taste ; but he surely knows it rather too well, or at least he *shews*



that he does so, too much. Perhaps, more truth-telling than his neighbours, *he* only expresses what others have art enough to conceal. You will say that I am catching infection, and growing *acid* in the society of old Bentley: it may be so; but I tell you *all* my remarks.

Frederick and I got up to see the travellers off at *cock-crow* on the morning of their departure, and they left a blank which was felt by us all. What a sweet contrast was presented in this family with what I have so often witnessed on similar occasions, when a gay party had reached its *finale*, and was *crumbling* away by twos and threes! I remember at Featherston, when the last shooting-match broke up in Autumn, Lady Frances and Giorgina Lightfoot, who had been just saying "*adio*" in the most melting accents to a *brace* of departing guests (by the bye, the very Russell of whom we were speaking was one of them) called to Gifford and me in the moment after the post-boy cracked his whip and the horses had turned from the hall door, to accompany them

back to the breakfast-parlour. We obeyed; and the ladies, drawing their chairs close to the fender, and desiring us to do the same, Lady Fanny said, "For goodness' sake, come, let us talk over those two creatures, and *cut them up cosily*—I dote on a good *cosé* when people have turned their backs; don't you?" To *laugh* was all that one had for it; but the feeling that Gifford and I were to be brought under the *scalpel* of two such keen operators as our fair hostesses proved themselves to be anatomizing the *lately defunct*, glanced across my mind, not certainly to the increase of ease or benevolence.

How different at Glenalta! With talents ten thousand times superior to those of the Lightfoot sisterhood, and discrimination which seems to grow in solitude, and preserve its fineness of edge because it is not, like a school-boy's penknife, employed to hack and hew at every chair and table that comes in the way: the truest hospitality protects all who go out from under this happy roof; and all that is worthy, pleasing, and amiable, is recollected, while

the *contraries* are held back in shade by that charity which *desires* their reform, and will not render a change less probable by proclaiming to mankind how much it is required. *Here* the absent were talked of, and thought of, with real kindness; and could they have taken a peep amongst us from their first evening's halt, they would have felt proud and gratified at seeing the manner in which they were remembered. Is there any thing so delightful as this feeling of *security*? Charlotte was calm and unperturbed; but I thought her more pensive than usual. After breakfast we all appeared, without saying so, as if inclined to pay a tribute to "the friend that's awa," by not proposing any plan for the morning; and it so happened, that though not assembled by any agreement to meet, we had all sauntered in pairs into the wood, and all found ourselves dropping in two and two at the Moss House, where we were at length seated together, moralizing in concert, rather sorrowfully upon meetings and partings, when that very diverting compound, Mr. Bentley, followed by George, joined our party.

He cannot resist the attraction of Mrs. Fitzroy's society, and I have found out in what consists the great difference (dearly as they love each other) between her character and that of my aunt: it is this,—Aunt Douglas is drawn by sympathy, Mrs. Fitzroy stimulated by opposition. The former lives more in a region of feeling, though one in which intellect too is continually busy. The latter, though very affectionate, can exist for a long time without applying to the stores of her heart; and provided you give her plenty of brains, she will feed upon them, and keep her affections like the furniture of a state drawing-room, with the *covers on*. *Par consequence*, then, Mrs. Fitzroy delights in seeing Mr. Bentley come to pay a visit, and always rouses to the combat which is sure to ensue, certain that her antagonist is strong, and feeling that “wit sparkles in collision.”

“Good morrow, good people,” said our rough diamond, “I thought you would be all as low as ‘gib cats’ this morning, after the departure of those two *swains*, (casting a side-



long glance at Charlotte, which she caught, and blushed immoderately,) and so I thought it might divert you all, and adorn a page of Madam Fitzroy's Anthologia Hibernia, to bring you a pretty specimen of Irish impudence which I have had to provoke me to-day. You must know, that while I was playing the fool, and strolling about at Killarney instead of minding my business at home, a dozen of very fine geese were stolen from my farm-yard, by some of those sweet primitive sentimentalists whom the fair flatterer there has decked in such fanciful tissues, that when sent forth from the dressing-room of her imagination, nobody knows who they are. Well, I took proper steps to trace the thief, and have put the neighbourhood into a deuce of a fright; but what do you think of the impertinence of some funny dog (and here he laughed heartily as he drew out from his waistcoat-pocket a dirty scrap of paper) who sent my large gander *twaddling* home this morning by himself, making such plaguy noise that all the servants ran together to see what was the matter; I found

this novel species of carrier-bird with a small bag tied round his neck, containing a bright new shilling, and the following ingenious sample of poetry, after something of the leonine fashion. He then unfolded at arm's length, the crumpled composition, and read,

“Squire, dear, I live here,  
And you live *yander*;  
I lought your geese, for pence a-piece,  
The money I send by the gander.”

We were indeed cheated out of our philosophy, and set laughing most comfortably by the ridiculousness of this adventure of neighbour Bentley, which, as he anticipated, was seized upon with rapture by Mrs. Fitzroy, for her “Irish Reminiscences,” but poor Charlotte was writhing under the remembrance of her having *blushed*, and Mrs. Fitzroy, who is very good-natured, and who saw exactly the cause, which was no other than that of having been *suspected* to feel what in reality she did *not* feel, endeavoured to relieve her by recurring to the subject of our conversation, saying, “Oh! Charlotte, you must repeat your last obser-

vation, I scarcely heard it. Were you not saying that in wild places where there is no great choice of society, the bonds of fellowship are drawn closer, and people are disposed to like each other better than in situations which render one fastidious by the variety they present? If *that*, my dear, was your remark, I think it a very just one, and I believe that I may apply the rule to our young friends who are gone to-day; one of whom, had I met him in what is called the *world*, I should probably never have known, he is so reserved; and the other is so volatile, that he would have been completely evaporated over a larger surface."

Charlotte, who had quite recovered her nerve, answered with perfect ease, "Well, there is great pleasure in liking our fellow-creatures, and, if retirement produce philanthropy, it is better than the world; is it not?" "I believe," answered Mrs. Fitzroy, that I shall be entirely of your opinion some time or other, though we arrive at this agreement by very opposite paths. *You*, having seen nothing of the

world, and *I* a great deal too much of it; you inhabitants of Glenalta are making me long for settlement amongst you; and I feel as if you were the only set of people living

“ Whose hearts keep the promise I had from the face.”

Old Bentley *fidgeted*; giving one of his rapid glances at George, to ascertain how he stood *affected* by Mrs. Fitzroy's panegyric, and finding “ pleased acquiescence ” seated on his nephew's countenance, suddenly clapped his hands on his knees (a favourite movement of his) and exclaimed, “ Pooh, madam ! all fal lal sort of talk. You might sit here till doomsday ringing the changes upon these matters of sentiment, and *all* be right and *all* be wrong. I dare say that Miss Douglas could say something different from what you and her sister think upon the subject. Miss Fanny, if we call her from tying up those sweet peas, would probably tell us something else; and our young gentlemen, all, I dare say, could produce a different reading of the self-same thought. The fact is, that each individual character gives its own



hue to such sort of disquisitions. Miss Douglas what do you say?"

"Indeed, Mr. Bentley, I believe that I do think differently from Mrs. Fitzroy and Charlotte on this occasion, and so I dare say that I am wrong; but it strikes me that the more retired the situation in which we live, the more nice do we grow, and the more necessary do we find *great* congeniality in the people with whom we associate; *that* is if we want to love them. In the world where every variety of talent and disposition is to be found, one can choose, and if disappointed in one instance, try in another; but in retreat, we must make the best of the given ingredients."

Bentley chuckled with delight, and rubbed his hands in triumph. This keen observer knew that Emily's opinion would justify his assertion, and moreover that it would be favourable to his views of keeping George's hopes, *if he has any*, down to the ground, Emily being the person, towards whom I suspect that he thinks his nephew's half averted eyes, are directed.

"Aye, there it is," said the uncle, "all right, all wrong; exactly as I said. Mrs. Fitzroy is social in all her tendencies. Human nature is the book in which she principally delights to study. Her love even of fine scenery is coupled with society. She does not like any thing much, except with a reference to communicating her ideas, and puts me continually in mind of a passage that I have met with in the works of Balsac, an old French author, who says, "*Que la solitude est un belle chose, mais qu'il est agréable d'avoir quelque un qui sache répondre, a qui on puisse dire que la solitude est une belle chose.*" Now another thing is, that Mrs. Fitzroy does not require coincidence so much as intelligence. Her mind is generally in search of a good whetstone, while Miss Douglas ——"

"Oh, do not paint me, Mr. Bentley," said Emily, "I should fly from a portrait of myself."

"And I," said Mrs. Fitzroy, "declare loudly against Mr. Bentley's rough sketches. I will, however, admit that there is *some* truth in what

he says, and it exceedingly amuses me to catch glimpses of his caricatures, though they would terrify if I looked long at them."

"That is because my caps fit," answered our Diogenes.

"Your caps are so ugly that no one would *try them on*," replied Mrs. Fitzroy. "Mr. Otway is *my* milliner, and to prove that I do not wish to hoist false colours, I here pledge myself to let you all see, if you like it, whatever our friend of Lisfarne brings me this day, as answer of a question, which I proposed to him yesterday evening, while we were walking, and talking, on this very subject. I then made a complaint and told him that it has been my fate most unjustly, and most painfully to my feelings, to be thought insincere, though I know to a positive certainty, that I err on the other side and speak the truth with less reserve than is prudent. I told Mr. Otway, for whom I entertain the highest regard and admiration, that his *review* of my character might be very useful, if, as I am, alas! on the wing, he would give me an explanation of what seems so extraordinary

to myself, in comparing causes with effects; and though I shall not be paid any compliments, I am so sure of not being made worse than I am, that, as I said before, whatever picture I receive of myself from Lisfarne you shall certainly see."

"Come, madam," said old Bentley, "the coroner's inquest will be called immediately to try the matter, and judge whether you are *murdered* or not, for here is Mr. Otway. I see him through the acacias, walking this way with Mrs. Douglas."

"Then I will go and meet them," answered Mrs. Fitzroy. "Frederick, you shall go with me. I will ask for the paper which I expect, and you shall bring it back to be read here before I look at it myself, but I cannot stay like a culprit at the bar, while you are all scanning me according to evidence."

So saying, she gaily hastened away, joined my aunt, and sent back with the following account of herself from the pen of Mr. Otway:



*Answer to Augusta's Question.*

“Augusta inquires why she, who never feels conscious of desiring to deceive, should be reckoned insincere by those who do not understand her; and as this comprehends by far the largest portion of the people with whom she converses, how it is that the general voice of mankind, which is usually considered to convey the truth with respect to individual character, is in her case a false criterion, representing her as the opposite of what she really is? I think that I can solve the enigma satisfactorily. Augusta is a woman of decided genius, a word which comprehends the union of fine talent, and quick perception. She also possesses that force of understanding which has been commonly, though not correctly distinguished by the epithet masculine, she herself furnishing proof that we of the other sex have no right to the *monopoly* which we often assume; and that, in seizing on the *copy-right* of solid sense, we are guilty of an untenable usurpation. Augusta is particularly qualified to appreciate merit, for her mind

is penetrating and her taste refined ; but *enthusiasm* is the blind that interposes to prevent the exercise of her judgment. Eager to find materials on which to employ her intellect and affections, and ever in search of objects that may prove worthy of exciting them ; her progress through life has been one continued voyage of discovery. She dislikes the common track, and avoids those ports where low traffic and vulgar merchandise are all the allurements that presents itself. She delights in setting her sails for some *terra incognita* ; and in the true spirit of an animated adventurer, if on landing she find a few grains of gold in the sands, she imagines rich mines in the distance, and precipitately announcing the Eldorado of her hopes, hastens forward to secure the treasure in prospect. Delusion has too frequently mocked her career : not that Augusta invented a fiction ; she had found the grains of precious metal, and fancied that it was only to follow the course of the stream, and be rewarded with store of riches ; but in ascending the current no glittering prize repays her toil. Rugged mountains, barren

rocks, and tedious flats, fatigue the eye ; returning weary and disappointed, she trims her bark and invokes a favourable breeze, and bidding adieu to the region which had exhibited poverty instead of wealth, she weighs anchor and steers for another coast. Under this allegory would I present Augusta a mirror in which to behold herself. Tired of the vapid circle by which she has been encompassed in the world, and weary of crowds in which she found little congenial society, she has been perpetually engaged in seeking for what might interest her better feelings, and fill the vacuum which she experienced in her mind. In this pursuit it has frequently occurred that some agreeable quality met her view, and encouraged the activity of her research ; but, mistaking her own energy of anticipation for success, she proclaims with joy, the *treasure trove*, ere she knows the extent of its value, and from impetuosity of gratitude, is condemned to the humiliating confession that the single attribute which she admired is not associated with others which her own enthusiasm had supplied, but lies, like the grain of

gold upon the surface of the sand, in solitary insulation.

The apparent contrariety then, it would seem, which has obtained a character of caprice for Augusta, is produced by the very excess of that quality which it is denied that she possesses, and results from a superabundance rather than a deficiency of sincerity. She speaks nothing but the truth, when she praises prematurely, and as honestly condemns when she discovers that her panegyric was misapplied. I venture to predict the operation of a new process in Augusta's mind, which if I do not greatly mistake, has been gradually awakening of late to a sense of the only *true* estimate. She will never, hereafter, be satisfied I think with tracing character *downwards* from some light ornamental decoration at the *top* ; but in future only expect that those wreaths which adorn the capital shall be firmly supported when the pillar rises from a broad base of solidly established foundation. The fire of a vivid imagination has prolonged the *youth* of Augusta, and it is only now that she is beginning to learn a valuable lesson in





morals, namely, that happiness, like liberty, is often overlooked in the search after it. Young people, through inexperience, and sometimes those who are older from sanguineness of temperament, expect more from life than it has to bestow. They consider happiness as a precious jewel never hitherto possessed, yet certainly to be found though in what shape, place, or circumstances, it never occurs to them to define; it is with them a sort of vague ideal charm, always to be pursued, and as constantly eluding the grasp. Liberty in like manner, with the same description of persons, does not consist in the absence of restraint; in the rational enjoyment of property, or preservation of rights. It is a loose ungovernable spirit of infringement on the privileges of others. The mere security derived under a just and equal administration of the laws is no better than bondage in the eyes of what are technically known by the name and style of "radical reformers." All this is flat and tame; they must *kick* and *fling*, to be assured that they are not confined; they must be permitted to do that which has neither reference to

pleasure nor utility, merely to exercise the *power* which absolute freedom bestows, just as a child in a garden lays about him, and batters down the flowers on each side with the stick in his hand, without any need of, or desire for, the things thus destroyed. We deceive ourselves much in supposing that happiness of mind any more than health of body depends upon *place*. I do not say that change of scene is not often both agreeable and convenient; but if the heart be oppressed, or there be 'a thorn in the flesh,' the *Mordecai* travels with us. We cannot run away from ourselves. To be happy in the limited sense which Providence permits, let us endeavour to make *home* the centre of our enjoyments. The fulfilment of those little duties which are at every moment presenting their claims, may be thought by many a strange *receipt* for contentment; yet it is a very sure one, and if there ever was an axiom on the truth of which we may rely, it is, that "the mind is its own place." Instead of looking to new faces, and seeking in new situations for that undiscovered *something*, we know not what, which

upon approaching will, like the sailor's "Cape fly away," always vanish, or recede from our view; let us be assured that, in every condition of life, and in every spot of earth, much may be done with the materials that lie immediately around us; and if we evince no skill in the manufacture of these, we should not turn a wider range to profit. My dear friend Augusta begins to feel these truths, and when they come to be steadily acted upon, she will no more be a prey to disappointment—no more be accounted insincere. Her judgments will be slower, and therefore less apt to err; her friends will be fewer, and chosen not for their brilliancy so much as their worth, and Augusta will find that all the blessings which do not mock our grasp, are to be possessed *every where*, if sought upon the only principles which can never deceive."

"Excellent sense," exclaimed Bentley, "my opinions are not expressed in such courtly phrase as my friend Otway uses; but I agree in the substance of every syllable that he has written. He is quite right, but, like the prophet who



ordered a dip into the river Jordan to cure the leprosy, your moral physicians who prescribe simples which are to be met with in the field of our own minds, will never be attended to. No, no, we must ransack the remotest ends of the earth for our remedies, because no one is inclined to think his own case a common one. Mrs. Fitzroy returned at this moment with *another* paper in her hand, over which she was laughing heartily. "Oh come," said she, "and read a most delightful copy of verses written *impromptu* this moment for me by 'poet Connor,' who, it appears, having missed us at Killarney, stepped across the country to Glenalta; that he might do honour in due form to the strangers. Arthur, he is inquiring for you, and as he is one of the most grotesque figures I ever saw, I pray that you may look at him."

I went in quest of the poet, as I was desired, and you may form some idea of these Irish *improvisatori* by the few commencing lines of Connor's composition in praise of Mrs. Fitzroy, which, if you *admire*, shall be preserved with their "*tail on*," along with his eulogy on your

humble servant, for a future day. What think you of the following invocation :—

“ *Egregious* Dame ! thine ear benignly bend,  
And to the Muse of Kerry kindly lend  
Attention meet, while he shall aptly sing,  
And from Apollo's lyre soft music bring.  
The *ægis* of thy sweet protection grant,  
While to thy praise he tunes harmonious chaunt.  
Glory of England ! here we gladly see,  
Renowned epitome arrived in thee.

&c. &c. &c.”

The rude figure who met my eyes on gaining the house, gave a finish to the poetical treat; and, certainly, in all my travels I have never seen a person less formed by nature or art to captivate *the nine*, than this votary of the Castalian choir. He is a man of about sixty, of Bardolphian physiognomy, who, I rather imagine, is much more frequently indebted for the fire of inspiration to a glass of whiskey, than to the fountain of Helicon. A large, battered tin snuff-box also contributed its aid to enliven those numbers

“ Which warm from the still, and faithful to its fires,”

were dealt out with equal readiness and prodiga-

lity to all who looked as if they were inclined to *purchase* Parnassian fame; and the same snuff-box supplied a substitute for sand, with which ever and anon, the bard sprinkled his effusions. Fancy a large, obtuse red face, curled head, rough coat, of dark brown cloth, fastened with a cord round his waist; a hat full of holes, an ink bottle cased over with a *surtout* of pack-thread, and tied at a button-hole; a pen stuck behind one ear, and a roll of the coarsest description of paper sticking out of his bosom, and you have before you as much of poet Connor as I shall give till you see his *fac simile* admirably sketched by Fanny's pencil in my journal. Mrs. Fitzroy and I, whose perfections had been "theme of song," gave half a crown each to the verse-vender, and received another scolding from old Bentley for encouraging these idlers, who, he says, truly enough I believe, are amongst the most worthless part of the community. We then dispersed, and went our several ways, for the first time since the "*English foreigners*" had been at Glenalta without saying when shall we meet again? I am melancholy I

confess. My heart is full, as the hour of my departure advances. The last week has brought me more intimately acquainted than ever with the excellence from which I must tear myself; and I am sorrowful in proportion as I compare the feelings which I brought to Ireland with those which now on the eve of separation overwhelm me, as I bid farewell to this happy abode of all that is best and brightest. Where shall I look for such affection; where seek such disinterested kindness, mental improvement, and variety of pleasurable excitement, as I have found in this charming spot, which I nicknamed Blue-stocking Hall, and believed to be a centre in which pedantry, dullness, affectation, and presumption, had agreed to meet and lodge together?

Glenalta, "I cry you mercy;" if repentance merit pardon, I may hope to be forgiven. I love even Domine, and down to the very dogs, nothing is an object of indifference that I leave behind. How painful the sensation that one experiences when the heart swells as though it would burst its confine, an unbidden tear starts,



and utterance is palsied? Yet this is what we pay our money for, and delight in the actor or the actress who can most powerfully call forth such emotion, by only imitating those passions, and feigning those incidents which *naturally* affect our sympathies. Why do we thus liberally bestow our best feelings on theatrical fiction, while we so frequently withhold them from the legitimate claims of reality? Old Bentley would give some reason, I dare say, for this anomaly, not very favourable to human nature; and if I think of it I will ask him the question before I go. We are to have strangers at dinner to-day, which is a *bore*, but my aunt wishes to repay some of the many attentions shewn to Frederick, since his return from Dublin, by all the neighbouring gentry, who have been profuse of congratulation, and perhaps she is desirous of *constraining* us all to be more cheerful in spite of ourselves, than the prospect of a parting scene on the day after to-morrow would permit, were it not for a little gentle compulsion. I shall go on writing till we set out, and shall not finish this till I reach London, where

I shall hope to find means of sending my packet as *usual* by private hand. What a lucky dog you are in receiving such *pounds* of stationery free of cost, in a country where epistolary taxation is calculated by weight? Adieu, till to-morrow.

Well, yesterday is "numbered with the years before the flood," and the company which, while in perspective, I thought would be a *gêne*, turned out a resource, and gave us a great deal to talk of when spirits were flagging, and threatened to fail unless given fresh motion by some new *impingement* from without. The ladies who were asked did not come, and the most prominent features among the gentlemen of the country who made their appearance were, Mr. Fitzallan, a man of large fortune, generally an absentee, and Mr. Ridley, another person of good estate, together with their respective sons. The politics, manners, and sentiments, in every possible department of conversation between these neighbours are north and south of each other, but as they met *here* on neutral ground, and in a *lady's* house, all was smooth to outward seeming. Mr.

Fitzallan is a *liberal*, and very eloquent; he talked admirably on the rights of the people, the errors of Administration, the total want of honesty in Ministers; the shameful abuse of power, peculation in every quarter, prostitution of the national purse, and dereliction of justice. He sat next to Mrs. Fitzroy, whose animated countenance almost emitted *light*, as she listened to a flow of mind so congenial with her own. Mr. Ridley, on the opposite side, who took his seat next my aunt, supported even the very thickest skull to be found on the Ministerial side of Lords and Commons. To a person not immediately engaged in conversation with either of our *leaders*, nothing could be more comical than the effect of opposition in the chance-medley of sounds that vibrated round the table. It was what the printers call a *pie*, when the *devils* have jumbled their types into confusion. I heard liberty, authority, equal rights, wholesome rule, universal suffrage, Kingly prerogatives, emancipation, Protestant ascendancy, the curse of tithes, the blessings of an Established Church, &c. in the drollest

*mess* that could be imagined. When the speakers descended from their stilts, and, quitting the arena of dispute on public affairs, *meandered* into the paths of private life, the same remarkable difference was observable in the style of our orators. Mr. Fitzallan talked with enthusiasm of the peasantry of Ireland as the finest, but most oppressed, people under Heaven; declaring that West Indian slavery had nothing to compare, in its horrors, with the subjugation of this British island; this land of beauty, this nursery of the brave. He told some striking anecdotes of his own tenantry, who, he said, would follow him to the confines of earth, and that were he like Roderick Dhü, only to whistle as he rode along, the whole country would rise in his defence. When he spoke of his family, he dwelt on the lovely innocence of childhood, and said how hard he felt it even to *look* angrily. All *discipline* he left entirely to Mrs. Fitzallan, who was, he acknowledged, so much wiser than himself, that he willingly relinquished every title to controul, and gladly confessed that he was *hen-pecked* and *chicken-*



*pecked*, and *pecked* in every possible manner of *pecking*; adding, "I live, in fact, totally under petticoat government, and find nothing suits with my temper so pleasantly as to be led in all things by my wife." Mr. Fitzallan's appearance is very handsome, and his manners are perfectly polished, which gave the most finished, at the same time the most playful tone to every thing he said, while Ridley looked as serious in describing a game of German tactics to Fanny, as if he had been delivering evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons on the Corn Laws. Young Fitzallan gave a scowling glance at his father every time that he spoke; and whenever he could slide in a word, it was sure to be a *cut* at the difference between theory and practice. Young Ridley, on the contrary, seemed to hang with delight on every word that his father uttered, though with the most perfect freedom and considerable intelligence, he sometimes ventured a flight in praise of some of our Opposition men, who met with no quarter from the old man. When the party broke up in the evening Mrs. Fitzroy burst

into a glowing eulogium on Mr. Fitzallan, "who," she said, "was the most noble creature she had met for ages. That man has such heart, he is overflowing with love for his species, and his views upon every subject are so generous, so exalted, so comprehensive"—

"That they comprehend *nothing*, madam," interrupted Mr. Bentley in a high state of irritation. "I repeat, madam," continued he, "that you were never so mistaken in the course of your life. This shewy man, who has attracted so much of your admiration, possesses property to a large amount in several counties in Ireland. The agent whom he employs in this part of the country, I know to be one of the most grinding, heartless, fellows in creation. Mr. Fitzallan is one of the worst landlords in Ireland, and never does an act that is not dictated by the grossest self-interest. In private life he is a compound of pride and laxity. The former governs his conduct with wife and children, to all of whom he behaves in the most imperious yet capricious manner; and, *though* he has too little controul over *himself* to enforce

subordination in *others*, he is selfish and tyrannical with all whose actions he can dare to command. You might have observed how small a degree of credit he has with his son, who dotes on his mother, and resents, as far as he can, his father's neglect of her. Madam, Mr. Fitzallan fastened on your ear because you were a stranger, and he found that he could play off an artillery of *words* upon your ignorance of his true character.

“ Now there is honest Jack Ridley, whom you did not condescend to address, I believe, for the whole day; I would bet a sovereign that you think every syllable of what I have told you fits him to a *tee*, and that I am either an idiot or a madman for having given you such an account of your favourite. The *truth* is, that you and I may exchange our portraits, and each will then possess a good likeness, for my worthy friend Jack is all that you ascribe to Mr. Fitzallan. If he incline perhaps a little to what is *now* called bigotry, it is in defence of his King and his Church, though he would not hurt the feelings of *any* man, whatever be his creed.

He is an excellent magistrate, one of the best of landlords, and it is worth going from this to Fort Ridley to see him in the midst of his family. When he returns to-night, the smile of welcome will greet his arrival. His son and he are probably at this moment cheerfully discussing in their way home the agreeable party at Glenalta; and will make the fire-side group partakers in every little incident or remark that has occurred during the absence of two of its members.

“Were we to accompany the Fitzallans in *their* homeward course, I promise you that your enthusiasm would be plunged in an ice-bath ere you had left this gate three perches behind you. Imagine the father and son, fitted like corner-cupboards into the extreme angles of their carriage, asleep, or feigning sleep; knees approximating, but not *touching*, towards the centre. Arrived at the *Rialta* (foolish name), the gentlemen contrive to separate without a mutual “good night,”—no “blazing hearth,” no “crackling fagot;” no beaming open countenance awaits their return. A silence dark



and chill as death pervades the mansion, and morning's sunny ray has no power over the gloomy hearts that dwell within it. At the Rialta absenteeism stares you in the face whichever way you turn. Offices dilapidated, plantations overgrown, gates off their hinges, walls scolloped into gaps, weeds flourishing in the very porch, paper hanging about your ears, bell-ropes pulled down from their cranks, furniture thinly scattered, old fashioned, yet ill preserved, heavy, but not magnificent: these are the dreary indications of approach to the residence of a popular orator, who lives beyond his means, and comes annually amongst his tenants to obtain supplies which may enable him to pass another year in estrangement from their wants and their wishes."

"At Fort Ridley you find tight cottages, whole fences, trim gardens, clean walks, and warm welcome. You hear no cant about a radical reform; but you see progressive and constant improvement. Your ears are not assailed by cataracts of fine words, but your heart acknowledges a continued flow of kindness and

I approve," said Mrs. Fitzroy; "but Mr. Fitzallan seems *quite* a practical man," added she, "and that is the reason that I like him. All his principles are pure; and, judging by what I have seen, I should say they are reduced to daily exercise, else how should he know so much of the Irish peasantry, or be able to relate so many interesting anecdotes respecting them?"—"Why, madam," replied old Bentley, "you might as well argue to the original humour of a man who had learned Joe Miller by heart. Mr. Fitzallan studies stage effect, and has tragedy as well as comedy at his fingers' ends. An Irish story, well purged from its yellow clay, and dressed to advantage, is a nice morsel, even in the heart of London, if you do not stuff your friends with too much of a good thing; and the gentleman of whom we are speaking knows exactly how much pudding will choke a dog."

Mrs. Fitzroy is so genuinely diverted by Mr. Bentley, that they always part the best friends imaginable. He now shook hands and went home. When he was gone, Mr. Otway said

duals, who, not repelled by his frown, have braved opposition, and surmounted the obstacles to his friendship.

“ Mrs. Fitzroy is a grand favourite, notwithstanding *appearances*, and he told me to-day in his own way of expressing sorrow for her departure, that he expects to be like a fish out of water when she bids farewell to Ireland.”

The word farewell struck as a knell on every heart: dear Phil. sighed, and wished us good night; and ere we separated to reap the harvest of his blessing, Mrs. Fitzroy, in a few words, but most comprehensively summed up *his* character.—“ Aye,” said she, soliloquizing as he left the room, “ and there *you go!* the reviewer of reviews—the critic of critics—possessing more of every quality than you find to admire or value in all the men of your acquaintance, yet bearing your honours so meekly, with a mind so exquisitely balanced, a temperament so calm, and humility so lovely, that you allow anybody to get before you and shine out his short-lived triumph of display, while you in quiet majesty pursue the equal tenor of your course, and,

trace was lost of every object that continued the illusion, I could not speak. The pang was unutterable, and a thousand vague fancies crowded over my mind, perplexing it "with fear of change," and whispering unwelcome thoughts that I should not revisit my Irish home. There can be no *reason* for this, but I find now by experience what I have *read of* before, that low spirits enfeeble the understanding, and make one start, though at nothing.

"'Tis only the willows that wave in the wind."

Yet the imagination conjures up phantoms of ideal existence, and I worked myself into such a dread of death, separation, misfortune, and I know not what, that the turning of a straw would have sent me back again, envious of the very rocks that bent their faces towards the happy valley which I left behind.

Mrs. Fitzroy was a charming companion, for she felt as I did; and we were neither of us inclined to talk on any subject foreign to Glenalta.

I cannot give you a detail of our progress. We reached Dublin, where the bustle of a new scene obliged us to turn our thoughts from those



cause it assumes too much of similarity without reaching identification; and we are nauseated by the chattering of a monkey, who is *almost* human, though we listen with pleasure to the articulations of a parrot.

Having left my fair charge in Worcestershire, at the house of one of her friends, I hastened to town, and found every thing here in the confusion attendant upon hurry. My poor mother, dreading an *explosion* on my part, laid her plans so as to circumvent me completely, and, on the plea of my uncle's sudden illness, which gives us reason to expect him by the very next ship from Bengal, instead of at the distance of some months, Adelaide's marriage has been *got up* without any of the usual forms, which my mother trusts to her own ingenuity and generalship for having executed as well *after*, as *before* the ceremony. Behold then, on my arrival, the whole house turned topsy-turvy—servants in new liveries flying to and fro, white and silver favours glittering on their breasts, and the wedding party just returned from St. George's Chapel. I could hardly find a place to dress in,

the vanity of display, had dispersed. My mother and Louisa joined the giddy throng, and went to drive about the park, and exhibit the hymeneal paraphernalia. I looked from a window on the scene below, and sighed, as I thought how differently a marriage would be conducted at Glenalta.

With eyes opened to a new order of things, I could not help musing heavily on what I saw. A deaf man suddenly introduced for the first time into the midst of a ball room would think the people all mad, whom he beheld jumping about, without being able to hear the inspiring sounds which gave activity to the feet. Perhaps, had I been engaged in this nuptial pageant, it would have seemed, as it did to those who had parts to act in it; but to me it appeared, from an upper story of the house, the most senseless piece of parade that I had ever witnessed, rendered melancholy by anticipations of events which I perceived in the vista of Adelaide's futurity. Various analogies started to my mind. I recollected the gay deception which precedes the sacrifice, when a poor nun is about to relinquish

little conversation. She met me with an air of great displeasure, and I fear that the only way by which I can reinstate myself in her favour will prove a destructive one. My property is already burthened to a large amount, and to extricate my mother I must plunge myself a great deal deeper in debt. This must be done, however, as I will use my best endeavours to set her mind at ease.

Poor Louisa and I sat up till morning, and, though her mind is a complete chaos, she has too much natural strength of character not to perceive the folly, as well as meanness, of the late arrangement, in which each side has been trying to outwit the other. I find that the Craytons set out directly after the ceremony for Dover, and are on their route to the continent, where their sojournment is to be regulated by circumstances. "Pecuniary difficulties," though not defined, are confessed to, *generally*, by my new brother-in-law, who gives his title in the hope of being paid for it in solid gold; and I suspect that we shall find, ere long, how much his creditors have been cajoled by an assurance that between General Douglas and me, all their

## LETTER XXIII.

DR. PANCRAS TO MR. OTWAY.

Sir,

*Limner's Hotel.*

I AM commissioned to notify the arrival in England of your friend General Douglas, and to inform you that in the present state of his health, he feels himself incompetent to any manner of exertion. He has been so ill on the voyage, as to excite my constant apprehension lest I might not enjoy the happiness of delivering up my patient alive to his friends. He has been somewhat better since we arrived in the Channel, and I have no doubt that a little rest will be of much benefit; but as he means to remain in town for the arrival of another ship, which sailed when we did, and on board which is a part of his baggage, he will have the best medical advice here, and proceed at leisure to Marsden, the place which you were so good as to purchase for



him. The principal object of this letter is to entreat, that if not very inconvenient, you will come over, and allow your friend the pleasure of shaking you by the hand once more. He bids me tell you, that he has much to say, and that the power of communicating with you upon several subjects near his heart, would contribute more than any medicine to his recovery. May it be permitted a stranger to enforce this request, by adding his testimony to the General's own conviction? It is not the physician who "can minister unto a mind diseased;" it is the *friend* alone who can sooth and sustain the sinking spirits, and I look upon my patient as requiring *your* advice as much as he does mine, though I have had long knowledge of his complaints, and have accompanied him from India. I will not longer trespass on your attention than to request an immediate answer, saying whether or not you can comply with the entreaty of which I am the medium.

I am, Sir,

your obedient, humble servant,

A. PANCRAS.

## LETTER XXIV.

FROM MISS DOUGLAS TO MISS SAFFORD.

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My dearest Julia,

IT is some time since you have heard from me, and in the interval much has happened to disturb our even course of life. The departure of our friends, particularly that of Arthur, produced a degree of desolation at Glenalta, which can only be understood by such as have felt the pangs of separation from those they love. When you left us, a similar chasm was made in our happiness, but you could not comprehend our feelings, though you were very sorry to say farewell. You were *going*, we were *staying*, and supposing the same measure of affection, there must be a wide difference between the situation of a mind presented continually with new objects that force themselves on the observation, and one that is

bound in all the melancholy associations of that scene which had witnessed its happiness. The fresh air, the constant movement, the necessity of speaking and interesting oneself in the details of a journey, must save the heart much bitterness, which is reserved for the saddened spirits left behind. I never shall forget the tomb-like silence that pervaded our cheerful abode when the last sound of the carriage wheels, that bore away dear Mrs. Fitzroy and Arthur, were no longer to be heard. We *then* only seemed to feel the full extent of our deprivation.

Charlotte and I, unable to occupy ourselves, wandered like ghosts. Oh the emptiness of a bedchamber from which your friend has just departed ! The pillow still bearing impress of the head which had rested on it so recently ; the spikes of lavender scattered on the floor, which, perhaps, you had gathered yourself in a happier hour, to give fragrance to the now vacant wardrobe ; the back of a letter inscribed with the name that now stops your utterance, and the thousand other trifles, light as air, that take affection by surprise, and make one wretched

through every fibre of the frame ! Fanny's grief had quicker vent ; she wept, till like a babe that cries itself to sleep, nature *would* have rest ; and I envied her the power of listening with rapture, to the history of some young cygnets, which old Lawrence had got from Bantry as a present for her. Frederick was sincerely sorrowful, but he was obliged to attend to Mr. Oliphant, and his mind was relieved by the necessity of being employed.

The beloved mother who suffers more than she enjoys society, always returns to the stillness of retirement, glad to repose after exertion, and rewarded by the happy feeling of having practised self-denial in order to make others happy.

Charlotte and I then were the *miserable* of our little circle, and the kind Phil. accordingly gave his principal attention to us. He insisted on our being *busy*. He drove us to our gardens, to our poor people, to the schools, all of which had been less carefully watched, while our friends were with us. How slow is the progress of improvement. How rapid the growth



way's immediate presence in London. It is thought right that Frederick should accompany him as a proper mark of respect, and also to add weight to mamma's request, that should our mild climate be considered advisable for the invalid, he will repair as soon as possible to Glenalta.

To lose Frederick and our friend of Lisfarne at one and the same moment is a stroke which needs some philosophy to endure; and I am afraid that we are not bearing it as we ought to do. Then I cannot help feeling sadly afraid of uncle Douglas, who is, Arthur says, very *repellent* in his manners. Poor man! he suffers much, and it is unreasonable to expect that he should be agreeable in his present circumstances; but I am so accustomed to the sweet accents of gentleness and affection, that nothing terrifies me so much as the idea of severity. I feel still more for mamma than for myself, and as the general has apparently taken a dislike already, Arthur tells us, to my aunt Howard and Louisa, why should we expect better at the hands of one, governed, perhaps, by prejudice

against all his family, with whom he has kept up very little intercourse?

Mr. Otway and Frederick set out next week, and but for the delight I have in the hope that they will soon return, and the latter be happy in his cousin's society, while he is enjoying his first visit to London, I should be inconsolable.

We have had intelligence of Lord and Lady Crayton's arrival in Rome, where young Stanhope has seen them. Lord C. is fond of play, and poor Adelaide Howard, I am afraid, is destined to be any thing but blessed in her union with him. What can induce people to make the sacrifice of liberty and peace for the sake of a paltry title? Perhaps I am careless about such things only because I am placed in a situation where they are of little value; but a coronet seems of small estimation in my eyes, and I wish that my cousin had a husband less extravagant and more domestic, though plain Mr. instead of Viscount, preceded his name. He and Adelaide are to pass the winter in Paris.

You bid me to describe our late visitors. To say that we found them a very agreeable addition

to our party, is saying nothing that will help you to distinguish one from the other. Yet beyond some such general description, what can tell of strangers? If you delineate the features of a landscape, you can speak not only of them as they seem, but as they *are*; but what a length of time is required to guard against misrepresentation in painting the human character, of which we can for a long while only know the *signs*, but may remain in profound ignorance of the motives which govern them!

You may remember how much I used to admire Miss Talbot. I saw her frequently last summer, when she looked so pretty, and was so kind to me, that I became quite enthusiastic in her praise; and should have been very foolish about her, if mamma had not damped my energy, by saying one day, "dearest Emily, do not take so much for granted: wait to know Miss Talbot better before you give her *all your* heart." I felt that there must be good reason for this reproof, or I should not have received it. I paused, and ceasing to inflate my mind with my own exaggerations, mistaking them for

which mark a wish to please; and he looks so sincere, that one feels always ready to *believe* whatever he utters, while the wandering eye of his companion would indicate that his thoughts are every where, or no where, though his tongue be employed in giving to them the liveliest expression. Mr. Annesley's animation arises out of the occasion, while Mr. Russell is ever intent on *seeking* opportunity to exhibit *his*. In conversing with the one, you find your spirits refreshed by the natural alternation of stimulus and repose. In talking to the other, you are made to feel that a certain measure of excitement is to be *run out*; after which, you must lie by to recruit, ere you commence anew. They are both polished, and have received all the advantages of modern education, and thus ends my story of them.

Mamma will write to dear Mrs. Sandford, when she can tell her of *the general's* movements. Have you ever remarked how many people tack an emphatic *the* to any admiral, general, colonel, dean, or archdeacon, accidentally appended to their family, just as if there



## LETTER XXV.

FREDERICK DOUGLAS TO HIS MOTHER.

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Beloved Mother,

OUR dear Phil. insisted on writing the first letter from London, and as this point was settled before we left Glenalta, you have not charged me with neglect; forgetful I can never be. You all live continually in my thoughts; I fancy how you are all employed during every part of the day, and never see any thing that delights or surprises me, without wishing that my mother and sisters were to enjoy whatever is worthy of their admiration. This is to me a scene of wonder, and I have a great deal of trouble in suppressing too true an exhibition of my rusticity, and curbing my astonishment at things so common, that no one here could comprehend my ignorance of them. London is a

world full of interest to a novice like myself, and while the charm of novelty lasts, and curiosity is kept alive, I shall find as much happiness as I can feel away from you; but the people with whom I meet at my aunt Howard's, though I am told that they are of the first circle, have little merit, I must confess, in my eyes. I ought however, to begin with the *hosts*, before I describe the company. My aunt is as unlike you, as Louisa is different from Emily, Charlotte, or Fanny. The former is so rouged, so dressed, and made up, that a natural emotion, if any such live within her breast, has no power to reach the surface. Every feature seems fixed, as though she were a *cast*, and not a real human form of flesh and blood. Her manners are so cold, and her eye so disdainful, that had I come to Grosvenor-square *alone*, one glance would have been enough to settle my resolves not to encounter a second; but she treats Arthur, her only son, and *certainly* a favourite, as frigidly as she behaves to me; and with her daughter, there is a perpetual *sparring* kept up, which to my unaccustomed ear is perfectly dreadful,

though at the same time, she is evidently vain of Louisa's beauty and accomplishments. To Mr. Otway she is *civil*, and towards my poor uncle, *officious* to excess, without being *able* to look kind. My cousin is very handsome, and if she had been *your* child, would, I believe, have been very amiable, for she is good-natured, in spite of every effort to make her the contrary; and her love for Arthur is genuine, I believe, though of a species very new to me. Her person is encumbered with ornaments, and her mind with fashion. Her understanding is excellent, and *will* break its bounds, and start forth through all the London fogs that would obscure its light; but it is only in accidental scintillations that Louisa's brightness discovers itself, and *then*, sarcasm is generally the medium through which it shines; nothing can exceed the stupid inanity of such conversation as I hear at my aunt's, where *people* only are ever discussed. It is one eternal round of dress, public places, and gossip. *Every* body is said to be out of town, yet the streets are full. *Nobody* is ever in London at this season, yet

the Howards live in a crowd of society, and would be very angry with *any* body who ventured to affirm that their acquaintance is not *first-rate*. Mr. Otway reconciles many apparent incongruities through his explanations, when we reach our lodgings at night, and I am already bidding fair to part with the nick-name which Louisa has bestowed upon me of the "novice of Saint Patrick." My *Mentor* tells me, that London is in fact, at this moment, full of people who are ashamed of not being at their country seats, the watering places, or on the continent; and are detained here *malgrè*, for want of money to go elsewhere, or pay off the bills which continue daily to increase, while they remain in town, *shying* each other. It is that the people do not imprison themselves they meet in the streets, in the shops, in park, at the theatres; but there seems to be a conventional agreement to tell lies, which is permitted, like base metal, to circulate in place of sterling coin, though known counterfeit by all who use it as a medium of exchange. There is a sort of *sinister*



in this compact, as deception is avoided in the universality of the fraud. One family is detained by Dr. —, who will not suffer his patient to undertake as yet a journey to Leamington. Another is just *going* to France. A third *waits* for a carriage which has been promised by the coachmaker, but is not *quite* finished, and so on. Not a word of truth in any of the stories. A country bumpkin, however, benefits by all this *charlatanerie*, and finds food for eyes, ears, and reflection, at a time when the metropolis ought to be according to the rules of *haute ton*, a perfect desert.

The friendship of Arthur sets me at ease. Were it not for him, I should sneak into a corner I suppose, and not dare to utter a word for fear of *committing* some Hibernicism, and bring the eyes of Europe upon me; but, supported by my faithful Achates, I am bold, and you would perhaps be astonished to see me *doing the agreeable* at my aunt's evening parties. I assure you that I make my way surprisingly, and am beginning to feel rather triumphant. Louisa put me through a sort of ordeal which

was unpleasant enough for three or four days; but Arthur gave me a few hints behind the scenes which enabled me to come off victorious, and now like a *freshman* at school, who has *boxed* himself into character, I am *let alone*, and actually applied to, for my opinions upon "Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses." Some contrivance is necessary, however, to slide out of a group when it happens that a cross subject is started; but in general, I find myself *à fait*, for a grain of intellect, like a grain of gold will hammer out into surface enough to cover a prodigious field of "worshipful society;" and if you are quick in picking up names, admiring the right music, the fashionable singer, the favourite novel, and the *newest* of every thing, you need not draw unmercifully on your brains, nor put your eyes in danger of Ophthalmia, by poring over the midnight lamp. I fancy Emily and Charlotte, with inquiring eyes, pressing forward together, to ask Frederick whether his soul has not been entranced by the finished performance of our London *belles* on the harp and piano-forte.

Dearest girls, publish it not in Gath, if I whisper the homespun confession, and tell you in depth of secrecy, that pleasure is a stranger to me at our concerts. I hear compositions so chromatic, modulations so unnatural, transitions so violent, and harmony so entirely divested of the character which I have been in the habit of attaching to it, that, were it not for information to the contrary, I should not be aware that I was listening to music at all, but should imagine myself introduced to a new and wonderful mechanism for exhibiting the muscular powers to their utmost extent, and also trying how far it is practicable to exert the licence of caprice without ever touching on the borders of melody. In the same spirit of confidential avowal I may add, that there seems to be a strict covenant between the modern composers and the instrument-makers to murder music, and prevent a concerto, as well as the piano-forte on which it is performed, from a longer existence in the fashionable world than will be allotted to the preposterous flat hats, which only require poles supporting their circumference, to give the Re-

gent's-park exactly the air of an encampment. Another musical observation which I have made, is, that every young lady on first setting down, and running over the keys of the finest Stoddart or Broadwood, piped, barred, and dandified, according to the very latest vogue, declares the instrument to be out of tune. Quere, is this to make boast of an exquisite ear, or is it done to bespeak mercy for imperfect execution? In either case, to produce *effect* it should not be a *general* fashion; and there should be at least a foundation of truth in the complaint; but it literally happened yesterday evening, that Louisa's magnificent instrument had been put into the highest order only half an hour before the company arrived, and yet the fair competitors for fame were not a whit the better satisfied. Perhaps after all it is necessary to talk a little nonsense, and tumble over the leaves of whatever music is open on the desk, to gain time for shaking back the manacles which load the wrists of a fashionable lady with such *shekels* of gold that their weight is apt to determine the blood towards her finger tops. This



is an inconvenience, and certainly an alloy to the pleasure of exhibiting richer ornaments than were ever *à la mode* till now, but what advantage is there without its counterpoise? It is unlucky too that necklaces are *out*, as they afforded great opportunity in perpetual fiddling with them to regulate the *circulation*, and shew off bracelets and rings in the best possible position for securing white hands and arms, during the time being.

Dearest mother, do I see you shake your head, and call this ill nature? If I thought that a shadow of displeasure glanced over that brow on which I pray unceasingly that I may never be the means of gathering a cloud, I would make a vow against opening my eyes to the ridiculous while I remain in London; but I hope that even *you* will laugh with me at the absurdities which we must be blind not to see, and dumb not to tell of. If the sisters imagine that my heart is likely to be perforated like a *cullender*, tell them that not a single missile has reached it as yet,

“Th’ invaders dart their jav’lins from afar.”

ing and sculpture, I determined on getting *alongside*, as the sailors say. I did so, and we talked of the Exhibition, the Elgin Marbles, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Chantry, Canova, &c. but *talk* it was, aye, "*vox et preterea nihil*." Not a particle of enthusiasm had reached her mind, it only flickered round her lips. She had been in Rome, had seen Naples, visited the Louvre, ransacked every *atelier* of every celebrated artist in her travels; and, as a matter of course, is come back discontented with every thing in England. I sought as vainly for a single grain of taste in her conversation as I generally do for a strain of sweetness in the music which I daily hear: no;—terms of art and fashionable echoes met my ear, but not a sentiment that originated in feeling: no description drawn by a pencil dipped in the heart.

I ventured to say something, I know not what, but my remark was my own; I was not to be found, I suppose, in the common-place book acknowledged at present, as the reception that it encountered was a rude burst of laugh-

beauty be reckoned by weight and measure, the tonnage and poundage of London are prodigious.

When Lord Oldfield left my aunt's to vapour at another party, the above-mentioned young lady of pensive mien, seemed to recollect that she had treated me somewhat cavalierly, or perhaps she was amused by my *outlandish* ways of thinking, and returned to look at me, as people used to do at the Cherokee chiefs, or Sandwich Islanders; but from whatever motive, so it was, that she called me to her, and with a smile of such *concentration* as appeared to say, "*Sauve qui peut,*" she invited me to attend her to-day and look at some statues, at the house of an Italian newly arrived. Now I had charity enough to believe that she had only *heard* of them as fine specimens of sculpture, and was ignorant altogether of what she was going to see; but before I could reply, she added that she had begun to model from a Cupid in the collection, and hoped that I should approve her performance. Arthur and I had been to see these statues two or three days ago, and all I can say

is, that as I have not yet had the advantage of *case-hardening* on the continent, I blushed as I bowed a seeming assent, resolving to make my excuse this morning, which I have accordingly done.

If modesty be really one of those cumbrous virtues, which, like the ponderous armour of former days, is no longer necessary in the high state of civilization to which we have attained, why is not the word honestly banished along with the quality which it represents? and why do we foolishly retain the sign, if we must lose sight of the idea to which it belongs? It would be wrong, perhaps, to charge a modern fair one with actual vice because she can walk with perfect unconcern through files of statues representing the human form in a state of nudity, and *that* too in company, it may be, of a profligate man; but I *must* say, that to my untutored sense, the thing is very disgusting; and as London is certainly not the Garden of Eden, I should venture to add, that the practice is not very safe, unless moral virtue be no longer considered requisite to the well-being of the com-



munity, but with other antiquities is to be only reserved for the cabinets of the curious; *there*, as we view it clothed in venerable rust, to excite our astonishment at the difference between the clumsy accoutrements of our ancestors, and the convenient accommodations of our own time.

I am interrupted by Mr. Otway, who sends his love, and bids me say, that he has a letter on the *anvil*; so I will send mine. But I have been led into the mazes of this brilliant scene, so far remote from *domestic* subjects, that I find not a word in all my prosing of poor uncle, for whom I feel both tenderness and respect. He suffers much, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, has "that within which passeth shew." His mind appears to me as if it had gone out of Nature's loom a goodly tissue, but has been pulled *bias* by untoward circumstances of fortune and ill health. As yet I know very little of him, and he is so reserved with his relations, that were there not certain loop-holes through which I peep into the interior, and

thence form judgment of his true texture, the first and second words of Cæsar's *triplicate* would answer every purpose of description in my instance; and in saying *veni vidi*, I should tell you all that is to be known; but I sometimes see him shake his head, and catch him now and then, his eyes suffused with tears and fixed intently on me. The moment of observation is that of change, and, as a person who has dropped asleep in Church, coughs, hems, and kicks his heels, to *prove* how much awake he is, so my uncle throws a tartness, an abruptness, into his manner after one of these little affectionate *lapses*, to assure us of the sternness of his character. My next shall be to Emily.

Adieu, beloved! My heart is with you all, though the *casket* be far from you. I shall have much to tell the three, *Graces* I *will* not call them, *Furies* I *cannot* call them: what then *shall* I call them? They shall be the *Destinies*, because my fate is in their hands, and as they love and value me through life, I shall be happy or the contrary.

Remember me affectionately, if you please, to dear Mr. Oliphant, and do not drive your little car from the door without telling Lawrence that I enquire for him. Farewell !

Your own

**FREDERICK.**

LETTER

MR. OTWAY TO

---

Dearest Friend,

My former letters have  
scripts from the book of c  
has filled up all interstice  
to the main purpose which  
to-day, I must indulge  
*please you*, by saying a  
youth, whom I have hit  
incidentally, because I  
would bear the whirl of



really astonishes me. Though introduced for the first time to what is called, certainly not *par excellence*, the Great World, he is neither awkward nor confused. The easy polish of *true* refinement which he learned at home, in the bosom of that loved retreat where all the best affections of his noble and manly heart are centered, *frank* him into a metropolitan drawing-room, as fearlessly as into your's at Glenalta; and his manners exhibit the happiest combination of boldness, in which there is no mixture of presumption, and modesty without *mauvaise honte*. With all the freshness of curiosity, and the candour of one who disdains subterfuge, he flies about collecting information—gratifying his good taste, and honestly confessing his previous ignorance of a thousand objects which have ceased to stimulate, if they ever did so, the rapid group by which we are environed. The courage with which Frederick dares to express his own thoughts, instead of borrowing the hacknied reverberation of opinions often adopted without discrimination, and rendered

sweetly lisped a few evenings ago, in half articulated accents, "*le bel sauvage!*" Tell Fanny that this anecdote is *genuine*, which she may be at first inclined to doubt; and tell her likewise that many a pretty head is half turned round to see that Frederick lingers near the harp or piano-forte, though he *does* come from that

"Land of bogs,

With ditches fenced—a Heaven fat with fogs."

*This* information will not surprise his sisters, who have frequently experienced his dexterity in turning over the leaves of a music book; and for his dear mother's particular gratification I must add, that I know not when I have been more delighted with my young friend since we left home together, than when any appeal to his free will has elicited the declaration of his entire dependence on the wishes of a parent. There is something affectingly beautiful in the generous openness, the amiable devotion, with which this fine young man, just arrived at the period of life so trying to the silly pride that struggles against the semblance of authority,

to invigorate its tone. His character is deeply interesting, and his situation mental, as well as corporeal, extremely critical. The moral atmosphere in which he is to be placed during the next six months appears, if possible, more important to his future happiness than the climate in which he is to breathe is of consequence to his health; and no part of the globe furnishes such a union of all that he stands in need of as Glenalta; I have therefore urged his passing the winter in our valley. Till this morning I could not obtain an answer, but at length he promises to try an experiment, not, however, *binding* himself to any definite period of sojournment amongst us. When truth and delicacy preside at the helm, there is no danger of steering a wrong course. It is the manœuvrer only who requires a pilot; your guileless nature needs no *hints* for regulating your conduct towards this interesting invalid, and it is only to make you in some measure acquainted with, not to guide you in the *management* of his peculiarities, that I dwell upon the description of

book was turned on its face, in the play of Macbeth, and a pencil lay upon the outside, which had been probably employed the moment before my entrance in marking with extraordinary emphasis the following passage:—

“ I have lived long enough : my way of life  
Is fall’n into the sear, the yellow leaf :  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends  
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.”

I instantly replaced the volume, and mused when I left my poor friend on the singularity of this little incident ; for it is actually a fact that, in rising to something like an abstract of his character the night before, as I lay awake, and contemplated the several traits which fell under my remark, these very lines were cast up by memory to pourtray the man.

Now, philosophers tell us, that when we arrive at the same result by the opposite processes of synthesis and analysis, we have good ground to believe in the correctness of an argument.



which to deduce, or to  
arrive by a previous to  
"kind" the observer  
choly which has mark  
His mind is of the fin  
press of the race from  
he lived at home, and  
cultivated in those rel  
cessional *crops* as it were  
the first indigenous gro  
would have been a very  
*happier* or not we can  
by distance, and then d  
those early bonds of ins  
volunteer within us," h

his species in proportion to his becoming indifferent towards individuals? Yet this is a common error. No, true philanthropy shines on the circumference from a glowing centre, and the fond domestic affections are those which send out most commonly the sweetest charities to mankind.

Douglas is not a misanthrope, but he has met with many disappointments, as all men must do who form their early acquaintances—friendships I will not call them—amongst the multitude who are only bound together by the casual ties of pleasure and convenience. The temporary purpose gained, or the transient gratification satisfied, no memory remains of favour conferred, no gratitude survives for benefits received. While youth continues we *waste* our resources, because they are liberally replenished, and in the abundance and variety of the springs from whence they flow, we cannot anticipate a season of dearth; but the cisterns, however bounteously supplied, will become dry at last, and even *drops* will, in the end, seem precious

subject of its immortal interests ; and, if my observations be correct, he is at this moment suffering those *transition pangs* incident to the awakened conviction of having been wrong, and desiring to be right, which are rendered more than commonly poignant in his instance by that scrupulous conscientiousness which suggests the inquiry whether his motive in searching after truth may not partly arise from a belief that he feels "the silver cords" beginning to give way and threaten dissolution.

You will not think me tedious in thus endeavouring to give you a clue to the character of one who is formed in no ordinary mould, and for whom I anticipate all the happiness which he is capable of enjoying at Glenalta. You will have no difficulty to contend with, no plot to sustain. Oh ! my dear Caroline, it is worth coming into a sophisticated scene like this, to behold, in all its loveliness, the beauty of a single heart. The moral like the physical circumstances which surround us daily, are not half appreciated, because that they want contrast.



**UE-STOCKING HALL.**





# BLUE-STOCKING HALL.

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“ From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive :  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.”  
LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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LONDON :

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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1827.

225.

## BLUE-STOCKING HALL.

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### LETTER XXVII.

FREDERICK TO EMILY DOUGLAS.

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THIS, my dearest Emily, is the last letter which you will receive from Frederick in London; and though time speeds on rapid wing in this focus of attraction, I reckon the days with impatience till the heath-clad tops of our dear mountains break upon my view. To travel, and see new men and manners, would be too delightful, if mother and sisters were with me, but, unfashionable as the confession may be, I own to the *weakness* of loving mine enough to

and ceremoniously agree to put one out of the world with the profoundest adherence to etiquette. I cannot help thinking the business altogether a solemn farce, which I long to see brought to a conclusion, and as I am growing every day more and more attached to this near and dear relation, I look anxiously for his removal, from what appears to me, a pick-pocket confederacy. The dread with which my uncle's manner at first inspired me, is gradually wearing away. With Phil. and me he is charming, full of information, classical taste, and literary criticism. He has a fund of humour also, which gives variety to his powers of pleasing; and when bodily pain does not weigh upon his spirits, he is a delightful companion, whose society will add considerably to the pleasures of our winter fire-side. But his frown is as awful as his smile is beaming, and would have petrified me long ago, if I had ever encountered his brow in the act of concentrating its forces upon me, as it does when aunt Howard and Louisa appear in his presence. The whole horizon of his forehead is then hung thickly in clouds, a

little varying, but producing generally the same result, may serve as a recipe by which to compound the modern belle; and for the beau, a mixture somewhat different, without being in the least more solid, will suffice as universally as the former; but Arthur procured me an invitation the other day to a dinner party, which being unlike its predecessors, I must particularize, reserving the names of the *dramatis personæ*, till we meet, lest my letter should miss *stays*, and its writer be prosecuted for a libel.

This dinner was given by a literary amateur, to several authors and authoresses, who furnish our *running account* of novels, essays, disquisitions, reviews, articles, fugitive poems, squibs, and *bon mots*. And in the evening we had a numerous accession of both sexes, who were brought together as professedly *bookish* people, and therefore fit audience for the writers who, I suppose, were expected to be speakers also. I know, that I for *one*, went fully possessed with the idea, that at least I should hear a great *quantity* of discourse, however I might chance to think of its *quality*; and, moreover, I was re-



lest his neighbour should slip it into a *book*, and thus defraud the real owner. A few nods, shrugs, and *hahs*, which might be interpreted *ad libitum*, occupied the place of language, and constituted nearly the whole intercourse of *mind* which was not directed to the *matter* of fish, flesh, and fowls. On *these*, indeed, and their individual merits, our *wittenagemot* were eloquent "with all alliteration's artful aid;" and they also proved themselves nothing loath to exercise whatever critical *acumen* any of them possessed on Sir Marmaduke's wines which were discussed from humble port to imperial tokay, with glistening eyes, glazed noses, and expanding vests. Yet you may tell Mr. Oliphant that we had not even *allusion* to a feast of the ancients, not a word of old Faler-nian, nor a single glimmering of classic lore, though in the fields of Horace one would imagine that the company might have expati-ated on neutral ground without danger of petty larceny on any side. One prodigious person, who seemed like "Behemoth, biggest born," and who quaffed accordingly, particularly

#### BLUE-STOCKING HALL.

diverted me: he sat next to a tall thin phantom who looked of Pharoah's lean kine, and wore a little black cap on his skull, which appeared as if "moulded on a porringer." This shadowy form was, I was told, a metaphysician, and certainly he gave me the idea of having come into the world for the express purpose of illustrating the extension of tenuity. He drank nothing but toast and water, and consequently had the advantage of preserving such store of faculties as he brought to the entertainment, in all their clearness, when his neighbours were "veiled in mist;" but either the measure was so small, or the nature of his *wares* prevented them from being pilfered. Whatever the reason, so it was, that he seemed to enjoy all the ease of a sinecure in guarding his mental property from depredation. He, and his ample companion, threw glances at each other of mutual contempt every now and then, and from time to time, as opportunity presented itself, kept up at intervals a meagre snarl, altogether divested of wit or point, till the big man, who, of a class that it might be presumed

“ Had but seldom known the use  
Of the grape’s surprising juice,”

became so top heavy, that I saw his head gently let down, as if by a pulley and tackle, on the shoulder of the metaphysician, who not inclined to enact the prop to a fallen foe, disengaged himself so abruptly from this mountain of the muses (for Behemoth is a poet), that the chair on which he sat, having glided away, the latter came down on the floor plump, like a full sack that had broken from the crane. My gravity was not proof against this downfall of Parnassus, and I made my way up stairs as quickly as I could, only lagging behind a sufficient length of time for the water-drinking philosopher to be lodged before me. Oh ye gods, what an exhibition did I open upon ! the only similitude which I can find at hand for the drawing-room that presented itself, was a glass of some highly bottled liquid, in which a froth of white muslin occupied the upper, and a sediment of black cloth its lower extremity. Not a sound was to be heard as I entered the room ; but I soon perceived that the *et ceteras* of coffee, tea, cakes,

and laid them open to plagiarism, I must do justice to the equal taciturnity which they observed upon every subject less immediately connected with the direct views of their calling ; insomuch that, for the greater number, they withstood the most pedantic efforts, on the side of the *blues*, to draw them out, and—with the exception of some tedious verbiage pronounced, *ex cathedra*, by the man in the black cap, who, perceiving the advantage which his abstemiousness gave him over the rest, grew loquacious and collected a circle of ladies around him—One might have imagined that rumination was the object of the meeting, and that the members of this tiresome confraternity had come together principally for the purpose of feeding first, and then chewing the cud on the subjects of their next lucubrations. I never was so weary of the “human face divine,” as on the memorable occasion which I have mentioned, and gladly banished all recollection of a party, over which the goddess of dulness had especially presided—in the most leaden slumber that I have experienced since my arrival in the British capital.



## LETTER XXVIII.

ARTHUR HOWARD TO FREDERICK DOUGLAS.

My dear Fred. *Paris.*

Your letter, announcing safe return to the "happy valley," found me on the very eve of my departure to Dover? Need I say how welcome it was?—Yes, you did indeed describe your feelings to one who could participate in every sensation, and feel every beat of your heart, as the well known land marks, the *termini* that bound your glen of enchantment, rose smiling in the western beam, above the misty fleece which had rolled over their summits from the sea. I saw the first faggot blaze on the peak of Lisfarne; I heard the first joyous announcement of Tom Collins, the eager bark of Gelert, Eva, and Bran, the din of voices, the pattering

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of bare feet across every path-way in the bog; in short, what incident, however trifling, was a stranger to my breast that prepared for the final folding in your mother's arms?

How different my journey and my arrival at its termination! I could have joined several gay parties, proceeding in the same route which I was about to tread; but I was not in a humour for such company as they offered, and so I preferred commencing my travels *solus*, Lewis being only an appendage who permits me to be more alone than I should be without him, by taking all the minor cares that belong to *chemin faisant* off my shoulders.

My mother and Louisa were to leave town on the day after I set out, and are by this time at Selby—would that I could say enjoying the quiet of that beautiful place; but the former, poor soul, is not happy any where, and my sister, alas, though she feels little pleasure in the scenes which she has left behind, cannot be expected to derive much from those which in providing food, and giving time for meditation, bring no peace to a bosom at war within itself. Louisa, I pre-

dict, will be an altered character. but the work will be slow, and experience many interruptions. I see, however, some very promising circumstances on which to build my hopes. Adelaide's marriage is already acting as a salutary beacon; and I have extorted a faithful promise from Louisa that she will no longer give encouragement to Lord G. Villiers, whose attentions, if they ended in a serious address, would be directed by the same base motives which brought Crayton and Adelaide together. Thus one great point is gained, but every step which I achieve with Louisa, throws me farther back in my mother's regard; so the task is like that of Sisyphus, and very disheartening.

On reaching this place, I received letters from Falkland, and one from my brother-in-law, entreating my interference with my uncle for a loan. This I must peremptorily refuse, and cordially do I wish that the latter had returned home a poor man, that such of his family, as are inclined to love him, might indulge the feeling without suspicion of its purity; and that such as would prey upon his very vitals, without



regard to any thing but the most sordid self-interest, should be kept from persecuting and injuring his fine mind, by increasing the measure of its distrust. He is not fond of me, but I love him because he has good taste enough to distinguish you. Say every thing kind and respectful to him for me, which you do not think him likely to reject, and with tender loves to the rest of the dear group, I am, dearest Frederick —  
in haste,

Your affectionate,

A. HOWARD.

## LETTER XXIX.

MRS. DOUGLAS TO MRS. E. SANDFORD.

You would have reason, my Elizabeth, to complain of my silence, were your heart less alive than it is to the interesting occupations which have devolved upon your friends of the valley; and though I am blessed with such coadjutors as few can boast, there is employment for us *all* in our several departments.

My dear brother's health declines so slowly, that the progress of disease is scarcely perceptible, and deceives all the young group, as well as the sanguine Oliphant; but I feel that Edward Otway and I are prophets but too true when we agree in prognosticating a termination to all his sufferings, whether of mind or body, that belong to this world, and that too at no great distance

of a system in which nature  
be chief instruments. I  
in the full belief that a war  
sary to his existence, and  
creased by the responsibility  
ter in permitting this de  
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vice," you may suppose  
thoughts are employed ab  
I had been prepared b  
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my brother's character d  
I had no notion in what  
still lingers with him in th  
cessary separation. He i  
ing, that I could dilate m  
the limits which I have

sent situation (hovering as the bright spirit now is upon the confines of eternity), which keeps me almost breathless in his company, lest I should lose a syllable that falls from his lips. You already know what a *mine* we have discovered, of the richest treasure, under that scaly armour, in which he had fortified himself against the anticipated assaults of such sordid principles as he was accustomed to see govern the conduct of those men with whom early habit had associated him. Imagine then the happiness of seeing all this rough coating drop off, and present the sweetest, most confiding nature to our view.

You and I have often watched the unfolding of that beautiful zoophyte, the sea anemone, when, after having been left exposed, by the retreat of the waves from its rocky asylum, to the chilling influence of a northern blast, it expanded its delicate fibres to the soft returning tide; and from a shrunk and shapeless thing, opened into a star of glowing and transparent brilliancy. Just in such manner has the noble mind of our precious invalid been blighted by



the pitiless storms which rage along the coasts of avarice and self-interest. In such manner also has he unlocked his soul in this little sheltered bay, to the gentle flow of affection. How thankful do I feel for the blessing of being permitted to see this hour, and bear a part in the scene which Glenalta now exhibits!

The process of change too has been as quick as it gratifying; a cautious and alternating advance and recession would have been the history of an ordinary mind, but the impulses of a generous character are instinctive and uncalculating. They yielded at once in my brother to the force of truth; and that reserve which is still occasionally observable in his manner, expresses nothing like the coldness of doubt, but seems only to say, "alas! why has this native element of kindness, this congenial sympathy, been so long withheld, and why am I only learning, for the first time, to bask in the warm sunshine, when the orb of day is descending from his meridian, and hastening to hide his radiant beams in the deep?" So powerfully do I feel impressed

with a belief that this is the secret language of his heart, that my eyes too often betray me, and I am obliged to hurry from his presence, that I may avoid discovering my emotion.

One little incident alone proclaimed the slightest vacillation in his mind since he came here, and as it ended happily, and bore evidence to the delicacy of my dear Frederick's feeling, I have pleasure in recording it.

A letter from Arthur, in which he expressed a wish that his uncle had returned poor, in order to enjoy the luxury of being loved, with freedom from the base insinuations that restrain the manifestation of affection, and also speaking the pleasure which he experienced in the certainty that his cousin is more highly considered than himself, was received, and shewn to me some time ago, by my dear boy. Some allusion being made to news from Arthur, my brother asked one or two questions about him, which Frederick's first unguarded movement led him to answer, by putting his friend's letter into his uncle's hands; but instantly recollecting the

passage which I have mentioned, he altered his purpose, and blushed so violently while he made an awkward reply, that a brow for the first time overcast by clouds of suspicion, met my poor fellow's eye, and occasioned an unspeakable agony in his mind, which he saw no means of relieving; for the same nice feeling that had stayed his first impulse, forbade him to explain the subsequent embarrassment; yet he saw that an unfavourable surmise, perhaps detracting from Arthur's honorable motives, was the alternative. Mr. Otway was in the room when this incident occurred, and mentioned it to me in private. I immediately unravelled the mystery, produced the letter for this dear friend, who shewed it without Frederick's knowledge, or mine, to his uncle; and the result has been the most perfect understanding on all sides, and the completest re-establishment of confidence on the part of my amiable guest.

My brother speaks with joy of never parting from me, and as every consideration must give

place to the hope of protracting his existence, I shall not oppose his wishes, though I augur a removal from my cell, which I never before contemplated, in fulfilling them. My poor invalid talks of the Continent for next spring, and has heard so much of Turin, that thither he has set his heart on going in quest of that which he will never find. What is so far distant, may never come to pass; but I must prepare for it, and *you* know how painful to me is change of place; yet the bitterest potion is mercifully diluted for us, if we attempt to perform a *duty* with cheerfulness; and He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," will sustain me through whatever trials may be in prospect.

Winter has been for many years a heavy season with me. Long nights of watchfulness, and sad musing, impede the progress of our daily task; and the summer has been my comforter—its warm sunshine tempts abroad; its bowery shades invite to rest; its long days furnish occupation, and its short nights are often sweetly passed in gazing on the starry host, and ponder-



food. *Here* is a new instance in proof of its excellence. Our invalid is charmed with this masterly work, and pores over it incessantly. We have got Tremaine too, of which so many various opinions are in circulation: but as we have not yet finished it, I do not say more at present.

Adieu, dearest friend,

All, to all, with true affection,

ever yours is

C. DOUGLAS.

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FREDERICK D

Dearest Ar

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How extraordinarily the most unlooked for events come round, and sometimes turn up the very thing that we most desire, and which seemed the least within our own power to accomplish !

My college course just finished, my degree taken, and the mind experiencing the *pains* of liberty, not its *pleasures*, how delightful is this new direction of its activity ! I cannot describe the feelings with which I paid my last accounts to Alma Mater, and took leave *for ever* of a heap of books which now that I am not obliged to read, I dare say I shall never be likely to open again.

Well, man is surely a perfect enigma ! *Venteroli, La Place, La Croix*, all those volumes with the red, blue, and yellow, covers, which when lying on my table you used to call my *parterre of tulips*, and at which I have often worked till my mind was reduced to a state of complete inanition, became objects of affection when the task was finished,—*not* that I had any inclination to continue the toil, when the necessity for it had ceased ; but I regretted the

absence of that necessity, and sat mournfully gazing on those books which I had longed so often to lay upon the shelf. I felt exactly, I dare say, as a piece of clock-work would tell us that it does, were it able to speak, when the main spring, after being wound up to the utmost extremity of tension, is suddenly let go, and flies back with proportionate and painful velocity. In short, I know not how to express the collapsed, unstrung, nerveless condition of my mind, which I suppose was somewhat overwrought by study, and the repose for which I had so often sighed, had so little rest for me when it arrived, that I should gladly have preferred the labour of a coal porter to the relaxation which I had been anticipating with such impatience.

Doctor Evelyn is certainly right, when he says that every gratification to be truly felt, must be *earned*; and when I ceased to *earn*, I ceased to enjoy. All this egotism would be unpardonable if it were not necessary to your right understanding of my present gratitude for the delightful excitement in prospect.



Emily, Charlotte, Fanny, and I, have something new and stimulating to talk of, and our preparations for quitting home already occupy hands as well as heads. We build castles, lay plans, read books with reference to our *travels*, and, by-the-bye, Em. and I are so completely bitten by the idea of visiting the vallies of Piémont, that I prepare you now for being pressed into the service. We are longing, too, to be acquainted with your friend Falkland: and dear Phil. who has promised my poor uncle to accompany the party, writes to Stanhope to meet us at Turin with Mr. Oliphant, junior. So really it is quite an *embarras de richesses*, and I should be too happy were it not for a few counteracting circumstances which put a wholesome log about my neck, and restrain my buoyancy from breaking into any indecorous exuberance.

The first in magnitude of these, is my uncle's state of health, which hangs a cloud over our spirits. He is so much beloved by us all, that to witness his decline, gentle and almost imperceptible as it is, gives the truest pain to

signed to the cobwebs of neglect by the rude hands of some ferocious banditti, who, in their barbarous attempts to draw forth harmony, which refused to flow for them, crushed the sound-board and tore the strings, then flung the sweet cremona to the crowd, who knew nothing of its worth. Falling at length into the possession of one whose delicate ear recognizes its full perfections, the structure is repaired, the strings are tuned anew; and now the liquid tones are poured with generous freedom, to repay that skilful touch, that refined taste, which alone has power to unlock all its stores of melody. Such a musician is my mother, and the attachment with which she has inspired my uncle, is reflected on us all. Of you also dear Arthur he speaks as he ought to do; and I have pleasure in thinking, that when we meet, you will be loved by him, as you deserve to be by all who know you. Another grief is, that *Domine* is not to accompany us. His enthusiasm in pursuit of knowledge, and the abundant store which he already possesses, so peculiarly qualify him for travelling with delight to himself and benefit to



BLUE-STOCKING HALL.

33

I must try and not disappoint their expectations of my skill in quality of *cicerone*. Adieu.  
unite in loves.

Ever your affectionate,

F. DOUGLAS.

eye, that I lose all idea of an earthly travel, and could fancy that he is setting out upon a heaven-ward pilgrimage, in which it is graciously permitted us to be the companions of his way.

In some sort surely, this reverie is not the work of mere imagination; for that he is not long for this world I begin to believe. That he is destined for communion with the just made perfect in another, I cannot doubt.

He has an angel to pilot his progress, and in all things he obeys that voice which calls upon him to follow in the only path that leads to a life of immortal blessedness. Mamma is forever employed in reading to, and conversing with him; and it is impossible to conceive any thing more interesting than the dialogues to which I am sometimes a listener.

We are to go to Marsden before we set out on our tour. My uncle wishes to see the place which he calls *home*—a word which fills me with melancholy when he pronounces it. Alas! I fear that Marsden will not be long a home to him; but some repose will be required before



he proceeds on his journey. I think that we are to sail from Southampton, and travel through Normandy to Paris, which my uncle insists on our seeing before we take up our abode at Turin. My mind is at present in such a state of agitation, that I scarcely know how to define the emotions which are in continual conflict, at one moment presenting nothing but images of grief, and in the next exhibiting bright hope and trust, with all the airy train of "pleasures yet untried." If I could take Glenalta, and all the dear *Penates* that I must leave behind; but if, and if, would lead us into labyrinths which I must not enter, or perhaps I might feel not satisfied with dislodging this little valley, but increasing in my demands, might pray that the kingdom of Kerry, *perhaps* the whole of Ireland might accompany me; and improved as are the powers of accommodation by the magical working of steam, I question the capacity of any packet, on any construction, to transport the hundredth part of those objects which my troublesome affections would have ever present, were such things possible.

Fairies are out of date, and we must be resigned. Worthy Mr. Bentley takes the approaching departure of my uncle so much to heart, that I shall not be surprised if Mount Prospect, like Birnam Wood, should put itself in march, and come to Turin instead of Dun-sinane. Mrs. Fitzroy used to be very entertaining in her attacks on our good friend Mr. Bentley, and asked him one day, when he had said something that provoked her, what could possess him to give such a name to his place; adding, "I assure you, Mr. Bentley, that *sort* of name is quite generic; it marks a class so decidedly that I could not be mistaken in peopling a Mount Prospect, a Bettyville, or O'Sullivan's Lodge, with exactly appropriate inhabitants, and such as I do not imagine that you would like to acknowledge for your relations."

Our neighbour comically replied, "Madam, if what you say be true, a name is of more importance than I thought, and I feel less inclined than ever to part with that which has the power of conjuring up to your view my grand-

father, honest Roger Bentley, who named the farm which I inhabit Mount Prospect. No, Madam, fond as I am of my ancestors, though they were neither possessed of rank or fortune, I should be ashamed, if, instead of being sheltered by a solid *lump* of a house fit for our climate, I was perched upon the top of a hill in some fine Italian edifice, spread out with corridors, supported on piazzas, and looking as if it had been blown, by contrary winds, like a tropical bird, into our bogs by accident. Your Tivolis, Valambrosas, and Rialtas are capital absurdities, Madam; and I should blush were I obliged by filial respect to defend them; but, thank God, *my* parents were plain worthy people, who built a snug square house, and called it Mount Prospect."

Mrs. Fitzroy told him that the wings, colonnades, and transalpine nomenclature, were as ridiculous in her eyes as in his, "but," added she, "I find you very ready to inveigh against one class of follies, while you are all clemency towards others; and as to the names of your country seats in Ireland, they are quite a reproach

to you as a nation. If I hear that I am going to visit at *Oakpark*, I am certain that I shall see a desert moor, with a few ten-year old elms, thinly scattered, and paled in with hurdles, to prevent the sheep from barking them. If I am to call at *Hazlewood*, I am equally sure to find no wood at all, or at most an old hawthorn bush in solitary abstraction. *Hollybrook* has, I am convinced, neither brook nor holly near it. *Rockview* has, probably, not a stone larger than an orange to be seen within its precincts; and so on of a thousand other misnomers that I could enumerate."

I remember that Mr. Bentley was *rising* in choler, as he felt *lowered* from not being ready at reply; but dear Domine flew to the rescue, and seeing the commotion of our worthy friend, he brought him off with a sort of triumph, by assuring Mrs. Fitzroy that oaks *had* stood where now there are only the ghosts of these forest kings; that rocks *had* been where now the quarryman's pick-axe has left a level plain; that brooks, which meandered once, are now dry; and that our names are often remnants of our



that lie in retreat, and offer their refreshing charms to those alone who love to seek their deep recesses. We hear from Arthur frequently, and I grieve to tell you that his letters bring us sad accounts of the Craytons. Mr. Otway, I believe, has made an effort to obtain some money from my uncle, but with what success I know not; however I greatly fear that no moderate sum would be of more than temporary use, for Lord C. is a determined gambler, and poor Adelaide has plunged into every sort of extravagance without supplies adequate to sustain it. Dear Arthur's anxiety is corroding his spring time of life; and my poor aunt, I am told, is not lightening his uneasiness. These are gloomy subjects, and I will release my dearest Julia from their melancholy influence.—  
Adieu dear friend,

Your affectionate,

EMILY DOUGLAS.

it is impossible not to yield, in some measure, to the sweet persuasions of hope. Mamma shakes her head, and, though she will not repress our joyful anticipations, I perceive with pain that *we*, the young and inexperienced, make no impression on her mind, when we endeavour to gain her over to our own bright visions of recovery. Whether it be the change of air, the novelty of the scene, or that we are naturally inclined to feel a particular interest in whatever is our *own*, I will not pretend to determine; but certain it is, that from some happy cause my dear uncle is apparently much invigorated, and seems to enjoy life doubly himself, since he has come to a place where he is the immediate dispenser of pleasure to all around him. His desire to see us gratified, stimulates every action; and we are obliged to suppress, with care, every half-formed wish, lest he should be led into more exertion to indulge our curiosity than is good for him. Julia, you bid me tell you *truly* how I like your noble country, and you tell me also to employ the same candour in describing my feelings respecting the

people with whom I meet. Fortunately for me you were born in Ireland, though all your early associations are English, and therefore I feel bold in taking some liberties with this country, which all your encouragement could not induce me to venture upon, were it your actual birth-place. The beauty of England indeed I admit, without any drawback, and if I confess that I love my own hills and vallies better, such predilection is easily resolvable into affections which may often bestow pre-eminence where it is intrinsically wanting, and raise the barren wild without depressing the cultured garden. This kingdom with which I was only acquainted before as a child, and which therefore possesses all the charms of novelty in addition to its other attractions, in my eyes appears a perfect paradise, so rich, so cultivated is every part of it; and if I something long for a tangled dell like that of the "Retreat," I am bound in honesty to confess what an extent of cheerless waste I must travel over, ere I could be indulged by a sight of its soft shades again.

*Here then there is a fair set-off which squares*

accounts; but I come now to the *people*, who hold the same relation, in every country, with the land which they inhabit that the kernel of a nut bears to the shell; and here I unhesitatingly declare my preference for the Irish character beyond any specimens which I have as yet met with in English society, provided always that you suppose me to compare people of education with each other. If you *descend* in the scale, the balance is greatly in favour of the English, whose trading and yeomen classes exhibit patterns which I wish my countrymen would copy; but in the extreme of the series we Hibernians hold up our heads again, and though our peasants may be, and alas are, more meanly fed, clothed, and lodged, than the sleek sons of Albion, there is a union of heart and intelligence to be found in every Kerry cabin, of which I would not give up one little grain, for all the artificial benefits in the power of bacon and beans to confer upon these votaries of good cheer. Certainly, one half at least of every Englishman amongst the lower orders must be *stomach*, and if so, a stranger need not be sur-



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sum), it seems to me a fit residence for a prince. We have a splendid house, magnificent grounds, hot-houses, conservatories, and all the long line of fine and handsome appendages to rank and fortune, for which I have made the discovery, that I possess no taste, unless upon the quiet scale of Glenalta, where, by the bye, we have just as good and as pretty things in the fruit and flower way as any situation can boast. The views from Marsden are superb, and on a clear day command an immense extent.

We have had crowds of visitors coming to pay their compliments to my uncle, who has the reputation of being enormously rich; and whether it be that there is really nothing to interest in the character of our neighbourhood, or that the heartlessness of an acquaintance formed on the ground of mere wealth, has nothing congenial with my disposition in the nature of its cement, I perhaps ought not to determine too hastily; but though we have seen a great many people, I have not as yet met with any who has left on my mind a distinct im-

several invitations, though he is not able to dine out himself; and the only pleasure which I derive from compliance with his wishes in this matter, is found in the amusement which our remarks afford to this dear and pleasant host, who would be a gem in society himself were bodily weakness not to impede the flow of a mind replete with sense and information. To enjoy at *home* the conversation of three such beings as mamma, Mr. Otway, and my uncle, has the effect perhaps of making me fastidious; but the goddess of dulness seems to have taken under her especial care every dinner-party in which I have been forced to mingle since I came into Hampshire. While we are in the drawing-room there is an attempt sometimes made to take *us* into the circle, which would be very diverting to witness as a mere looker on, but which is very fatiguing to those who must reply. There is a certain activity of manner, apparently quite distinct from natural good spirits, which seems to be the fashion at present amongst the young people of my own sex; and they assail me with an incessant *giggle*, forming

have not been disappointed, that in joining the elder groups I have found *rest*, because, not being prepared to enter upon the subjects which they discussed, I have quietly sat by, recovering my spirits while they talked of their nurseries, indispositions, and all the births, marriages, and deaths, past, present, and to come, of the whole county.

As mamma never leaves my uncle, she is spared much weariness of mind, which would not be counterpoised to her by the novelty which makes some amends to us, the younger branches of the household. Mr. Otway performs the part of *Chaperone*; and on our return home we find the cords of affection more tightly drawn towards that delightful society with which heaven, in its bounteous mercy has blessed our happy fire-side. It is, however, only doing justice to inform you, that we have not yet seen some charming people who are reported to inhabit this vicinity. One family is in France, and two others, who are I am told really worth knowing, are prevented from coming to see us by domestic affliction. You are to take my



saucy criticisms, then, with due allowance, and not conclude me to be an indiscriminating bigot, who finds fault with all things exterior to her own particular pale. With this qualification I will continue my comments, and venture to express a wonder, that where wealth and situation lead us to expect good breeding, there should be such a deficiency of it as to exclude from conversation all who are not intimate through locality with a petty circle of subjects that possess no general interest, and are incapable of eliciting any one observation in which a stranger can participate. How *can* people fancy themselves agreeable while they are telling the minutest particulars of a teething fit, or *cackling* over an interminable list of weddings and wedding wardrobes? Amongst the gentlemen, the *elders* devote to prophecying upon the probable effects of the present drought, all their mental powers which are not absorbed by the election, and amongst the more youthful there is the most deplorable lack of intellect in all that I have heard them say to each other, while to the *female* part of their acquaintance

nothing can exceed the inanity of their addresses: "Were you at the flower-shew?" "Shall you go to the race-balls?" "Do you ride?" "Do you like rowing?" are the only sounds that live upon my memory, and the above questions have been asked to Charlotte and me so repeatedly, that we might almost be excused if, like Dr. Franklin on entering an American town, to save the trouble of inquiry, we were to set up a little placard answering in large letters, Yes or No, to these and some similar interrogatories, under a supposition that they will be proposed anew at every turn of the street. It is sometimes almost ludicrous to see a young man suddenly start from long forgetfulness that a lady was sitting on one side while he had been discussing the merits, perhaps of a fishing-fly on the other; and turning rapidly round, propose some interrogation quite unconnected with what he had uttered the moment before. This division of topics into male and female genders is very unlike what I have been accustomed to, and strikes me as a marked difference between English and Irish society,

lightning, he *whisked* round, and said, as if for a wager, it was so rapidly done, "Do you waltz?" I feared that this was a beginning which augured a long list of balls, respecting which I should have the humiliating confession to make that I had not been at one in my life; but I was spared this lowering avowal as the entire notice which he took of the simple negative with which I replied was contained in the monosyllable "*Oh*," which, by the bye, is the most comprehensive little word except *nice* in the colloquial intercourse of England; and from the variety of meaning which the several intonations of voice with which it is pronounced, are capable of imparting, assumes as wide a range of interpretation as the "*Spectator*" allots to the exercise of the fan. There is the *oh*, inquiring; the *oh*, surprised; the *oh*, satisfied; the *oh*, contemptuous; the *oh*, affected; the *oh*, languid; the *oh*, inquisitive; the *oh*, doubtful; in short, there is scarcely a state of the mind which an English provincialist cannot contrive to convey by a correct modulation of the many keys upon which may be played those

those two letters; and as for the twin-brother of this *multum in parvo*—*nice*, I heard it on one day lately, applied to Lord Eldon, who, a lady near me, said, was a “nice chancellor.” Afterwards to the French nation, who, a gentleman opposite, declared, are the nicest people in the world; then to Der Freischiütz, Miss Stephens, a calve’s head, wild ducks, the Hampshire breed of pigs, red Lammas wheat, Cheshire cheese, cream, coffee, and the Courier! Does *nice* mean *any*, or *every* thing?

An old gentleman called here this morning, who amused me so much by a dry good humour, which brought Mr. Bentley, and visions of my beloved Glenalta to memory, that I long to be better acquainted with him. I owe him my gratitude also for entering the lists most gallantly, in quality of my defender, and saying for me, to that tiresome Mr. Johnson, whom I have already introduced to you, what I never could have said for myself. They entered the library together, and found me reading the newspapers to my uncle, who, on perceiving that I was going to make my escape,



gently restrained my movement by laying his hand on my arm, and desiring that I should stay and help him to entertain his visitors. When they came in, and the usual comments on the weather and state of the roads were ended, the old gentleman appeared occupied in conversation with my uncle, when the young one turned round to me, and taking up the paper which I had laid down, with that self-sufficient air of conscious superiority which so many young men ridiculously assume, and in a tone which implied as much contempt as indifference would permit him to express, drawled out "Pray, Miss Douglas, are you a politician?" I knew not what to say, and I suppose looked as foolish as I felt, which old Mr. Bolton appeared to observe, and with an alacrity of kindness worthy of the chivalrous ages, he made an answer for me, which, if it did not *satisfy*, at least silenced the enquirer. "I hope that Miss Douglas takes pleasure in reading the newspapers," said my knight, "newspapers contain the history of the present time, and while that of the past is read by all

that have succeeded the Catholic question just *gone by*. Now I conceive, from your countenance, that you would not like the pugilistic platform better than the hustings, nor find the stomach a more interesting subject of conversation than the *poll*: what say you?"

I was delighted with my champion, and told him merrily that he was very right, and I would take care how I repined again.

"Believe me," continued he, "that you, who seem to have been brought up in the school of nature and reason, have little idea how widely what is called the world, departs from both. It is not enough now-a-days to furnish your house, and adorn your person according to a received rule, you must eat, drink, sleep, think, or not think, fashionably. You must be of one consent in sickness as in health; if indisposed, you must be *fashionably* indisposed, and as fashionably cured. Four or five years ago every body of any pretension was afflicted by determination of blood to the head, and hence, lancet, leeches, and cupping, were in wonderful activity. The head is now entirely out of fashion, except

amongst the dandies and phrenologists, and the stomach takes precedence of every other topic, in a well organized society. As you are young, and have not perhaps made your *debut*, I will give you a hint or two to prepare you for *good company*. Young ladies of your age, play, sing, waltz, and dress; talk of Der Freischütz, Weber, and Pasta; laugh a great deal when there is nothing to laugh at, which shews ability, for *any* one could be merry if a *subject* were allowed, and are silly, envious, and unfeeling *ad libitum*. Young gentlemen of my friend Mr. Johnson's age, ride, fight, row, play whist, hunt, fish, shoot, and talk nonsense; occasionally dancing and flirting, as the necessity of circumstances may require; but by no means spoiling your sex, by paying any of those polite attentions which might lead to insubordination, the more alarming, as were your masters to lose any thing of their presumed superiority, they might be ill prepared to recover the lapse of power, unless by a barbarous appeal to physical strength. The *matron* class you will find as well as the well-bred men of a *certain standing*,

eating mutton chops, at intervals, to the amount of a certain number of ounces, with which no mixture of liquid is permitted, from eight o'clock in the morning till the same hour in the evening. You will see them likewise swallowing white mustard-seed by wholesale, and swearing to its sovereign efficacy in every possible disorder of the human frame. It will naturally suggest itself to you, that any demand upon the *brains* would be unreasonable, now that the casket which contains them is less carefully attended to than before, and therefore, as an act of justice, fashion very equitably dispenses altogether with the presence of intellect, which is enjoying a long vacation."

I love this old man for his good humour and good sense ; and, more than for either, because his sallies excessively diverted the invalid left in my charge by the rest of the party, who had gone to return a visit at some distance from Marsden, and who came back before Mr. Bolton had taken his departure.

Mr. Johnson went first, and when he had made his bow, my uncle asked whether his fa-



ther, Sir Thomas Johnson, were not a very rich man.

"Yes," replied Mr. Bolton, "he is *called* by courtesy a rich man. He has an immense extent of property, which gives him considerable influence; but he is so *poor*, notwithstanding, that he cannot command a hundred pounds in ready money, while he is governed by such an inordinate pride that he would rather die than shorten his rental by an inch of paper, in selling off land enough to pay the charges on his estate. He is, however, a kind hearted, hospitable man, who married late in life, and thinks his only child, who has just been paying his respects to you, a *sans pareil*, whose hand will amply recompense the largest sacrifice of fortune that can be made to attain it. It is now his great object in life to marry his son, and, though he idolizes pedigree, he thinks his own so transcendent that it will ennoble any inferior race; for which reason he gives it to be understood that family is less an object with him than wealth."

"And pray," said my uncle, "what sort of young man is Mr. Johnson?"

"Empty, pompous, and good-natured," answered Mr. Bolton. "He has walked so many years up and down a long gallery of portraits, that he honestly believes 'the boast of heraldry' to belong peculiarly to his house. As he was never sent to school, he had no opportunity of comparing himself with his superiors, and was not compelled to find his true level by the discipline of a *fagging* system, or the aristocracy of rank. A private tutor indulged his early indolence; toad-eaters and retainers flattered his youthful vanity; and a short stay at Oxford has put the finish to his education by sending him home an accomplished boxer, rower, and judge of champagne. He is, as may naturally be expected, very extravagant, and such a darling with his parents, that, notwithstanding the difficulty of raising supplies, no curb has ever been put upon his expenditure."

"Then," observed my uncle, "I suppose that he is *himself* also looking after a wife."

"Precisely so," answered Mr. Bolton, "and

I have no doubt is certain of success wherever he may fix his attention."

I could not help thinking how little I should envy the future Lady Johnson, whoever she might be, but the conversation was interrupted here by mamma's return ; and in a few minutes Mr. Bolton took his leave.

I have written a long letter, but I know that you are interested in all that we say and do, so I need never apologize for being minute in my details. My uncle has some business to do which will detain him here for some weeks longer, and I shall hope to hear from you and write again before we sail for France.

Well, though we are here in the midst of all that is beautiful and luxurious, my heart pines after Glenalta, and I dream continually of the scene at parting from so many dear objects that we left behind. Switzerland, however, will charm me I am sure, and I promise myself a rich feast in those Alpine wilds which we are to visit. How astonishing to me is the preference which I often hear expressed for the artificial world over that of nature ! Not all the splen-

dour of this fine place could ever win me from the dear heathy mountains of Kerry. Fine things do not warm my heart, nor captivate my imagination; and I never find myself coveting my neighbours' goods as I pass through the sumptuous dwellings that surround us here. All *my* violations of the tenth commandment are kept for an humbler scale of beauty, but one far more interesting in my view of the matter.

The sisters unite in kindest love; and now, dearest Julia, farewell.

Your affectionate,

EMILY DOUGLAS.



## LETTER XXXIII.

ED. OTWAY, ESQ. TO REV. MR. OLIPHANT.

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My dear and excellent Friend, *Marsden.*

I BEGIN my letter with news which, if it convey to you in any proportion the pleasure which its announcement imparts to me, may well be called cheering intelligence. From the time that General Douglas heard of our late rector's illness, he was anxious to procure the succession of that parish, in which Glenalta stands, for you; but doubtful of his power to accomplish the end in view, he begged that you might not be informed of his design. Last night's post put us in possession at the same moment of the papers which mention Mr. Green's death, and a letter stating the agreeable information that all difficulties in the way to your preferment are smoothed by

the general's promise to provide for a young person, by the gift of a small living, of which he has the advowson, in this country. The joy of this little circle is quite vociferous. Your young friends have not slept, I believe, since the glad tidings were communicated; and would gladly resign the happiness of travelling into new scenes, for the gratification of helping to make the bonfires which they think will redden the horizon in token of good will upon the present occasion. I heard Fanny telling her brother this morning that she had no doubt St. John's Eve never presented such a blaze upon the Beacon Hill, as your appointment will kindle. This is a bold prophecy, but she stakes her credit on the justness of her prediction.

Now, my dear Oliphant, I have a request to make, which you will not refuse. The glebe house wants a library to make it comfortable. I enclose you a draught for £500, and desire that, by the time of my return, I may find you in possession of a room in which you can write your sermons, and pore over your *Elzevirs* in all the quiet of abstraction from household cares.

Poor Mrs. Green and her children will be desirous to leave their present abode, I dare say; and you will oblige me by requesting them, in my name, to make use of Lisfarne, as an asylum, while it may suit their convenience. When they have evacuated your new premises, desire Barnes, my steward, to send trees, shrubs, and plants, of whatever kind you may want, to furnish your garden and shrubbery.

And now I must tell you an anecdote of your friend Frederick, which will delight your heart. His uncle, who wins hourly upon our affections, alarmed us a few days ago by a fainting fit, which seemed to threaten sudden dissolution, but before the arrival of a physician, for whom we sent to the next town, his sister's skill had brought him back to life, and his eyes opened on a group of such tender and genuine mourners, as must have gratified the best feelings of his breast. For a day or two Dr. Pancras looked grave, and paused in giving his opinion; but the dear general has rallied considerably, and wishes to hasten his departure.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Peltry, the solicitor,

reached Marsden from town, bringing with him the title deeds of this place, and some other papers of consequence. On the following day, after breakfast, my valued friend sent for me to his study, desiring that Frederick should join us immediately. As soon as we were together he took his nephew by the hand and said, "My dear boy, I have sent to London for the gentleman who arrived last night, in order that I may legally dispose of my property, and provide for some who are dear to me before 'I go hence, and am no more seen.' I intend Marsden for you, and wish that this kind guardian (turning his eyes upon me), who has aided your beloved mother in the task which she has so admirably performed, should be witness to my purposes. There is but one condition which I desire to propose in leaving Marsden to you. It is that you should all live here during the next five years, or till the marriage of your sisters may naturally occasion a dispersion of the family. After this trial, which will be of sufficient length to ascertain the *wishes* of each individual, if you should prefer Ireland to England, you are at



liberty to bring this place to the hammer. I bought it myself; it is no hereditary possession. I shall soon leave it, and should inflict rather than confer a kindness were I to impose a restriction on your inclinations that might have the effect of converting what I mean to be a benefit into a burthen."

Frederick, whose face had expressed every variety and gradation of feeling which such an address was calculated to inspire in a breast which is the abode of all that is most noble, and most tenderly affectionate, could restrain his emotion no longer. He pressed his uncle's pale hand to his lips with ardour, and bathed it with tears of honest grief and affection. My poor friend was deeply agitated, which his nephew perceiving, he struggled with his own feelings to avoid exciting those of the invalid; and, making an effort, thanked his benefactor with that warm yet dignified expression of countenance and manner, which, while it bespoke the vividness of gratitude, betrayed no symptom whatsoever of joy in the mere acquisition of fortune.

“ Now then, we will call in Mr. Peltry, and you may go, my dear Frederick,” said the general.

“ Oh not yet,” replied the generous youth. “ Do not banish me for a little while ; I have an earnest request to make, and only hesitate lest you, my dear uncle, should think me for a moment, either ungrateful or presumptuous.”

“ I cannot think you either,” answered General Douglas ; “ proceed, tell me what you would have, and if I can, I will indulge you.”

“ Forgive me then,” said Frederick, “ if I speak all that is on my heart. I say nothing to deter you from making a final disposition of your property, because every man must feel a weight of anxiety taken from his mind when he has performed an act by which he provides for the future interest of those who are dear to him. Such an act, far from shortening his days, is likely to prolong them, by removing a painful pressure from his mind ; and therefore I shall have pleasure in thinking that this deed is done, as well as in being thought worthy of mention in it. But, dearest uncle, a slight remembrance

affection will be preserved  
generation while I live.  
dread of offending, by  
tating to your better judgment  
Howard as a fitter representative  
than I am. He is  
the disinterestedness of his  
reduced from high expectations  
poverty. He is at this moment  
keep his brother-in-law,  
jail, and prevent the effects of  
his mother's shattered nerves  
have been educated with  
my patrimony by profession  
of which is not at all dishonest  
frankly own that the love  
strongly impressed upon

held his hand while he spoke. When he paused, the general clasped him round the neck, and concealing his tears, which were flowing fast, by leaning his head on his nephew's shoulder, he exclaimed, "There I recognize the son of Henry Douglas! Yes, Frederick, you are worthy of the father and the mother from whom you spring, Your fine disposition shall be indulged, though not in exactly the manner which you suggest. *You* shall be lord of Marsden: but I promise you to take care of Arthur by leaving him such a sum, as shall free his estate from a portion, at least, of its incumbrances; and now, dear boy, leave me; I must not lose time, and I am anxious to see Mr. Peltrey. Say nothing, I charge you, of this conversation to your mother and sisters, I know them too well not to be assured that the recital of what has passed between us, would give them pain, and I wish to spare them every uneasiness in my power to prevent them from suffering."

Your young friend then left the room, the solicitor was sent for, and such testamentary ar-



## LETTER XXXIV.

MRS. DOUGLAS TO THE REV. MR. OLIPHANT.

My very dear good Friend,

IF my pen had kept pace with my heart, my congratulations would have reached you long ere this; but you know me too well to doubt their truth; and it would be equally injurious to your confidence, and my sincerity, were I to expend the short time I allow myself for writing, in apologies which are unnecessary.

Accept my heartfelt rejoicings on your preferment, which I consider as providential to myself. Your task was concluded. You had safely piloted my beloved child through his collegiate course; and would have missed your wonted employment, while no other sufficiently *marked* to occupy your whole time, seemed to

and could I have asked y  
disapproved the length  
you *belong* to us. All th  
mirable nature will be  
old friends may still b  
will continue to be ou  
You will become our pas  
and beloved by the poo  
have so often felt in gra  
head. I have settled in  
will not possess a comfor  
viting your worthy sister  
share it with you ; and if  
tion, you must permit me  
your dwelling for a lady's  
we have been in the habit  
I am not *sure* that we sho

establishment. Oh, my dear friend, how deep is my gratitude to the Almighty giver of good, for the mercies I continually experience ! It would have been a great alloy to the happiness of knowing how comfortably you are placed beyond the reach of those sordid cares which depress the spirit, had you owed the independence now conferred, to a stranger. I must have felt *some* pleasure under *any* circumstances at your being enabled to continue that character to which your pupils once assigned the appellation of the "good benefice," but your little volatile friend Fanny, said to me a few days ago, and reflected my own feelings as she spoke, "Mamma, there are but two people in the world besides you to whom I cannot *grudge* the delight of making dear Mr. Oliphant a man of easy fortune ; and those two are my uncle and Mr. Otway." But this theme, all inspiring as it is, must not make me forgetful of your request.

You earnestly desire to be made acquainted as minutely as possible with the progress of my dearly loved brother's mind towards that hea-

tone was that of playfulness, and a common observer might have been borne out in calling General Douglas a humourist; but though possessed of all the requisites to inspire mirth, as well as taste its influence, I could see a dark cloud gathering underneath a smile, and catch a half breathed sigh, that wafted to my heart's core the sounds, "All, all is vanity—delusion all," when gaiety *seemed* to dance around his heart. What would I not have given at such moments to have seized a hand, and with affectionate energy pressed admission to the sacred repository of gloomy contemplation; but the time was not come. A premature remark, however tenderly whispered, would have alarmed a retiring and delicate, as well as proud mind, unaccustomed to see itself exposed to view. I therefore waited till opportunity should naturally invite communication; and such presented itself ere long after my brother's arrival amongst us at Glenalta.

You may remember the time when you and Frederick were reading Butler's Analogy as part of the College course. My dear boy was



"Do you mean, then, to say," replied our dear inquirer, "that religion is incapable of proof?" "So far from it," answered I, "that every object in nature bears proof to demonstration of the great leading tenets of religion; but I mean to say, such is the perverseness of our hearts, that we repel, when offered by another, those arguments which we should be proud to originate ourselves, and refuse conviction, unless our vanity be gratified by taking some credit to itself, at *least* in the *selection* of those reasons which operate a change of opinion. For this cause we suffer books to teach, though we deny a friend the delight of converting us from the evil of our ways, and why? Alas! in human weakness we have the answer. The choice of a book is a *free* act; the continuing to read it is a *free* act. The advocacy of its doctrines, if they be arrayed with power, talent, and genius, reflects honour on our discrimination, and, to a certain degree, identifies us with the author, who perhaps has vanished from the arena of our paltry rivalry, having been called to his account; or, should he still be alive, is removed from the

of our stumbling blocks may be so extremely different that we may lose, rather than gain *accession* of sympathy by attempting to travel together in a course where so many intricate bye-paths present themselves to distract attention and divide our choice. Every thinking mind which has felt what it was to be perplexed, has been conscious of gradation in the difficulties that embarrassed its progress: some were but apparent, and vanished on the approach of knowledge; others, more stubborn, required more time and pains to conquer, but yielded at length to the force of reason, while there are some obstacles to Faith so harassing, that no efforts of the understanding are of any avail in breaking down the barriers which they present to sincere uncompromising belief:

‘Man never reasons but from what he knows,’

and if all attempts to comprehend, are rendered futile by the imperfection of his faculties, it is vain to call upon his faith. Credulity, indeed, may receive all things; but where Heaven has granted intellect, impalpable and unseen as are its operations, it excludes the dogmatizing in-

fluence of arbitrary control, and will not bend to mere authority. Tell me then, Caroline, what chiefly puzzled you—what were the obstructions which principally encumbered your path, and if they resemble those which block my way. I will next inquire how you removed them; ask you to be my Hannibal; and prepare to follow in that track which you shall excavate for me through the rocky defile."

I told him that after avowing the facts on which I look back with pain, of having been sceptically inclined in that period of youthful arrogance when new-born reason, proud of her first flights, imagines that her wing can soar above the clouds, and penetrate the sanctuaries of the Most High, I could have no objection to inform him how far I had been enabled to overcome, as also where my presumption met with its first check, while Reason was my only guide. I then gave him a brief sketch of my former uneasy sensations, and the causes which had led to them. He listened with the deepest attention, and, when I concluded, answered that by a remarkable coincidence in our views,

the only difficulties which had greatly harassed me were precisely those which still haunted him with ceaseless perplexity. "I never," added he, "stuck at the historical discordances of the Bible, because, though I did not take the trouble of going minutely into the inquiry myself, I was aware that others of superior learning did do so; and when such a man as Sir William Jones, versed in Oriental literature, and examining the records of antiquity with critical acumen, was satisfied with his researches, so as to pronounce upon the increase of evidence which every added information produced to him, confirmatory of Scriptural truth, I could not tarry to believe that *apparent* contrarieties only require investigation to be satisfactorily reconciled to *my* understanding also, were I patiently to pursue the testimony which might be collected. I never felt that Herodotus was to be set aside as a historian, because superstition has deformed his work, and fable occasionally obscured the truth of his narrative. Nor have I ever doubted that Cæsar wrote the Commentaries imputed to his pen, though Hirtius



has added a supplement to the book. Why then should I deny that Moses was author of the Pentateuch, because the account of that great lawgiver's death and burial is supplied by another hand; or conclude it impossible that Joshua, the son of Nun, should have compiled the narrative ascribed to him, in consequence of finding a few mistakes in the arrangement of facts, for which he was, probably, not to blame, and which are the cause of certain unimportant anachronisms in the story? *My* difficulties have been of another kind, and the three points of free-will, the soul's separate state, and personal identity, have been with me, as with you, the barrier over which I have hitherto been unable to pass. I have heard much of a Novel which has lately appeared, and I brought it with me, though I have not yet looked into it, feeling how idle it is to expect argument in a *story*."

I told him that I had read *Tremaine* with great pleasure, that I thought it an excellent, though not a faultless work, and should be happy to go over it again with him.

"You must tell me first," said he, "how you

arrived at your present conclusions? You were not in *need* of Tremaine when you read that book." "Tremaine," answered I, "would have set me *thinking*, but would not have convinced me upon *all* the topics which he discusses, though *some* of his reasoning is admirable. He meets many difficult questions very ably, but to read any author on these subjects with advantage, the mind, if inclined to infidelity, must undergo a process for restoring it to its neutral state; and a few arguments of the *negative* kind are a very necessary preparation for those of a *positive* character." "What are these negative arguments?" replied my brother. The first I told him presented itself in the form of a question, as to the *spirit* in which I had doubted; and a little serious self examination "landed" me in the mortifying, but salutary assurance, that in the *strength* of reason I had taken so much for granted, and assumed so many arbitrary positions on which to ground my scepticism, that, when brought back to first principles, I was obliged to confess the folly of my own inconsistency, and admit that the dogmas

which I laid down required proof quite as much as those which they attempted to controvert. Till then I had misunderstood the Scriptural admonition to come as a little child for instruction; and conceived that it amounted to no less than a prohibition against the exercise of those faculties given us for the very purpose of discriminating between truth and falsehood. I *now* began to comprehend that the soundest philosophy called upon me for a total relinquishment of my own theories in learning *any* science. The empiric who sets up for medical skill, untaught by the rules of art, is not in a fit state to practice physic, nor even to become a student, till he has got rid of preconceived notions which militate against the best authority. Neither is the man who thinks himself a better lawyer than can be found in the Courts, without having been himself educated to the bar, in any condition to decide upon an intricate case. To learn any human branch of knowledge, requires that the person desirous to learn should come in a teachable state to the task, and not inflated with the vain idea of being already

capable of communicating instruction. What more is demanded of us in the commencement of our religious course, than we see to be but reasonable in undertaking any earthly enterprise? And with what additional force does the injunction to prepare by an humble spirit for the reception of divine knowledge apply to the understanding, when we reflect on our utter inability to search into the counsels of God with our finite powers of capacity! When I had reached this conclusion, I saw every thing in a new light, and began to rest satisfied with the measure of information which the Almighty has seen fit to impart; determining no longer to waste life in prying into the hidden things which are not more suited to the present condition of our intellectual strength, than the unmitigated blaze of a meridian sun is fitted to the structure of our visual organs. I began to perceive the absurdity of expressions which had passed for sound sense upon my understanding. How often had I talked flippantly (at least thought within my own breast) of the *course of nature*, never recollecting that the poor Indian's



concatenation of supporters for the world, in his list of elephants and tortoises, is not more easily resolved into ignorance, than the arguments by which infidelity delays the confession that it is in utter darkness? Will the most sagacious reasoning on the formation of a bone, by the gradual accretion of calcareous matter; or the most ingenious display of physiological lore in tracing the growth of a plant from the cotyledon up to the forest's king, apply to the *first* created animal, or the *first* formed oak? *There* the course of nature deserts us. The anatomist, and the naturalist, alike lay down their arms; here they are baffled and arrested. The former has no need of his animal laboratory in which the chyle is separated in the process of digestion from the daily food, and phosphate of lime is added to the soft cartilages that are intended to become the bony skeleton. The latter neither requires the acorn nor the "*nursing leaves*" to advance the oak from the seedling to the sapling, and thence to the full-grown monarch of the wood. He wants no gradual process of deposition by water; no meta-

morphosis produced by fire, neither calx, nor crystalization is demanded for the *primary* minerals of the earth—the great “back bone” of creation. In *some* period of time there was a *beginning* of these things. Remove that period indefinitely, and you may lose sight of the difficulty in its distance from your eye, but you cannot reduce its real dimensions; it exists in its full size and bulk, though placed without the range of your vision. Arrived at this point (and driven to it you *must* be sooner or later) you are involved in the absolute necessity of a revelation of some sort or other, unless you can believe that matter is self created, and carries within itself all the power, energy, and intelligence which we *know* that it does not possess, or that man is a being governed entirely by instinct, like the inferior animals, and capable, at his first entrance into life of performing all the functions requisite to sustain his existence, and perpetuate its succession, as a crow is to build its nest. *Neither* of these opinions being tenable without a surrender of that very experience derived through our senses,

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they were to become the  
race of creatures? *Some*  
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for such. *One* narrative  
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subject, and to cavil at  
supply another, or give  
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served. Once admit, that  
important *are* usually  
way or other from genera-  
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*was* made to continue the  
first intercourse with man

more severely they investigate, the more thoroughly are they convinced that there is evidence for the Bible's having been written by the various authors to whom the several books which compose the Sacred Volume have been attributed, beyond that which can be found to substantiate the genuineness of any other work which has ever been printed. The wise and the learned also protest that the farther they scrutinize into collateral testimony, the more completely are they satisfied that these authors recorded *truth*, and not falsehood; and that the farther the search is carried, the more certain is the result to corroborate the validity of Scripture. When such gigantic minds as those of Newton, Boyle, and Bacon, with the long list that might be added on their side, bear evidence to this declaration, shall we take the *ipse dixit* of a Voltaire, a Boyle, or a Bolingbroke, who may choose to deny, without being able to *prove* the negative, or set up any attested credentials to supply the place of that revelation which they are desirous to annul? Testimony, be it ever remembered, has no concern save with



said to have taken place  
and finished its work  
such an event, it may  
If a hundred spectators  
for collusion, declare  
three feet in length,  
descend from the clouds  
things happening to be  
to me its analysis, when  
that of any stone on the  
am very unphilosophical  
possibility of an occurrence  
credible spectators, upon  
my own ignorance. I  
heard of an Aërolite  
being a product of the

in some Eastern climate, who laughed incredulously when he first heard of ice, never having himself seen water, except in a liquid state. The *more* ignorant, the *less* are we enabled to believe, if we measure truth by the estimate of our understandings. So far then is scepticism from being proof of a powerful mind, that the reverse is oftener the fact; and every advance which we make in knowledge and intelligence increases the expansion of *faith*, not only by enlarging the sphere of experience, and multiplying those arguments of which the mind takes advantage in examining any new matter presented to its contemplation; but what is of higher value, we are taught at every step a lesson of humility by being compelled to acknowledge the narrow limits of those abilities on which we so arrogantly relied for scanning the attributes of Divinity. Had the Bible *not* told of things difficult to comprehend, I should have wanted one direct argument in favour of its coming from God. No scheme of merely human invention would have baffled all human sagacity to understand in all its bearings, *unless* the

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the Penetralia which v  
till the soul shall awake  
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moment, passes away; that riches, fame, rank, power, beauty, are but gewgaws incapable of satisfying the cravings of an immortal soul; but even when the mind is of such mundane temperament that these things *do* seem sufficient, and that it would fain build its tabernacle amongst them, Death, 'the great teacher Death,' interposes to prevent the dreamer from long enjoying the illusion of his wishes. Death comes at last to force the unwelcome conviction on all who will not otherwise entertain it, that the idols of earth must inevitably be torn from our grasp, and that the cold grave must close on every tie which binds us to this sublunary scene. This strong and simple truth is one of those irresistible and universal arguments that apply to all capacities of intellect, and to all conditions of fortune. All shall die; all leave whatever ministered to pride or vanity behind them. 'A little earth that saves the world a nuisance,' once scattered on the silent remains, the inheritance is seized, and he who, but a week before, lived in every tongue, descends into the narrow house where all things are forgotten. No more



if laughing at the  
sail which lately  
this *one* genera  
reality of wretche  
of human nothing  
tainty there is ar  
mankind, from the  
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an hereafter. All  
told that they sha  
*only* shall return to  
God who gave it.' I  
powerful, to seek, in  
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tions afforded for secu  
lity. Driven by that m  
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which the Scripture enjoins, the feeblest endeavours to cultivate those tempers and affections which the Sacred Volume enforces, are rewarded by an inward peace which nothing beside has power to impart; and that in proportion as I attempt to prepare for *another* world, I am happy in *this*, which is but its vestibule."

When I had proceeded so far in my little sketch of a "Confession of Faith," my dear brother said, "You prove to me, that the subjects on which my mind has been long and anxiously revolving, are familiar to you; and from the little that you have said respecting these obscure points, I anticipate much comfort in entering more at large with you into the field of inquiry, but remember, that *my* chief difficulties remain untouched, and before I let you entirely behind the scenes of my own incertitude, I must know how you get over a barrier which seems in my mind so insurmountable. You must also tell me whether you are one of those who hold *belief* to be within our own power. If you *are*, I fear that we shall

have to combat on the threshold, for I confess nothing irritates me half so much as to be told that I can believe if I *please*. I feel that my *will* has nothing to do with my understanding. Nay, so far from adopting the popular maxim, that we have faith according to our *wishes*, I find the tendency of my mind is rather to suspect in proportion to the desire that any proposition may be true, and, dreading disappointment, I investigate with more precision whatever I am most interested in hoping may prove to be a fact, than those matters of common occurrence, which are indifferent to me in their consequences."

I replied, that I had purposely left the topics to which he alluded for the last. "You desired," said I, "to know on what shore I had been landed, what haven of rest I have found, after having been tempest-tossed like yourself upon the ocean of doubt and vacillation. I complied with your requisition, and have told you that my bark is, I trust, safely moored in the harbour of conviction. I will now retrace my way, and tell you how I have been

enabled to meet the tremendous questions of free-will, spiritual immortality, and personal identity, so far as to satisfy myself completely, that while in the flesh it is a vain attempt to explain them in any other way than by saying, that they are too high, and elude mortal grasp altogether. To know this is something, and if we arrive at the knowledge by *means* of reason, it is doubly satisfactory. Whether *my* reasoning will carry any weight to *your* mind, I will not presume to anticipate; but, as briefly as possible I will give you an idea of the course which I pursued myself with success."

As my letter has run on to an overgrown length, I will conclude it here, where the subject naturally divides itself; and in my next will proceed with my narrative, in the hope that you will aid my purpose by observing on every defect in the chain of my endeavours, and furnishing strength to my weakness from the stores of your own information. My whole soul is engrossed in the cause which heaven has blessed already beyond my most sanguine expectations. Our dear friend, Mr. Otway, is



## LETTER XXXV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend,

Marsden.

You are expecting a letter, and it shall be delayed no longer. To return to the subject of my last: my brother confessed, as I told you, that his great difficulties lay in questions *without* the range of Bible testimony, considered either as a system of moral virtue, or a history of mankind.

"I know enough," added he, "to give it the palm of excellence over the several claims of Confucius, Menu, Zoroaster, and Mohammed. The nobleness of its *principle*, in making the love of God stand forward grandly as the only test of true religion, is sufficient to raise it beyond the finest compositions of human skill, which rest their foundations in convenience or

necessity. I am likewise aware that much of what is to be admired in the best specimens of ancient wisdom, is directly imitated from the laws of Moses. I know that this lawgiver has been the means of preserving the people committed to his charge, and that too amidst the most tremendous reverses and astonishing vicissitudes of fortune for almost four thousand years by the same laws; while the boasted Grecian philosophy of the Lycurgus, the Solons, the Platos, though indebted to him, has passed away in empty air. I know also, that the infidel hue and cry that Moses borrowed his plans of jurisprudence and morality from the Egyptians, has been transmitted through the crowd as mere sound divested of sense, and is easily arrested by the least degree of acquaintance with that mythology from which unbelievers pretend to derive the *Hebraical Institutes*. Could I be *assured* that I am to live hereafter, the Bible should unquestionably be the light and staff of my journey towards that unseen world which *you* are so certain of beholding, and in the existence of which there is nothing revolt-

ing to my understanding, except the difficulty of *knowing myself* in a disembodied state. What is to convince me of my identity?"

To this question I ventured to reply, "The argument of identity has been much misunderstood by a large portion of mankind, including almost all the sceptics whose writings I am acquainted with, and who confound this idea with that of *consciousness*. Now, Butler, whose book you see before you, has admirably and clearly drawn the true distinction, and shewn that *consciousness* takes cognizance of identity, but is not the thing itself. You may sleep for a million of years as for a single night, without destroying your identity. Were it not so, each interruption from forgetfulness, however short, or from whatever cause, whether a natural slumber, lapse of memory, epileptic fit, swoon, or contusion of the brain, would be as fatal to the continuity of *self*, as the longest term of oblivion.

"How then do I arrive at the idea of identity? I say by *intuitive* knowledge, so totally independent of the circumstances with which it is

birth, like Hunter, and  
North American Indian  
tattooed chief of a partic  
father, and a certain squ

At one-and-twenty, you  
and discover, by a rema  
stances, that you are *not*  
dian, but a child of Bri  
*not* what you believed y  
has nothing to do with  
still *yourself*.

Suppose again, that by  
you have been deprived  
arms and legs have be  
nearly as is compatible w  
you are reduced to a me  
tion takes place in the



ven years. *Memory of the past* is not necessary to our belief that *we are ourselves*. Whole years may be blotted from our recollection, and still we have some invisible, intuitive assurance that we have continuity of being, and have not gone through any metempsychosis, which destroys it; but this knowledge is limited by certain boundaries, beyond which we have absolutely nothing to guide us, except the evidence of *other people*. Ask yourself solemnly, and searchingly, what is your ground for believing that, ere you saw the light, you lived during nine months in another state as different from your present condition of existence, as the present union of body and spirit can possibly be from a future mode of being in which the soul, freed from human restraint, shall expatiate with as much more liberty than it can now exert, as it enjoys at present, when compared with the former period of its imprisonment.

Is there one human creature who could be so certain that you are absolutely the person for whom we take you, as not by *possibility* to be deceived? Even your *mother*, after her heart

to get. How do you know  
were before sensible objects  
impression on your faculties  
actual connection with you  
during the first six or eight  
go on to say the first year  
you slept in your nurse's  
with that oak that overshadowed  
you estimate that connection  
tracing its links without a

“You were pleased the  
mirable essay, which you  
“Historical doubts respecting  
Napoleon Buonaparte,” in  
is so perfectly established  
to scepticism, we have no  
at this moment, that the  
who covered the world had

board the *Bellerophon*. What wonder that you should know no more than that your boat put off from the shore, on which you saw a dense crowd of assembled spectators, that you neared the stern of a great vessel, saw a little man with a star on his breast and a cocked hat upon his head, were told and *believed* that it was the royal prisoner, the usurper of France, the wizard Corsican at whom you gazed from your wherry, when you have no *demonstration* that you are General Douglas, no *irrefragable* proof that you belong to that line of Scottish heroes from whom you believe yourself to be sprung, and may not be, on the contrary, a foundling transplanted from the parish of St. Giles' into your splendid cradle, where first you received the fond caresses of your reputed parents.

“ See then how much we are *obliged* to take for granted ; and is there any greater difficulty in believing that consciousness of identity, which we never doubted, may form a part of our essence hereafter, than that it is inseparable from our existence here, however the continuity of remembrance may be interrupted ? All ana-

*logy* is with me, and I now find this idea, which once was a stumbling block, easy and familiar.

“Then, as to the soul’s existence after being separated from the body. Let us only consider how unreasonably we argue, when we confound the mental and corporeal functions, simply because we see them combined. Analogy here also is against such reasoning. A spark of electricity or galvanism is only rendered *apparent* to the eye by certain circumstances. As long as these subtle fluids pass quietly through conductors, they are wholly invisible, and pervade the earth and atmosphere entirely unseen: yet we doubt not the existence of electricity and magnetism, because they float invisibly in æther. We never doubt the existence of the sun’s light, though the substitution of a wooden block for a transparent window of glass shall totally obstruct his rays. These are mere analogies; but they are in our favour. We see the operations of the spirit through the means of our bodily organs, as we perceive the light of the sun through glass, which is so constituted as to transmit its beams to our senses; but we have no more right



to confound the vehicle, or medium, with the matter of light, or the power of thought, conveyed in the one case than in the other. Will you call me fanciful if I say that I consider all intellectual energy, all that we denominate *soul*, as emanating from divinity; and I find no more difficulty *now* in imagining a certain portion of this divine principle arrested and concentrated in the organic structure which we call man, than I find in collecting the sun's rays in a burning glass or a prism.

Mingling with the dross incident to a temporary junction with the base particles of matter, the spirit partakes of the feculence of the channel through which it permeates (if you will permit me to use the language of metaphor), just as the rays of the sun are broken, refracted, or reflected by the cloudy atmosphere, or shattered glass, through which they pass. Remove the medium, and the emancipated essence regains its source; with this difference, that while the light, which is only material, the magnetism and electricity, which are unconscious forces, recover all their purity with their liberated expansion,

the soul of man, on which the boon of immortality is conferred,—the soul which shall not be extinguished like that splendid orb that illumines our nether sphere shall receive its final billet, and be admitted into one or the other of two classes of spiritualized existence, *according* to the use which has been made during its sojournment in the body, of *free will*, bestowed upon the human species at its creation."

Here my brother heaved a sigh, which seemed to issue from the very centre of his heart: "Aye, Caroline," said he, "there's the rub; there is the inscrutable mystery, the impenetrable veil:" "Which," answered I, "no mortal intellect—no human eye will ever pierce."—"Then how *believe* what I despair of comprehending?" "If," replied I, "we turn a subject according to two opposite theories, and after the clearest investigation which we are enabled to bestow upon each, find that both involve an equal measure of incompatibility with our reason and experience, we arrive at least naturally at a state of neutrality which would leave us unbiased and ready to lean to one side or the other, as *men*

motives might be suggested to incline the understanding through force of evidence or probability, towards the adoption of one scheme in preference to the other, its *own* powers being confessedly unequal to unravel the difficulties of either. Let us view the wonderful question of free-will in this light: that the Almighty could *decree* man to be free, we have no reason to deny. Omnipotence can achieve *all* things; and even were we inclined to declare, that not being satisfied that free-will exists, we will not give credit to the Great Framers of the universe for more than we see, still we are *pinned* on the other side; for if we only admit what we see, we cannot by the same rule consistently negative that which we do *not* see. *Ignorance* is not entitled to predicate for or against. We can only with propriety say, that what is hidden, is hidden. *But* my *experience* tells me that I *am* free; and that when not coerced from without, when not restrained by extrinsic force, I follow the dictates of my *will*, I find that no temptation assails me with such violence as to make it *impossible* that I

should not have resisted its approaches: and I find that the common sense of all mankind is with me, since every human law is founded on the distinction between voluntary and compulsory action. Every species of control, moral or physical, is taken into account; every aberration which disturbs the balance of the mental faculties is allowed to operate favourably in excusing the delinquent who is brought to judgment; and nothing but *free, determined* wickedness is punished by the laws of man. Whatever injury has been sustained by society, *crime* is not imputed to the person who has been an unwilling instrument of wrong. So far there is no contrariety in the decisions; no variety amongst the opinions of men. What says the Bible, which we have already agreed should be the lamp of our feet, *provided* that we submit to be guided where our own light is not sufficient? It tells us, that God placing us here in a merely probationary state, and designing us for an ulterior destiny, made us *free in order* to our being accountable. Now that we should be accountable *without* being



free is a solecism which no human sagacity could comprehend, not merely because it is too high for us to reach, *but* because it absolutely contradicts that reason through the means of which we come at the ideas of truth and falsehood. The Bible says, that "good and evil are placed before us," and that we are responsible at the bar of a future Tribunal for the choice which we make between them. Here is an exact accordance between revelation and the natural conclusions of reason. Again, if we consider what is most suitable to our ideas of grandeur and power in the Deity, we hesitate not in saying, that to form a *free* creature is a much more magnificent exhibition of Divinity than is manifested in the creation of puppets that *must* obey the original impulse imparted to them. How much grander is the idea of an Almighty Ruler who, giving the *greatest latitude* of action within its individual sphere, to each separate congeries of nerves and muscles, which He has ordained to be the seat of a human soul, can so order the *ends*

of His astonishing plan, that not a *tittle* of His word shall be frustrated; not a particle of the great scheme subverted; than any notion which we can substitute of a Creator who had tied down and limited the work of His hands in the moment of casting the first specimen of its existence, so as to secure a monotonous and necessary result from the mechanical revolution of certain wheels, or the mindless operation of certain fixed springs, not one of which could by possibility vary in its round, or be altered in the *quantum* of its elasticity. Thus far reason and experience move harmoniously together, and authority confirms their joint conclusion. We *feel* that we are free; reason tells us that we *ought* to be free; and Scripture, which professes to be the revealed Word of God, informs us that we *are* free. The mass of probability appears, then, entirely on this side: let us now consider the other.

“If man be a mere machine, irresistibly governed according to fixed laws, from which he cannot swerve, and performing every action through the influence of an impelling

power, which he is unable to resist; it is plain, first, that he cannot be an accountable creature, for accountableness can only be understood when there is liberty to do, or abstain from doing; and, secondly, this scheme involves an absolute contradiction between our experience and the fact, supposing us to be creatures of necessity, by which, if we be really overruled, and placed in *duresse* from which we have no power to emancipate ourselves; we are, then, put into the extraordinary predicament of *being* one thing, while we are so constituted as to *believe* ourselves to be another. That is to say, in fine, that we are *conscious* of freedom, though in reality we are bound; and are thus practically and irresistibly acting all our lives upon a fraud, a delusion, which compels us to give up the testimony of our senses, at the same time that we declare their evidence to furnish the most unquestionable source of knowledge that we possess, and to afford the principal rule upon which our whole conduct is regulated, either in public or private life.

There is a sublime simplicity in the works

and leave us a bewildered  
or compass to guide our  
diction still more monstrous  
reconcile would result from  
things as we are now supposing  
which we are considering  
pendent of, or independent of  
God. If the former, it is  
or, identified with Him, the  
ruler of the universe. If  
deeds of man are performed  
*order* of that Being who  
punishment those of his who  
obey His commandment  
He is holy." The preposi-  
tives involved in this view are



*desire* after righteousness, will never fail in attaining it.

“How far the *ultimate ends* of all that we see may be *fixed* by the fiat of Divine ordinances, is not our business to inquire into, any more than what future worlds the Creator may please to form when our planetary system shall have passed away. Our own actions are our immediate concern: thousands of *events* may hinge upon every one of them, with which we do not *design* the remotest connection; while the ends which we *intend* to bring about are never achieved. Yet, in secular matters, no man ever believes his free will to have been restrained. If he make a bad bargain, or act upon a false calculation, he may regret his want of prudence, or lament a deficiency of information; but it never occurs to the most sceptical amongst those with whom I have ever met, to fancy, for a single moment, that he *might* not have done differently, inquired farther, or been less precipitate.

“Whence this *division*? Why are temporal affairs regulated by the law of responsibility

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fatalist is only adopted  
examination which he  
opiate to his conscience  
ancient heathen world  
consistent than that of  
much as it was applied to  
frequently led to content  
and privation. Perhaps  
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trine of free-will than  
not for one stumbling  
knowledge be reconcile  
human analogies to sa  
would be no difficulty to  
tion. In *this* world,  
which, like that of Edm  
into the volume of futu

clearly foresaw. So far analogy *separates* fore-knowledge from necessity. Imagine *once* that man is created *free* by the Almighty's decree, and the difficulty vanishes. If *free*, man is empowered to act for himself; and though *beyond* a certain limit he may not be able to *see* or to *do*, he has liberty *within* a given circuit, and that liberty once conferred, there is nothing more incomprehensible in the fore-knowledge of God, than in that of an earthly parent, who having *endowed* his children with a certain measure of power, limited by his discretion, and recallable at his will, *foresees*, without *choosing* to control its exercise. That species of active interference sometimes employed to bring about the designs of self-interest by people who plan devices, and then are busied in executing them; is not what we mean by fore-knowledge *humanly* speaking. What we speak of as such, is founded on information from without, and derived from our own judgment in drawing conclusions relative to future events from certain data presented to our understandings. I repeat, therefore, that so far from being accustomed to couple

this species of wisdom with the facts which it predicts, there is, generally speaking, not the most remote connection between the prognostic and its fulfilment. Now, as all our ideas respecting the divine attributes, when we depend on reason alone for believing in them, are but an extension of those which we see in each other, we are not instructed by any analogy to *expect* that the prescience of the Almighty brings about the downfall of a nation as its *necessary consequence*, any more than that Burke's foresight of the effects which would follow on the spread of infidelity and disloyalty should be instrumental in compassing the overthrow of monarchy in France. Nor *should* we reason so anomalously, were it not that in considering God as the *creator* of all those beings whose conduct he foresees, looking in short, upon the divine fore-knowledge as *infallible*, and not subject to the *contingencies* which accompany even the highest degree of human sagacity, we attach a *characteristic* to the prescience of the Deity which does not belong to that of man; and therefore while reason and analogy are pro-



fessedly our guides, we desert their standard, and set up a new light for ourselves which is as remote from revealed as from natural religion, and leaves us inextricably *bogged* in a morass from which we shall in vain attempt to disentangle ourselves. If the Almighty *made us free*, we can imagine how he may fore-know our actions without controlling them; though he formed all created things, because in the very idea of *freedom*, such independence is *essential*; any compulsion would destroy liberty, and involve a contradiction in terms; but here is the final limit to which human understanding can attain.

“*How* this wonderful union of divine power, and the creature’s free agency is effected, belongs to higher matters than we can reach. We only know, as I said before, that we know *nothing*, if *we are not free*. The arguments of a necessitarian may seem irrefragable, and convince you that you are impelled to every action; but in the moment that you close his book you *feel* that you can open or shut it at pleasure, and call up, or dismiss at will, those motives from

vinced you in the a  
vouch for the existen  
ideas or shadows are  
for; but do you really  
less in the existence of  
the brains of a fellow  
sword which pierces I  
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are not able *metaphysic*

“You have, my be  
me so far as to consul  
these great, these awfu  
could tempt me to ac  
conscious as I am of n  
not firmly persuaded, t  
require human strength  
cies and overcome the

rate its recesses. I found torches, indeed, blazing at the portals, and proud of a little daring, I entered on the labyrinth, vain-gloriously resolved to reject all clue, and clear a passage for myself; but the damps of ignorance and doubt soon extinguished the glaring lights that illuminated the entrance. I found myself ere long involved in the thickest obscurity, and when the abyss threatened to engulph the groping wanderer, was grateful for that aid which in the pride of my own strength, I had indignantly rejected. Assisted by revelation, I retraced my erring steps; and am now contented with such measure of knowledge as God vouchsafes to his creatures, as well as resolved never more to tempt the paths which lead but to "confusion worse confounded.

"Where difficulties present themselves, I thankfully incline to that side which is the least obscure; and, as a belief in necessity, besides the natural contrariety of its existence with the evidence of our senses, which proclaim us free agents, would involve an absolute and unqualified rejection of the Christian scheme,

temptation in the world  
character of sovereignty  
The *Christian* sees him  
hearts, and domesticates  
our tenderness, and a  
Christ we behold the E  
us; redeeming in his l  
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from the only door, the o  
herd that is provided for  
self for a staff of suppor  
death, what do I find? A  
able, sin so inseparable fr  
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melancholy avowal, that  
of the most virtuous huma



the conversation that I have reported took place, my brother has passed some hours of every day in reading and talking on these solemn subjects.

Butler's Analogy with Wilson's excellent Letters of Explanation; Gregory's Letters and Chalmers' Evidences, have particularly delighted him. We have read *Tremaine* together, and some parts of the reasoning contained in the third volume of that valuable little work have most powerfully impressed his mind, while others have failed of satisfying him. My principal objections to *Tremaine* are, that the author contents himself with allowing us to *suppose* that the hero becomes a Christian. Secondly, Dr. Evelyn, though a very worthy, and a very sensible man, appears more like a good humoured country gentleman, than a clergyman, the professional piety of whom might have been added to his counsel without detracting from its force. It is a pity also that so strong a stimulant as love should be allowed by *possibility* to mingle in the motives to conversion, and by so doing, sully the integrity of change.

other, to render people wise  
it; a character which it w  
ness were to be able with  
this age of novels to ma  
brated amongst them. —

Having said so much  
I must mournfully add  
that it gradually declines,  
that it requires such m  
strong affection can alone  
the progress of decay. M  
our friend Mr. Otway, ur  
brances to you. Speak o  
neighbours with affection  
tell them that I long to re  
and am only supported th  
sence from home. and

young people, in a land of strangers, furnish me too with a perpetual source of gratification, they are so true to nature and good sense, as well as feeling. We continue to hear constantly from Arthur, who is happy in the company of Mr. Charles Falkland, a young man whose friendship I anticipate for my Frederick with great pleasure. We hear also of Lord and Lady Crayton, of whom I wish I could add that our accounts are agreeable. Lord C. is, I fear, ill calculated to make my poor niece happy; and they both exhibit, but too faithfully, a specimen of fashionable marriage. I tremble, as I look forward, and bless God when I gaze with thankfulness on my children, that they have been preserved from the vortex of folly, which draws thousands daily into its dangerous and seductive abyss. Can all the riches of the East, added to all "the boast of heraldry, and pomp of power," supply the place of domestic love, or compensate for the absence of moral virtue? I sometimes feel like an old picture that, after having been hung up

hold you once more ! Adieu, my valued friend.  
I hope to hear from you before we leave Marsden, and am,

Sincerely yours,

CAROLINE DOUGLAS.



## LETTER XXXVI.

FROM EMILY DOUGLAS TO MISS SANDFORD.

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My dearest Julia,

THIS will, probably, be my last letter from Marsden, unless any unfavourable change in my dear uncle's health should alter the present arrangements for our departure. We are to go by Brighton and Dieppe, instead of by the route first proposed; and you may expect to hear from me as frequently as possible, though I shall never persecute you with my *travels as travels*: for I do believe there is nothing left in France or Italy, which has not been *served up* in every practicable variety of form, to meet each different character of taste; but I trust to your affection for finding interest in every stage of our journey, though the map of it be so familiar to your memory as to deprive me of all

hope to amuse you by descriptions of scenery or costumes. Since I wrote last, I have seen much that was new to *me*, without going abroad ; and, though I should be very ungrateful not to acknowledge thankfully the great kindness with which we have been received in Hampshire, I cannot permit *even* gratitude to blind me, and confound distinctions which I never desire to see melted into an undistinguishable mass of uniform colouring. My dear Julia, I sometimes stare with such amazement at the things that present themselves, as to fear that my eye-lids may be overstrained, and lose the power of closing ; but, instead of egotizing on the effects produced upon my mind, I will beg you to accompany me to three or four splendid mansions in our neighbourhood, where you shall judge for yourself. About a week ago, Mr. Otway, Frederick, Charlotte, and I, took a delightful ride through the New Forest, to pay our respects to Mrs. Hannaper, a *Begum* of this country, who commands several hundred votes, and who is, therefore, a grand bone of contention in this terrible electioneering strug-

*stripes* that she might be  
her gown and shawl out  
belonging to the United  
assists Mrs. Hannaper in  
vourite candidate, to who  
be married; and I have  
complain of being attar  
verance, as to find great  
from the united influen  
plication. As we rode al  
riotous, drunken men, i  
ing bunches of buff and  
hats, interrupted our pro  
horses, by tumultuary s  
air with cries "Sir Chr  
Mrs. Hannaper for ever!  
to Lyndhurst, the vocife

neying forward; and we found ourselves immediately surrounded by three or four hundred people, who had taken Mrs. Hannaper's horses from the carriage in which she and her niece were sitting, and insisted on drawing them home themselves, to testify their attachment to the cause which she patronizes. Mrs. Hannaper is apparently from sixty to sixty-five, with a face and form neither rough nor unpleasant; but a cloth habit, tight beaver hat, over a Brutus wig, a coloured silk handkerchief tied round her throat, and a collar rising almost to her cheek bones, gave so masculine an air as completely to deceive me, while the interposition of some drooping branches of an ash tree concealed the lower part of her dress from my view. She stood up in her barouche, waved her hat to the multitude, huzzaed, and acted so like a man upon the occasion, that when I came near enough to see a petticoat, I blushed for the honour of my sex. Her niece held a parasol over her head, and seemed less inclined to make these outrageous demonstrations than her aunt; but she held a sort of



The carriage stopped w  
Mrs. Haunaper covering  
and desiring Mr. Otway  
viously seen, to present n  
me, very politely request  
the following day, when s  
us, to turn out a bagged  
putians"—the name by w  
a favourite pack of some  
technical appellation of  
quainted. "Come early  
Christopher, and a few fri  
ham, where I shall be ha  
was beginning to say why  
her kind invitation, when  
ment, I read "do let us  
eye, and a glance from M

take refusals." Mr. Otway told her that *some* of the party would certainly attend her; and the intoxicated *leaders* becoming impatient of so long a parley, threw up a cloud of hats into the air, with a deafening uproar, and the ladies were whirled along to our no small contentment, for our steeds threatened, by the noise, to become ungovernable. When we had resumed our peaceful track, we interchanged, as you may believe, some remarks upon the extraordinary vision that had just crossed our path. Mr. Otway was excessively amused by Charlotte's asking whether Mrs. Hannaper, and her niece, were *Blue-stockings*. "No, I dare say not," answered our friend. "Why do *you* suppose them to be so?" "Oh," replied Charlotte, "I have no reason, further than that from the masculine air of these ladies, I conclude that they must be disliked extremely by the other sex, and perhaps considered *intruders* sufficiently to be called *Blues*." An explanation ensued, and we learned that, though it is an inexcusable offence for a woman to fancy that she possesses any understanding, or is

female *Nimrod*—to hunt  
a mail coachman, drive  
ride like a Bedouin A  
death. Nay, Mr. Otwa  
Hannaper is generally o  
brush in returning from  
cries talliho with peculiar  
added he, “she is a w  
tune; and, however peop  
rior folk, so many gen  
the hand of this Diana,  
would take the field to  
dignity offered to the g  
tion.” No language ca  
ment to learn that this o  
ing; to hear her huzzain  
costume, had been wond

in *this* age of the world, to be surrounded by people *daring* to talk of love to a *woman of sixty*, was something beyond my comprehension or credulity. For the first time in my life I thought, dearest Mr. Otway ill-natured, and, slackening my pace, fell back with Charlotte, allowing him, and Frederick, to take the lead—shall I own my weakness? I felt so humbled for my sex, that low spirits took possession of me; a melancholy dialogue succeeded, and a hearty fit of tears relieved the oppression which manners so novel had occasioned. My sister, and I, entreated that we might not be forced to attend the morning party; so Frederick went alone, and came back thoroughly disgusted with all that he saw. A gay party met at a breakfast *à la fourchette*, where the ladies, he told us, played their parts most vigorously at ham, dried fish, and all sorts of substantial fare, not disdaining to wash it down with a glass of champagne.

“To horse, to horse,” was the next order of the day, and the ladies, dressed in uniform, rode in the most sportsman-like manner, clearing



gates, banks, and ditches. I cannot dwell upon the disgraceful theme. Alas! is learning decried? Are women ridiculed for improving their minds, and gaining useful knowledge, while such a surrender of every characteristic that distinguishes the feminine from the masculine gender, is tolerated and encouraged? I feel a *nausea* when I hear the name of Hannaper; but I have not done with her yet. In a day or two after our meeting, she came to see us, having duly ascertained that my uncle would not give his interest to either party at the approaching election; and certainly nothing can be more appropriate than the name by which she is called in the country. "*Jack Hannaper*," exactly prepares one for the abrupt masculine unceremonious *assault* which she makes on the people at whose houses she visits. Mamma's gentle and retiring manner, the gravity of her dress, and total absence of interest in the gossip of the neighbourhood, induced the Dame of Parham Hall, to address herself chiefly to my uncle, whom she overpowered with her volubility. After having talked of her dogs which

have got the distemper, of a horse which she had shot, *perhaps* with her own hand, because it had the glanders, she proceeded, and with all the technicality of the hustings, proclaimed the state of the poll, her intention of appearing on a favourite charger at the head of her *plum-pers*, and giving a *coup de grace* to the enemy. Perceiving, it may be, from the languid appearance of my dear uncle, that he was fatigued by this farrago of nonsense, Mrs. Hannaper suddenly turned to me, and said, "Oh, but my dear Miss Douglas, you really had a great loss in not coming to Parham the other day. We had very good fun I assure you, and I dare say you will be glad to hear that your brother was much admired. He rides particularly well, and no centaur ever sat a horse more firmly. Upon my word he is a very handsome fine young fellow, and I have no doubt will make a figure yet. I shall be always happy to see him at Parham Hall." Frederick's praises would go far to put me in good humour with any medium through which they met my ear; but these fell upon it in sounds so coarse, and unaccustomed,

unrestrained society of  
My cheeks glowed, but  
was a fevered flush.  
naper's departure, and  
answer her; but she  
seconds in a state of  
rick's account. All  
sently merged in the  
*own*, when this "she  
fangs," seized my arm  
or affected recollection  
only fancy my omitting  
Sir Archibald Johnson  
his son, who makes no  
if your fortune can liber  
thousands of embarrass  
nice hit. Lady Johnson  
not sound badly. Th

at present: a few things made by the first hands will do, till you go to town yourself, and choose your own jewels, and select your own favourite colours. I am sure that Sir Archibald will be anxious to hasten matters, for I know at this moment, that a sum of ten thousand is called in by Mr. Fletcher, who is going to marry one of his girls famously to that mad-cap, Colonel Anstruther, who will be as rich as a jew bye and bye. To be sure he is a sad *roué* at present, but either he will sow his wild oats or run a muck. If the latter, he will shoot himself, or end his days in the Fleet; but people must not look forward; if we did, what a dull sort of thing you know it would be. I doat on the little Scotch song, which says 'the present moment is our ain, the next we never saw;' how pretty!"

By this time I was burning indeed: shame, indignation, and surprise, were so strongly excited, that, like contrary forces, they had the effect of paralyzing all movement. I sat like a fool, totally unable to speak; and how long I should have been doomed to listen to a strain so





playful manner possible, he said, "Oh, do you know I have had a great escape. Mrs. Hannaper looked as if she could have eaten me up; and only that your hall is so spacious, I question whether I could have avoided a *bite* at least. Miss Douglas, I take it into my head that this amazonian *chieftainness* is not a greater favourite of yours than she is of mine." I confessed that she would not be my *model*, and Mr. Bolton continued, "But you and I shall have ample revenge, if I may depend on a little bit of *backstairs* intelligence which has reached me through my own man.

"Now, you must not set me down as an old gossip because I tell you so, and suppose that I am always employed in running to and fro, to pick up scandal; but really poetic justice requires that such a creature as Mrs. Hannaper should receive *some* check, and be reminded of her age, before she is called to her great account. So far therefore, from thinking myself ill-natured at *chuckling* in the anticipation of a disappointment, which I have good reason to believe is suspended by a hair over her head, I

those which possess I

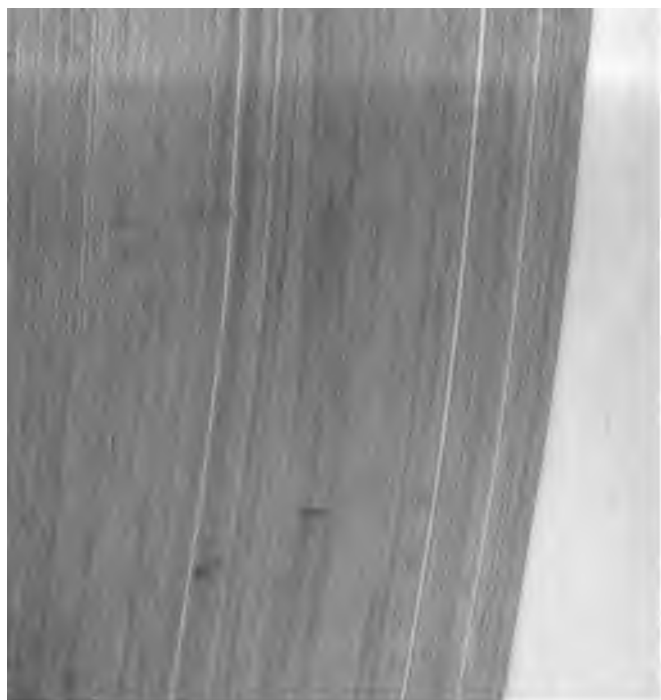
Much as I dislike something so repugnant in suffering after any ill, which time that I expostulated I explored him to apprise of his apprehensions, that so the might threaten, should I was silent for a moment intently upon me, then passionately, he pressed "olden time," and with said, "God bless you the voice of nature, and arise to-day, for her'sdom hear." Oh, Ju

by such an anecdote as this upon modern society. If this be the world (and people are the same I suppose, whether rolling through the streets of London, or over the roads in Hampshire), defend me from its attractions. I feel like the country mouse longing for my grey peas and peaceful Glenalta; but the lovely Alps will refresh my eyes with images of God's creation, and I shall soon bid farewell to these disgusting scenes of artificial life.

Mr. Bolton, after the little episode which I have described, returned to the merry mood, and rubbing his hands in an ecstasy, said, "No, no, depend upon it I will be 'mute as a coach-horse.' You shall none of you know a word of the under-plot which is weaving. I will not be a tell-tale. Let all things take their course."

This dear little man is the soul of pleasantry, and seems to have an excellent heart, though bound up in a quaint outside. He is *very* English, and has a *snug* facetiousness of manner irresistibly diverting. I hope that I may be fortunate enough to meet him often in this neighbourhood, for he has both tact and feeling; and





tender love may subsist without this confusion of relationships. In the deep attachment which binds my heart to the precious author of my being, how sorry I should be even for a moment, to forget that she is my *mother*. But though not yet twenty, I feel as if I were fourscore, when I look around me. Nothing could be prettier than the little lawn on which we we marshalled to see the archers. The graceful figures, the skill with which they managed the bow, the beauty of the fair competitors, clad in a livery of "Lincoln green," the exquisite flowers which perfumed the amphitheatre of their sports, altogether charmed Charlotte and me. We were asked to join the lists, but as we could truly plead ignorance of the art, we gladly dropped back upon a fringe of the finest rhododendrons I ever beheld, lined by a bank of arbutus, to witness the combat. There were from forty to fifty spectators, amongst whom were only two, besides Mr. Bolton, whom I ever desire to see again. These were a Mrs. and Miss Fraser, Scotch people, a mother and daughter, very unlike our

*children*; and, alas, c  
lous of a Lord Thorn  
elder of them. This  
of our party; the mo  
can imagine. He ha  
den, so that I did not  
at Lady Campion's;  
uncle, Fanny, whose  
constant source of  
"Well, if in one of  
Thornborough and h  
young man of fashion  
to this country), I am  
offering them my assist  
ficulty to be got over;  
men could not help th  
ditch, or stile."

proportion of limb that would suit such prodigious *capitals*. On the contrary, however, they are both rather diminutive than tall; their hands are not larger than a young lady's, and as white as alabaster. Add to this appearance, rings, pins, chains, &c., and judge whether Fanny was very wide of the mark, when, with the rosy glow of sixteen, "redolent of life and spring," her humanity would prompt the offer of her aid to creatures so pale, so thin, so cadaverous, that Mr. Bolton very truly said, that "they looked like weavers just out of an hospital." But I have not done. How *can* I believe the things that I hear? Two pink spots, which alone distinguished Lord Thornborough's face from that of a corpse, and which I thought indicated consumption, are, Mr. Bolton declares, positively rouge! I blush as I write the word! But to return to the archery.—The gentlemen were not so successful as the ladies: Miss Champion sped her arrow right through the centre of the target, and claimed a victory, which her mother, who came within half an inch of the bull's eye, refused to admit, demanding



ensued, and the angry  
taunts which I witnessed  
memory.

Matters grew so serious  
posed lots: Lady Can  
and darting a look of  
crowned by Lord Thor  
turn *voted* to be winner  
and truth; and, after  
tinguished him by a v  
him by the hand, and t  
towards a fine Grecian  
where a magnificent col  
where the *pseudo* king  
throne of scarlet and  
laurels; while the right  
even the satisfaction of

who, though herself mortified, treated him with *sovereign* contempt.

While we were seated at a table covered with refreshments, one of the Misses Campion asked me, so suddenly, the ridiculous question, "Have you been out yet?" that though I have heard that it is the *technical* phrase for being presented in the world, the more familiar meaning occurred to my mind, and, like an idiot, I answered, that I should think a walk round the grounds very pleasant. A loud and rude burst of laughter drew the attention of the company upon me, and would have overwhelmed me with confusion, if Mr. Bolton, who was sitting between me and my tormentor, had not, with the celerity of an arrow, upset a flask of Champagne into the lap of the fair follower of Diana, which produced such a prompt metamorphosis, as "turned the green one red" in an instant, and the laugh against her from me. The thing was done so adroitly, that it appeared accidental, and as no one was more busy than the *perpetrator* in offering the most gallant commiseration, I never knew till two days after that I was

We adjourned pro  
where harp and pian  
and appliances to bo  
in a new form; and h  
exhibited. A charmi  
for by Lord Thornb  
pion, who was in t  
second, was called v  
mother to take her pa  
pany on the piano-for  
crity which delighted  
a sweet forgiving ten  
the instrument; but th  
turbed, for she had  
ther in a solo recitati  
singing to admiration,  
turning the music-desk

laughter succeeded, Lady Campion was outrageous, and could scarcely preserve an appearance of decency; but as I felt how very irritating her daughter *intended* to be, I begged Mrs. and Miss Fraser to come and make a little party at her side. We entreated her to excuse Miss Campion's mistake, and to indulge us with a repetition of the delightful air in which she had been interrupted.

After much disquietude, matters were arranged once more, and the solo was achieved; but in the midst of the concluding movement, which was very brilliant, and calculated to make a striking impression in the winding up, Miss Campion uttered a piercing shriek, the effect of which was ludicrous in the extreme, mingling as it did with the full harmony, and vociferated, "a bee, a bee!" and a bee there certainly *was*, crawling up the leg of the piano-forte, so weak and so drowsy after the cold weather, that the last of its *intentions*, poor thing, seemed to be to inflict the slightest injury on any one. Frederick put the obnoxious insect out of the window, but Lady Campion was now inexorable: she



... whom they  
ed by the scen  
our departure  
leaving such a  
witnessed for th

Lord Thornb  
riage, and with  
hah!" said, Mis  
for a thunder-sto  
rather sublime;

too much disgust  
myself with a pas  
myself on the high

Am I sure th  
ceive me, and tha  
sacred relationship  
*fashion?* And is it  
ter forgets the

the Revolution in France. I heard them agree a day or two ago in drawing the parallel with mournful fidelity, and finding in the frightful demoralization of continental manners, which is making, they said, rapid progress in these countries, but too certain a prognostic of the fate that will follow, if the tide be not arrested, of which there seems but little hope.

If I had staid at home I should never have known these things; and however one may detest, I do not feel that we can become familiar with what is wrong, without being the worse for it.

In two days after Lady Campion's *popping-jay*, we were forced by my uncle to attend an evening party at Lady Neville's. It is not more than two months since she has lost a beautiful and accomplished daughter, who died of decline. If *my* beloved mother had hung over the dying couch of a child, would *she*—but I must curb myself, and *relate* facts, not *comment* upon them, or I shall never have done. Till ten o'clock at night we did not go to Neville Court, though the cards particularly notified

the Revolution in France. I heard them agree a day or two ago in drawing the parallel with mournful fidelity, and finding in the frightful demoralization of continental manners, which is making, they said, rapid progress in these countries, but too certain a prognostic of the fate that will follow, if the tide be not arrested, of which there seems but little hope.

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“an early party;” and when we reached that splendid mansion, we found an immense assemblage of the *beau monde*, greater than it was possible to suppose could be mustered at such a distance from London which is the focus of all fashionable rays, a few of which only are scattered and refracted by various accidents in certain individual families, as cracks in a glass will disturb the transmission of the sun's beams. *Here* was another *lie direct*, for the cards also informed us, that the party was to be a “small” one. Why this perversion of language? I cannot fathom it. If some lurking remnant of compunctious feeling crossed the heart of Lady Neville; and in the words “small” and “early” she discovered a slight palliation of the offence against decency (for I will not profane the sweet idea of maternal love by using its language in *such* company), which she had determined on committing, I should perceive the reason of the strange deception of which I am speaking, but all was gaiety and glitter. Lady Neville and her daughters sparkled with diamonds arranged upon a sort of gossamer



drapery, so light, so graceful, so artificially adjusted, fashionable and becoming, that mourning was the last sentiment which such paraphernalia could excite or indicate. Their dress told lies as well as their cards.

The house at Neville Court is superb, and as I wandered from room to room with the amiable Frasers and my own Charlotte, I felt the luxury of kindred sentiment in a *new world*, and gave free course to thoughts that were little in unison with the passing scene. I fancied this magnificent ball-room, with its chandeliers, its lustres, and chalked floor, two short months ago, *perhaps*, the theatre of *another* sort of assembly. I marked the spot where, in imagination, I could descry the lonely tressels supporting their sad and youthful burthen—that opening flower untimely torn from its stalk, and snatched from the warm hopes of unfolding spring. I beheld the mutes, and saw the tables spread with funeral fare; the “cold baked meats” of death; the sable hangings; the hirelings of office, marshalling their dismal train, at least with *features screwed* to the occasion, and *voices* subdued to

of nature, to seek for  
of imagery supplied fi  
cenary taste;' and fail  
the breast of a mother  
*curdled*, and my brea  
while these melanco  
my mental vision, and  
the dance. The brill  
me no other than Hol  
and when I was rou  
" Miss Douglas, will  
if from the mouth of  
whose muscles had bee  
the words within its lip  
if I had been shot by  
arrows, and turned ro  
Though I delight in

To my utter astonishment I was asked to join in the next quadrille by Lord Thornborough, whose politeness I should not have supposed from any thing else I had witnessed, could have induced the remembrance of a country lass, and a stranger (though the latter is the highest claim to attention in my dear Ireland), amidst such dazzling beauty and attraction as solicited his regards. You see I did him injustice, and am ready to make the *amende honorable* ; but as I had refused Mr. Johnson, I could not dance with any one else, and though I did not regret this circumstance from any admiration of *milord*, I confess to having found it difficult to sit still, when the gloomy contemplations with which the evening commenced, began to yield to the inspiring influence of lively music. I had, however, the great pleasure of seeing Charlotte enjoying a gratification which was denied to me ; and, would you believe it, she had scarcely begun to move, when a crowd was collected to see her dance. Her figure is so like what one imagines of a Sylph, and her ear is so perfect, that to admire her performance in a quadrille, would

group by which we were  
artificial in its construction  
nature to slide in at. He  
I heard several of the guests  
approbation in terms which  
should have thought such  
people likely to employ on  
the moment; and dear  
seemed for a time *Reine*.

"Yes," said Mr. Bolton  
me for a little while, "the  
truth and native grace of  
of fashion. There is you  
seen London or Paris, but  
from all those painted dolls  
their persons round the room.

Quadrilles ended, how



curtain fall over an exhibition which I wish obliterated from my memory. I found a few lines by Frederick, which he wrote in London, after returning from a ball, part of the concluding stanza of which shall finish my descant upon this distasteful theme :

“ But there is something in a waltz which wears  
Off all the lovely bloom of virgin grace,  
When round Belinda's form a stranger dares  
Fling the unhallowed arm in bold embrace,  
And rudely gazes on her beauteous face.”

The dancing wanted that *gaieté du cœur* which alone renders it an agreeable and animating amusement. The ladies glided like silver eels, and the gentlemen groped about the room as if their eyes were shut, so that absolutely, if a stranger had been introduced, who never saw a modern ball-room before, he might have been excused for imagining that the dancers were playing blind man's buff, and afraid of knocking their heads against the panels, if they moved their bodies without the utmost circumspection. In short, a child of nature would wonder why people should take the trouble of submitting their feet to

a sort of *rhythm* just enough to shackle their freedom, and prevent the luxury of perfect inaction. Well, thought I to myself, this society is *fashionable*. These men and women move in what is called the first circle. The former will, many of them, become our Members of Parliament; senators, by whose collective wisdom we are to be directed. These asses in human form, the most idle, ignorant, effeminate animals possible to conceive, are to be husbands, fathers, landlords, masters! It is a melancholy prospect, and in looking to my own sex, on thoughts of which my mind from infancy has dwelt with pride and pleasure, as the sweet depository of religion, morals, fond affections, taste and talents softened down to social converse, and illuminating the domestic sphere, oh, what a contrast meets my eye! what will these creatures be when all that art can do to whiten the poor sepulchre shall fail, and wrinkles insurmountable *will* raise their fearful lines of circumvalation round the once bright orbs? when rouge itself, the last faithful handmaid of departing beauty,

no longer sticks to the haggard cheek, no longer lights up the extinguished eye; when the ethereal form of finished symmetry is either swelled to the mountain size of those round matrons who in vain would try to grasp the pedal harp which shuns the corpulent embrace, or dwindled to the bony frame which only serves for draperies to be hung upon? What will be the fate of these hapless wrecks of vanished youth, when even cards, the ultimate resource of age, the last strong hold of veteran nothingness, shall cease to charm? Oh, my Julia, how will these miserable beings tremble, as the grave yawns beneath their feet! Eternity awaits all these butterflies, whether male or female; and I shudder, as imagination presents the grisly group of coxcombs, and of belles, stripped of their paint and patches, wigs, and waltzes, and standing to receive the final sentence at an Almighty tribunal.

I was interrupted in my *sermon* by a call to the library. It was to meet our new chaplain, for whom my uncle promised to provide, when he procured the appointment of Mr. Oliphant

imate friend, Alfred  
whom we all feel so v  
such reason, through y  
sketches of his charac  
without having ever se

Mamma, you know  
a little trick sometin  
instance I find that  
have been in league  
Judge then of our a  
your packet by Mr.  
returns to-morrow int  
take this *volume* to you.

A few days now will  
not hope to send you  
reach Paris.

Adieu, my dearest Lu



which gild their everlasting snows with refulgent glory.

A thousand loves attend you all.

Ever your affectionate,

EMILY DOUGLAS.

## LETTER XXXVII.

REV. MR. OLIPHANT TO MR. OTWAY.

---

To you, my dear friend, I address myself upon the present occasion, though gratitude has long ere this, dictated a return of my best acknowledgments to Mrs. Douglas, for *two* such letters as deserve indeed my heart-felt thanks. But I have been painfully occupied, and I leave to your discretion the time and method of explaining to my dear friend, the cause of my silence, which is no other than the death of our worthy and much lamented neighbour Mr. Bentley, an event, intelligence of which, I well know, will not be heard at Marsden with indifference. A fortnight ago he returned, as usual, from his ride, accompanied by George, and immediately on entering the house, fell into a

a sort of fit, which appeared to result from determination of blood towards the head. George sent directly for me, and we had Mr. Pigot immediately from Tralee, who acted with judgment, and ere the surgeon and physician, for whom we sent to Dublin, had reached Mount Prospect, our poor friend had recovered his sensibility. The devotion of George to his uncle could not be exceeded, and it was so purely disinterested, that the wealth of Potosi would have weighed but as a feather in the balance, against the re-establishment of Mr. Bentley's health. The medical people, however, saw from the first, that his situation was precarious, of which he was conscious from the beginning himself. With Christian courage, he began to prepare for the awful change which he perceived to be approaching, and truly died the death of the righteous. Yesterday evening he breathed his last in the arms of his nephew. I never left him, except for the necessary purposes of refreshment, from the time of his first seizure, and have the happiness of believing that my presence afforded him comfort. As the

short period of his indisposition spared him any great exhaustion of strength, he spoke without uneasiness, and in the most collected manner adverted to the nature of his hopes. Nothing could be more deeply interesting than his discourse, during the few latter hours which preceded the closing scene.

"Oliphant," said he, "I have never in my life, been an unbeliever; but how small is the difference between infidelity, and a mere nominal Christianity: a meagre religion of form and habit! Nay, of the two, is there not a better chance, that the avowed scoffer, terrified by the abyss which lies before him, may turn from the evil of his ways, than the self-satisfied moralist, who depends on his miserable, his imperfect works, for eternal salvation? My friend, I was in the latter predicament. I received a common-place Church of England education, said my prayers mechanically, went to church, gave alms, abstained from travelling on Sundays; and was for years of my life, so entirely persuaded, that as a Christian character, I stood on a high pedestal, removed from the vulgar



level of mankind, that the Pharisee's words, though not perhaps actually expressed by my lips, were never far from my heart; and, 'Lord, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men,' was a sentiment continually present to me, whenever I thought upon serious subjects. Oh, how far from God was I in those days, when I thought myself so near Him!"

Here he paused, and after the interval of a few minutes, resumed the train of solemn reflection upon which he had entered.

"Yes," added he, "blessed be Heaven, such vain-glorious delusions are far from me now, and I am not ashamed to say, that I owe the change to this young man."

Here poor George was completely overwhelmed. He pressed his uncle's hand to his lips, and shed a torrent of tears.

"George," continued the dying man, "first taught me the religion of the heart. Of what avail are the cold conclusions of reason? they teach not humility, they do not subdue the passions, they do not improve the temper, nor allay one demoniac ebullition of malice or revenge.

put no confidence in  
mercy of Him who su  
for guilty man, and di  
our souls alive."

My poor friend to  
affairs were all settled.

"My temporal hou  
set in order. May t  
opened to receive me!

From time to time,  
guage, placidly await  
The bursting of a bloo  
not attended by muc  
none that was not inci  
ployed. On Tuesday  
told me where I should  
lark, labelled, adding:

tions will quickly restore the equilibrium of his spirits. He will never *forget*, but he will soon cease to *grieve*."

After so saying, he fell into a tranquil slumber, and spoke no more, except to ask for certain portions of the sacred volume. He repeated the 15th chapter of St. John with fervour; desired us to read the 53d of Isaiah, the 23d Psalm, and other favourite parts of scripture. A restless night proclaimed the approach of death, and the last afternoon witnessed his peaceful exit. He left his affectionate regards for all of you, and has bequeathed, he told me, some little memorial of respectful esteem to each individual at Glenalta and Lisfarne.

Thus has passed away our kind-hearted neighbour Roger Bentley, and his loss would be too sad to dwell upon, if his excellent nephew were not heir to his uncle's virtues, as well as property. No change will be felt, I venture to assert, by any one who depended on the bounty of our departed friend. Poor George is absorbed in silent sorrow; he neither weeps nor talks, but the chalky paleness of his counte-

mony is performed,  
friend, Mrs. Dougla  
with the most affection  
the General, and m  
dear sir,

Yours mos



## LETTER XXXVIII.

FROM EDWARD OTWAY, ESQ. TO  
REV. MR. OLIPHANT,

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My dear Oliphant,

I CANNOT describe the shock which your intelligence imparted. It was but a week before that day, on which his final summons was issued, that I received a letter from my valued and lamented friend, full of project and futurity; warm with friendship, and seasoned with that peculiar and pungent humour which rendered him so singularly entertaining and lively a companion. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* In middle age, rich, healthy, divested of care, and happy in the society of that good young man, who would have thought the end so near? Who could have anticipated this sudden wreck of human hope? Such is life! And does not such a tragedy, as it often presents, call upon

the actors in the drama for serious thoughts of what may follow? I will not say that

“ We could have better spared a better man,”

for Bentley was an excellent character, but I may truly say, that many who fill a much larger circle than he did in the world's estimation, would not have left such a chasm in society. To the poor, his loss would be irreparable, were it not that he leaves in George a representative so worthy of him. Oh ! when I reflect upon the habit which prevails so generally at present, of taking young people abroad, educating them in distant climes, alienating their minds from the land that gave them birth, and forming their tastes to foreign manners ; when I compare this dismal error, and its consequences, with the scene which we are contemplating at Mount Prospect, surely there is reason to apprehend a fatal overthrow for our hapless country. How few George Bentleys are ready to succeed the present generation amongst us ! I have seen much of the world in *my day*, but have latterly lived in such abstraction from

its vices and its follies, that they strike me with almost as much wonder in their modern dress, as if I had not before been familiar with their features. True it is, that they are to be found everywhere, and the deepest retirement is not necessarily virtuous, *because* it is solitary; but the fashionable community of the present day seems to "out-Herod Herod" in all that marks the absence of head and heart. These dear young people are quite an affecting study. I never saw such purity in mortal mould as breathes around them. Each seems to be provided by nature with a *safety lamp* that preserves them from contact with the noxious miasma of a vicious world; and I should be repaid for much greater dereliction from my usual habits than I submit to here, by the pleasure which I derive from the unsophisticated singleness, instinctive modesty, and fine feeling of my youthful associates, to whom it has fallen to my lot to act the part of *Chaprone*. Never had *Duenna* reason to be prouder of a trust than I have of the charge confided to my care; and my vanity has cause of excitement in full pro-

refreshing, like the  
sweet breath, the pure  
heated atmosphere, lo  
insalubrious exhalation  
*You* are so much a pa  
through the claims of  
mutual regard, that I  
betraying the delicac  
Emily Douglas, in te  
which we have just re  
ference to rank and  
General Douglas was  
part of an old Barone  
who requested permissi  
son in quality of suitor  
that nothing should be  
of settlements to rend



an offer. Emily's hand will *follow* her heart, *not* precede it; and happy will he be for whom such a treasure may be destined.

When a favourable moment occurs, and that you find dear George capable of deriving pleasure from hearing of a tribute to his uncle's memory, tell him, that all the gaieties of a week, in prospect, have been suspended at Marsden by the young people, as a mark of the sincere esteem in which our late friend was held by the inhabitants of Glenalta. Adieu, my dear Oliphant. All here unite in kindest remembrances with

Your faithful and affectionate,

ED. OTWAY.



14

painful, naturally restrained the course of our amusement, if that deserve the name which owes to the weakness of our fellow creatures its whole power of affording entertainment. I am such a novice in the ways of *polite* life, that I have not yet learned to laugh at the people around me, without something of self-reproach, which sends me to my pillow in an uneasy state of mind, that "murders sleep;" and I was growing very weary of what is so falsely, in my opinion, called pleasure, when Mr. Oliphant's melancholy letter occasioned a complete cessation of dinner and evening parties, so far as *we* were concerned. We had no spirits to join the insipid society of the neighbourhood, when our minds were transplanted to the awful scene at Mount Prospect. During several days we did not stir from the demesne of Marsden, and these, if not clouded by the death of our kind neighbour, would have been by far the happiest that I have passed since we left *home*—talismanic word, which I never write, nor speak, without an emotion peculiar to itself. We are greatly delighted with your friend

manners explain that te  
cavilled at, which bea  
for the purity of the A  
his example, in the inj  
the world; *yet*, while  
not to mistake a local  
straction from its conc  
which the Great Found  
on his followers. Mr.  
illustration of the precep  
vinced, to be understoo  
Cheerful, elegant, inform  
is no society which is not  
able by his presence; but  
it would be possible to fo  
Religion seems to have its  
his heart, and to send for



nions seem, as far as I can judge in a short time, to be purely those of Gospel truth, equally remote from the lifeless formalism of what is now, by a strange and melancholy distinction, designated *Orthodoxy*; and, on the other side, those peculiar tenets so seldom honestly avowed, but sometimes defacing the Christian scheme, which derive their name and character from Geneva. Your friend, Alfred, realizes my idea of a faithful messenger. His piety is evangelical, but he is not a *Calvinist*—he is—what was I going to say? I had just begun a sentence when Fanny came flying into my room to tell me that the packet which sails on Monday is to waft us from the British shores. My uncle, it appears also, has received a letter stating, that the repairs of the parish church at Swainton, where Mr. Stanley is to officiate, cannot be completed under three months. In consequence of this intelligence, a warm invitation to accompany us on the Continent has been made and accepted; so we shall take our *chaplain* with us, and I have no doubt that we shall find him a great acquisition to our party.

ding-headed puffin that  
take his seat in the I  
now the privilege of fra  
for hand-writing you c  
should doze away, per f  
lection of his own name  
that a gentleman, equa  
baronet, once did, Sir  
has this advantage over  
stand for any, or for ev  
the skill employed in de  
and hangers. He was  
—feasted; and gave a  
mentary eloquence at a  
as Mr. Bolton told us  
though evidently connec  
was spoken. proved suc

tlemen's harangues, which are neither sensible, witty, eloquent, nor impressive, be a delicate cover for—*calf*? Well, shouts rent the air, and the sweet sounds of "Sir Christopher for ever!" struck upon the listening organs of Mrs. Hannaper, who was seated in a balcony of the Red Lion inn, glowing like a Chinese poppy, and surrounded with her attendant nymphs, though certainly very unlike Calypso herself, awaiting the happy moment of victory to buff and blue. No sooner did the glad tidings reach the portals of her ear, than Mrs. Hannaper, with her plumed hat in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other, cheered the populace. A shower of silver next bestrewed the pavement. Tar barrels, beer barrels, and all the usual vulgarities of *mobbish* demonstration, had their turn, and the tables at Parham Hall groaned under the hecatomb sacrificed that day to this new pillar of the Constitution, this swollen, shining faced, addle pated, member of the British Senate, duly elected to represent that *goodly* portion of the British empire; the ale-steeped suffrages of which gave him a

trifling majority over a sensible, worthy man, who was his opponent, and committed its interests to the head of one who would never have made the troublesome discovery through any appeal to his judgment, that he had a head at all on his shoulders, if it had not been for a reference once submitted to his fiat, to decide between the rival merits of unadulterated Lundy Foot, and the Duke of York's mixture. On the evening of that auspicious day, Mrs. Hannaper, wound up to the highest height of generous enthusiasm, took her niece aside, and just as the dancing was about to commence, presented her with a power of attorney, duly executed to her agents in London, and enabling them to transfer £20,000 from her name to that of Miss Ormsby, in the New Four per Cents, saying, as she slipped the paper into her niece's hand, "we do not know what is before us; this is a day of rejoicing, and you shall have your share in it. Here I have made you independent, and you may please yourself in the choice of a husband." Little did the poor lady dream of what she was about, nor guess



the prompt obedience of Miss Ormsby in adopting her aunt's suggestion.

Mrs. Hannaper retired from the revels worn out with fatigue at twelve o'clock ; but when Sol, drawing aside the golden curtains of the east, ventured to peep within the crimson hangings of Mrs. Hannaper's pavilion, Sir Christopher Cromie and the fair Ormsby were dashing away towards London, carrying safely with them those credentials which, on their being presented at the Bank of England, put the young lady in possession of her fortune, and by so doing, *kicked the beam*, and sent poor Hannaper up in her scale, which had previously been kept by the pressure of her purse in trembling balance with its partner, in which Miss Ormsby's beauty weighed but unsteadily against it. Words are inadequate to paint the surprise, rage, and disappointment which alternately struggled, and then burst all in a *mess* together from the lips of our heroine. After the first explosion was over, the spirit of intrigue raised its head over the troubled waters, and, re-asserting its wonted pre-eminence, suggested the idea

corruption, most abundantly  
Hannaper was able  
finished caskets have  
sinews of the war, and  
truth of that plea, on  
to humble the god of  
she is able to succeed,  
has two strings to her  
serve, either to bribe  
Indian, who has a fine  
hood, for the borough  
him out of spite to S  
numskull nephew, who  
some time ago, and I  
barter a fine figure for  
thought that with M  
to his name, he might

Oh, Julia, what abominations have I been describing ! This narrative, as I have given it to you, is as nearly as I can remember, in the very words of Mr. Bolton, our merry chronicler ; and *this* was the mystery, to which he alluded, when he hinted at *back stairs* intelligence, but refused to explain farther, lest we should mar poetic justice, by revealing the plot. Alas ! I have worse than this to tell you, and then my pen shall never be dipped again in subjects such as these. It is not good to talk, to write, to think on themes of this nature ; were they simply disgusting, they would not be dangerous ; but it is not in human nature to resist the ridiculous when Mr. Bolton is the Biographer, and such people as I have been introducing to your acquaintance are the subjects of a memoir compiled by him. I laughed till the tears made channels in my cheeks. Not so, when he told us a story of another neighbour, whose house I have *journalized* you into visiting along with me. Only conceive Lady Cam-  
pion's having made proposals of marriage to Lord Thornborough, who had, after too liberal

his first love. Th  
called *nobleman*,  
Campion settles a  
perpetuity, of whi  
spring, and receiv  
Thank heaven tha  
air of which seems

Before I close m  
self, and obey yo  
rick's humourous c  
can give you anothe  
of *a vignette*. I  
diverted himself by  
reached his lodging  
his diversion the pr  
had struck him ludic  
day, while in London



There, as each dandy *sidles* round the room,  
So like a crab, both in his claws and motion,  
Whose head is a soft sponge to hold perfume,  
Whose face a platter, shining with some lotion,  
Who is the idol of his own devotion.  
And thinks that all must hold the self same creed  
On this important point. How little notion  
Has he, of all the answers matrons need,  
Ere with his favouring fiat they can be agreed.

"Has he got brothers?" "Yes." "Is he the heir?"  
"No, he's a younger son of Viscount D——,"  
"What are his prospects?" "None." "then I declare  
I think it very wrong of Lady E.  
To have invited him. Now, as for me,  
I never see a younger brother's face,  
Unless the second's, should the eldest be  
Consumptive,—clearly a *decided* case,  
For then in fact, the second soon must take his place.

Heavens! has she presented him to Jane!  
I will not let her dance,—a younger brother  
To waltz with Jane!—a beggar to profane  
Her hand! no, he may go and seek some other.  
I'm sure if Lady E. had been a mother,  
She had not dared such impropriety.  
Good heavens! to be the cause of such a pother;  
It will get wind:—such notoriety,  
A breach of every rule of civilized society!

I bid adieu to sarcasm here, and must not  
take the memory of such beings as I leave be-  
hind me, into the vallies of Piémont. I must

purify myself by bathing in the Pelice, before I presume to penetrate farther into those enchanting regions of nature and simplicity. What have Mrs. Hannaper and Lady Campion in common with the glorious Alps? I wish that I had never seen or heard of them.

This Brighton is not worth a sketch; a meagre strand, a barren flat, dressed up indeed, and frequented as the seat of majesty. But the palace here is no better than a *wart*, a mere excrescence without either grace or beauty, bereft of all that constitutes grandeur, or excites an idea of tasteful feeling *without*, and *within* seeming like a mighty store-house, in which all sorts of splendid things from east, west, north, and south, are accumulated, as in a great bazaar. I wonder that the king did not grow weary of its dull monotony long ago. My uncle, dear soul, is much less well than he was a month ago, and I grow impatient till we arrive at Turin, in *hope*, (oh, what a desert would this world be but for its sweet influence), that change of climate may effect some happy alteration. Mamma has been employing all

her rhetoric in vain, to persuade him into passing on at once to our destination, but he *will* halt in Paris, that we may gaze upon its wonders. Once more adieu. Wish us a fair wind and quick passage, dearest Julia, and with love to all *you* love, believe me, till death, your affectionate

EMILY DOUGLAS.

— — — — —  
FREDERICK DOUGLAS  
OLIPHANT  
— — — — —

My dear Friend,

THE first fruits of the  
land, shall be dedicated  
have only travelled by the  
any thing in the route  
which could afford you  
from its novelty. The a  
the country, the posting,  
of the Seine, the chateaux  
have yet seen, which is no  
description, as the map c



and sorrow. To go *abroad*, though become so common, that the difficulty is to find any one now who stays at home, has something in the very sound of the words inspiring to one's spirits; a vague hope of adventure, a sort of self-applause at having commenced an enterprise; and a kind of nameless triumph in touching a foreign shore, and finding oneself understood when speaking a strange tongue; all these circumstances elevate the mind to enthusiasm, while the parting pang on quitting home, country, friends, though but for a limited season, must chequer the gladness of any heart, in whatever breast it may reside. I wish for your company always, but I particularly desired to have you at my elbow when I passed St. Germain en Laye, Rosni, and Malmaison. What a crowd of recollections rushed upon my mind, as Tully, Louis the Fourteenth, Madame de Maintenon, James the Second, and Napoleon, pressed upon my thoughts, and struggled for a precedence, which the different ages in which they played their parts, arranged in an order very unlike that in which they rose to my imagination; the

earth.

I wanted you also at  
ed Paris, the *coup d'état*  
the Place Louis Quinze  
point of view the eye of  
mense panorama the ex  
jects which at once ex  
exhibit his power, and  
Palaces that have stood  
umphant pillar which re  
that preternatural chief  
into fetters at his feet, the  
martyred Bourbons ascend  
that angel Elizabeth ex  
her prison for the crown  
such faith, such love, and

THE END OF THE WORLD

could send me north, south, east, or west, in the Jardin des Plantes for this, that, or the other class of *Linnæus*. You could take a wand, and, pointing to the pictures of the Louvre, give me a history of every subject which they exhibit, and name the master who executed each. In short, the only thing which you at this moment in the county of Kerry could not describe much more accurately to me than I to you is precisely that which no pen is capable of conveying, namely, the direct impression made upon the senses by the objects themselves; and this is so exhilarating, that I seem to myself to tread on air, and to breathe an atmosphere, like that which Saussure found on the summit of Mont Blanc, almost threatening delirium by its rarefaction. How striking the difference between history and fiction in the effects produced upon the mind while we are visiting the several theatres allotted to the drama of one or the other! All the charms of association, the powers of memory, the magic of imagination, are called into vivid action as we take our seat in a chair which had held Henry the Fourth,

or place ourselves at a table on which Sully wrote; but when we look upon a Prior Park as the seat of Mr. Allworthy, Tom Jones vanishes from the scene, and we feel almost ashamed when fictitious personages lay claim to any region of the brain except that which is inhabited by fancy. "Unreal mockery hence" is the sentiment which I felt on viewing the scene of Fielding's tale, and being desired to mark the wood, the pond, the garden, which are supposed by the author to have witnessed the early *squabbles* of Bliffield and the youthful hero. Is not this an argument for keeping truth and fiction separate?

With few exceptions, I hate historical novels, which, losing the sobriety of fact, are equally divested of the grace which attaches to invention, and present all the whalebone and starch of ruffs and farthingales without being faithful to costume; thus producing a chaos in the memory, and blending incidents and people till we can no longer trace the line between substance and shadow.

Emily is the pupil who does you most credit;



Charlotte and Fanny are very intelligent, and see their way so well, that if *Em.* were not of our party, the others would perhaps astonish; but old and young, we all flock to your *Pulcheria*, as you have called her from her childhood, to tell us whatever we want to know. Her memory is so admirable that nothing seems to *run through* it, and she has the whole story of every thing that we see by heart, while, as you know, she cannot imagine herself to be superior to any one with whom she converses.

I must tell you, that nothing could exceed the admiration which these amiable, unartificial sisters of mine have excited in Hampshire. How is it that people can relinquish all right and title to understanding or good feeling, in their *own* case, and yet retain enough of each to admire both when they have met with them in others?

I hope that George Bentley has received all my letters, and that he may turn in his thoughts the proposal which I made in my last, that he should meet us at Turin. My uncle talks of remaining here not less than a fortnight.

WILL US ALL

I am on the tip-toe (comes in, which will do his friend Falkland can be delightful if they can get our hotel is large enough.

Huzza!—They will be here this evening.—God bless us all to Lawrence.

Vale, vale,

Ever yours

## LETTER XLI.

EMILY DOUGLAS TO JULIA SANDFORD.

---

Dearest Julia,

HERE we are, in that happy magnificent street, the Rue Royale, to which we removed immediately after I sent off my last letter. From our hotel we look upon such a world of *monuments*, that every object which the windows open upon seems to beckon like a ghost, and invite one to hear the tales which it could disclose; but you lived so near this spot when you were in Paris, that you can place yourself in the midst of us, and accompany your friends in every excursion.—I am bewildered! The beauty of the buildings, the *foreign air* of all things around me, the confusion of tongues, the quantity to be seen and heard on the one hand; then the anxiety which presses daily on our hearts,

and mamma's evident apprehension that *the end* so much dreaded is not far distant, hang a mill-stone round my neck and chequer every enjoyment; but I have a great deal to tell you, of one sort or other.

Here I broke off; my letter, only written thus far, has lain by during upwards of a week. Arthur and his friend are with us; and Time flies on golden pinions. If happiness be not made for mortals, why have we sometimes a cup of such sparkling brilliancy presented to our lips only to make us suffer the fate of Tantalus? I am driven to ask this murmuring discontented question on looking around, and casting up the sum of such treasures as I cannot bear to part with.

You know how we love Arthur, who is so improved that I should scarcely know him; and, oh, what a being is Charles Falkland! It would seem as if Nature, in one of her happiest moods, had sent him into our planet just to shew what she was able to perform. I had heard of him, and read his letters; I therefore expected something unlike the average



of human kind, but I was not prepared for such a creature as I find, who seems to have been endowed at his birth by all the fairies, who, according to the ancient legends, used to subscribe "a virtue each, and each a grace," to produce perfection! I rejoice for Frederick in such a companion; and as for the female part of our circle, every enjoyment afforded by the interminable delights of this surprising Paris, is rendered tenfold attractive by the society which it is our fortune to have assembled here.

We passed two days at Versailles most agreeably, and have been at St. Cloud. After all my resolutions to the contrary, I should find it impossible to avoid dilating on themes so fruitful of reflection, were my mind not too much taken up at present with thoughts that corrode and distress, to admit of musing on more abstract subjects.

Hardly is my dear Arthur happy in a reunion with so many who are dear to him, ere a fatal interruption occurs in a letter from Louisa Howard, and a second from young

Annesley, dated Milan. The first informs him that my aunt is seriously ill, and so harassed by applications for money, both on her own and her unfortunate son-in-law's account, that the most distressing consequences may be apprehended.

Poor Louisa writes in sad spirits, and entreats her brother to lose as little time as possible in setting out for Selby. Mr Annesley's letter brings the painful tidings that Lord Crayton has had a quarrel with an officer, to whom he had lost a large sum of money. They fought; Lord C. killed his antagonist, and then absconded: Lady Crayton accompanied his flight. They left Milan deeply in debt, and no one is able to trace the fugitives. At this moment the family are in consultation respecting what is to be done; and before I close this, you shall hear the result of the council.

Well, our much loved Arthur, who is greatly depressed, sets out for Calais to-morrow; and Mr. Falkland, who gives your friend Stanley a seat in his carriage, has resolved on accom-

panying us. We have outstayed the time allotted to Paris, and are to commence our journey in three or four days.

Adieu, dearest Julia !

Your affectionate

EMILY DOUGLAS.

## LETTER XLII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

My dearest Julia,

Turin.

THOUGH it is not above a fortnight since I closed my last letter, my life has latterly become *so full*, that days, happily as they glide away, seem to occupy years in their passage, when I count the measure of their duration by the variety of scene, the stimulus of movement, and the excitement of mind, which I have to remember.

We left Paris on Thursday, and did not enter the Forest of Fontainebleau till its majestic shades were involved in twilight. No, never while I have life, can I forget the emotions which this scene, so noble in its solitude—so melancholy—yet so romantic, excited in my soul! The pensive drapery which approaching



night cast over the venerable woods before us! the magnificence of the single trees, which stood out every now and then from the masses of mingled rock and foliage, as if to exhibit all the pride of individuality! the fantastic shapes of hill and crag—the silence only broken by a stream which murmured to the right of us as we moved slowly forwards: and all this, contrasted with the din of that noisy, vicious, and idle multitude that we had left behind, struck upon my heart an impression which, while “memory holds her seat,” can never be obliterated.

I could have lingered for ever in the dreary, yet beautiful Forest of Fontainebleau, regardless of the present and future, so wrapped was I in contemplation of the past. Henry the Great rose upon my vision, and the horns seemed to sound in my ear, that summoned him and his brilliant cortege to the royal sports, of which this splendid forest was the favourite scene. The ghost of Bayard, dear to France, and adored by all whose breasts own a sympathetic spark of those glowing fires kindled by

the spirit of chivalry, glided across my imagination; but the images of grandeur, and the phantoms of romance, soon vanished from my mind, and left it fixed in the concluding act of that astonishing drama, over which the curtain dropped at Fontainebleau, when Napoleon, fallen from his high estate, resigned the sovereignty of Europe, and sealed the death-warrant of that power which had subdued the world, and drawn the nations captive at his chariot wheels. Forgive me, I have broken my resolution, and am wandering from my purpose; but I promised more than I find it possible to perform, a lesson you will say, to my presumption. No, to pass through such scenes as these, as if one were travelling over a turnpike-road in the west of England, would argue something either above or below human nature; and, as I profess to be a very mortal of earth, I feel that I may claim your pardon for my digression. I *could* tell you of the softest, stillest, most heavenly moon that ever lent its silver beams to heighten a prospect and inspire the genius of meditation. I *could* dilate in raptures on the

landscape round Nemours ; I *could* break from every restraining bond to expatiate on the transports with which, on arriving at the brow of the prodigious steep which overhangs Briare, I first beheld the Loire, rolling through a perfect Elysium : but I will hasten onwards. You shall not be detained at Moulins, though we staid there two days. You shall not halt in the lovely Nivernois, though we broke down, and had thence the happiness of remaining for several hours in one of the sweetest cottages imaginable, admiring the groups of peasants at their daily toil, so cheerful—so picturesque.

At Lyons, too, we rested ; visited “ Les Etroits,” though not for the sake of that bad man, Rousseau ; and thence pursued our way. That odious Charles Emanuel, the tyrant of this region, haunted me as we passed through Savoy. It is true that I would fain stand still with you for a moment on Mont Cenis, and make you partake of my enthusiasm as I gazed from the plain of St. Nicholas ; but it must not be ; “ Hark forward !” must be our motto. There ! I have brought you safely into Turin, and you

Italian plains, nor gone to  
calculation upon the imp  
the Alps with a numero  
My business is not with t  
of Livy's descriptions at p  
one of our travelling com  
before, you have stepped  
and are with whole bones  
commodious dwelling in c  
of the capital of Piemont

Thank Heaven, my bel  
precious charge, have su  
ties of our journey with  
ence than I could have a  
suffers no pain, but his l  
increasing weakness. Th  
of the Almighty man



you not long ago, how happy he is in the removal of those doubts which harassed his mind; and no sooner have Mr. Otway and mamma finished this work, and arrived at a "consummation so devoutly to have been wished for," than the saint-like voice and countenance of Alfred Stanley "take up the wondrous tale," and truth that comes "mended from his tongue," by the holy sincerity in which it is uttered, pours oil and honey over the wounds so newly cicatrized, and, with a sacred unction, prepares our dear invalid for his celestial rest. Of Falkland, like the Alps, I must not speak, lest I should say too much. His society is the best consolation which could be offered in the bereavement of Arthur, and we literally *devour* this magic scenery together, with our eyes and hearts. The beauties of nature are not like those of art, addressed only to the outward sense. They captivate the affections, and I always find that they point my mind to Heaven, there to glorify that creative wisdom and beneficence, which saw it good thus to adorn the earth. We are engaged in planning various

accompanying us in the  
arrangements for our darli  
the vallies of the Walder  
Julia,

Your ever a

## LETTER XLIII.

ARTHUR HOWARD TO FREDERICK DOUGLAS.

---

My dear Frederick,

*Selby.*

ALAS! I cannot rejoin your party for the present. I reached this place with as little delay as winds, waves, and mail coaches permitted, and found my poor mother so frightfully altered, that I should scarcely recognize her at the distance of a few paces. I was not aware, till I arrived at home that she had had a paralytic stroke, which she cannot endure to have known, and Louisa would not risk the communication by letter, lest I might, inadvertently, betray a knowledge of the fact on meeting her. Of this there is no danger in telling it to *you*, and in doing so, I explain at once how impossible it is for me to quit England while matters remain in

She is wonderfully charitable and her attention is devoted to watching our invalid, immediately after a sum of £2,000 on account, accompanied from Adelaide that her bill, or, at least, payment at a future day. My poor mother was over her own. The grief and are now her portion and tolerable by the accompaniment she brought them on her nature of her complaints vexation by the dreadful of its constant symptoms



nothing of the hopeless task which we have daily to encounter. The life that is led by fashion's votaries, ill prepares the mind I see for finding refuge in the only consolations which a sick room supplies. How often am I irresistibly led to a comparison of my uncle's couch with that on which my poor mother's faded form reclines ! We can impart no comfort. We fail of amusing, as of consoling her. Neither book nor conversation delights, the affrighted spirit turns in anguish from viewing the grave as it gapes beneath, and dares not seek for refuge in Him who is neglected while the blood circulates freely in the veins, and the wheel rolls on, as if it were never to meet obstruction. I never pondered on these things till I lived at Glenalta, and I am now endeavouring to impress them on Louisa. Cards are my poor mother's only resource, and my sister, Turner, and I, are in constant requisition. We play whist to amuse her, and suffer her to win every game. Perhaps by keeping her mind as calm and unruffled as possible, I may prevail with her to see Mr. Arundel, an excellent clergy-

man in our neighbourhood, who has often proffered his service, but whose visits she has hitherto declined. The Doctor gives me no hope of her recovery, though he thinks that she may endure repeated attacks before her strength sinks entirely under them. Some of the good people of our country are loud, I am told in their abuse of my sister, and me, for permitting a card inside my mother's apartment. We ought, they say, to *insist* on her seeing Mr. Arundel, and oblige her to listen to pious reading. Alas! what mischief may be wrought even by the best intentions, when zeal is so wholly unaccompanied by discretion! Should we hope to render a temper fitter for Heaven by exciting its utmost animosity, or secure a reception in the heart for doctrines *forced* upon the ear? So certain am I of the contrary, that I will take the whole responsibility on myself, and trust that the motive which impels me to brave the opinion of several who are older than I am, may insure forgiveness, if I am wrong. Ask Stanley for his advice, and tell Falkland to write to me. You must remember the life

that Louisa and I are leading, and have pity on us. Let me hear often from you, and tell my dear Emily, and Charlotte, that I think a few words of cousinly kindness would produce a happy effect upon my poor sister's mind; she would find too, perhaps, an interesting recreation in corresponding with them. It is a distressing circumstance to me, that I know not where to address Adelaide, nor does she know where to find me. Of her situation I must remain ignorant, till Annesley can trace the route by which she and her unfortunate husband have evaded pursuit. My dear uncle's noble gift shall be forwarded to Milan for the payment of debts, and we must, if practicable, purchase off the prosecution for Castelli's death. You will assist me, I am sure, in every possible way. God bless you, dearest Frederick. Loves to all.

Your affectionate, but harassed,

A. HOWARD.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

My dear Arthur,

AN entire month has  
my last letter to you ;  
count an adventure which  
me, and will, I have  
much excitement in you  
in my own. When  
about ten days, Mr. Otis  
turned late one evening  
amongst the rocky scene  
rounded, and found C  
with the rest of the party



all felt at sight of him as if Glenalta had come over to pay us a visit. After George had rested for a day or two we made our final arrangements, which had been pending for some time previous to his arrival, for the projected excursion into the vallies. It was ruled in congress that we juniors should not all desert the home party together; and as it was considered likely that at a future day when you rejoin us, another *sortie* may be determined upon; Stanley volunteered in remaining with my uncle, while Fanny begged to be left as guardian of my mother.

To begin then, methodically, you may fancy the travelling party consisting of Mr. Otway, Falkland, George Bentley, Emily, Charlotte, and myself, in full march, on the fifteenth ultimo, issuing from the Posta Nuova, and taking the high road to Pinerolo. The Po rolled impetuously on its course, and brought to my mind those lines of Virgil, which describe its rushing flood, when swelled by the tributary waters of spring:—

"Proluit insano contorquens vortice Sylvas,  
Fluviorum rex Eridanus camposque per omnes,  
Cum stabulis armenta tulit ;"

appeared as just a character as could be given of this classic river, as we passed along for some miles in view of its winding course. The beautiful plains of the Cottian Alps were left behind us, when we quitted Pinerolo, and we soon opened on the rugged scenery which surrounds Pomaretto, which we entered on foot, so difficult was its approach. The valley of Perosa had much to interest us. We passed through that of Pragella, and wondered at the dreariness of the prospect.

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long,"

burst simultaneously from the lips of Emily and Falkland, as we gazed on the barren district before us.

For the particulars of four delightful days spent in traversing the vallies of St. Martino, Clusone, and Luzerna, I shall refer you to our journals, which faithfully describe, and circumstantially narrate all that we saw and heard

during our progress. I must hasten on to "metal more attractive" still, in the exquisite loveliness of San Giovanni. At La Torre we were arrested, as if by a spell of magical enchantment. There we halted during two days: visited the monument of Christina, sister of Elizabeth Smith, talked over Victor Amadeus with detestation, of the noble Henri Arnaud with enthusiasm, and were so lost in admiration of the Alpine beauties, and simple manners by which we were so hemmed in on every side, that after a week's sojournment in this fascinating vale, we should all have been likely to forget the whole of what is called the civilized world, if certain thoughts of Turin, Selby, and Glenalta, had not been interwoven with the raptures to which we resigned ourselves. From La Torre, however, we *tore* ourselves (I am not so unworthy as to *commit* a *pun* amidst the mountains of Switzerland), and proceeded to Angrogna. Here we *called a hall*, and the result of our deliberations was, that the two girls being intent on achieving, if practicable, the difficult ascent of La Vachera, and

of the party, in quality  
noitre, and returning to  
how far it might be p  
realize their daring resc

The post of danger  
and it might therefore  
gentlemen of our detach  
of being heroes, and im  
amongst the brave of ot  
quished or fallen near t  
of nature's workmanship  
Mr. Otway honestly ave  
adventure was cooled in  
and that, with the perils  
would surrender all title t  
This was fair and reaso  
years, and according



leaving two damsels in the care of *one* knight, he sent forward Bentley and your humble servant to meet all the hazard of the undertaking. In short, George and I were decreed to be "*les enfans perdus*," while Falkland, not contented with the privileges of exemption from our toils, laid claim to the rewards of chivalry, and sought in Emily's approving smile a full ratification of his cowardly choice. Yes, Charles, if I mistake not, is no longer *compos mentis*; and if so, we must not be too hard upon him. I set out with George upon the most interesting perambulation I ever made in my life. We took a guide, and, followed by a peasant boy, struck out of the beaten track, and wandered for several hours through the Valleys of the Waldenses, amid pathless defiles of rock and glen, which presented such matchless variety, such astonishing contrast of the beautiful and sublime, as I should in vain attempt to pourtray with any hope of doing justice to the scenery.

On our return we gave a glowing picture of the romantic beauties which crowned our exertions, and engaged to pilot my sisters and their

freshness of Kerry pr  
they struck our guides v  
ment. We made acqu  
several peasants, who  
and simplicity of their r  
titious distinctions wh  
equality, bring also in  
on the one hand, mean  
ness, and presumption  
known in the Valleys  
is reduced to his *elemen*  
garters, which glitter in  
of courts, and there ass  
*tenebris*," hide their dim  
not radiate their sickly  
that glorious luminary  
with peculiar rapture in

should grow like one of the *lichens* to these rocks, but as I am enabled to sing

“ My heart's my own,—my will is free.”

I prefer returning to the full tide of life, and coming from time to time to enjoy these fastnesses of nature with all the stimulus of contrast, added to their intrinsic sublimity. Emily wept as we left the banks of the Pelice on our return to Turin. Though longing to be with those who were left behind, and carrying with her the society which had lent its charms to the desert, her tears flowed as an irresistible tribute to scenes so congenial to her heart. Charlotte used to be always considered by us to live more in a world of *sentiment* than her elder sister, yet her eyes were not suffused ; and though her pencil and her voice have borne away unnumbered memoranda from the mountains, she repassed the Porta Nuova with such transport, that I could scarcely keep her in the carriage and prevent her from running a race with the animals that were doing their best to reunite us

during our absence, and  
these few days of our  
found my beloved  
want of sleep, but re-  
beholding the triumph  
the approaching scene  
ourselves is not in imm  
she says, is a celestial

Your next accounts  
hope, be more favoura-  
proves of your concili-  
the means in your p-  
that they are the very  
ligion. He bids me sa-  
discouraged if you can-  
patient, and even five  
ployed, when the hea-



great cause, than any other trifles which serve to alienate the mind from its most important concerns. This is Stanley's opinion. Adieu, *mon ami*,

Ever your faithful friend,

F. DOUGLAS.

EMILY DOUGLAS T

Oh, my dearest Julia  
I describe the horror  
which we have been thro  
mentioned to your aunt  
letter? A week has pas  
catastrophe, and I have  
is the shock that it produ  
are as I will now endeave

On the evening of this  
returning, a numerous  
the direction of Rivoli, w  
house removed at a dista

shriek so piercing, that I shall never cease to remember its shrillness. Mr. Otway, Fanny, Charles Falkland, and I, were foremost, and reached the spot whence these affrighting sounds proceeded before the rest came up; and scarcely had we arrived opposite the door, ere a frantic figure rushed from it, and fell down at our feet! Charles and Mr. Otway raised her from the earth, but she was pale as death, and quite insensible. I ran eagerly to a stream which was just by, and filling the crown of my straw hat with water, was hastening back, when I perceived that she was supported by a young and beautiful woman in deep mourning, who was recognized at the first glance by Fanny to be the Madame de Lisle, of whom I told you in a former letter. The object of our anxiety remained motionless, while the gentlemen, who were now joined by Alfred, George, and Frederick, flew into the house, where all was confusion: servants running to and fro; some of whom were employed in placing the body of a young man, who had just blown his brains out, on a bed. It was growing dark, and the shade

gine that her spirit would not revive. Oh ! who amongst us had heart to wish that her eyes should open again on such a scene ? Yet open they did, at last, but it was only to utter another shriek, and look wildly round for an instant, after which, half uttering the name of La Tour, she relapsed into the same inanimate state from which she had but just awakened. We had sent for a surgeon, who was now conducted to the mattrass on which Adelaide lay by a young woman, who, on being questioned, I found was La Tour, and *femme de chambre* to my poor cousin. In reply to my inquiries, she told me, with very little feeling, that Le Marchand was a feigned name, that Lord Crayton, after killing Signior Castelli, was obliged to fly ; that his extravagance knew no bounds, and that he played enormously high ; that an hour before the fatal act of suicide he saw a person pass the windows of the room in which he sat, whom he recognized as a Milan man to whom he owed a large sum of money ; and irritated by finding that he was no longer concealed, he resolved on the desperate deed



mouth, and was dead i  
something expressive of  
and was not a little sh  
ply, "Ma'amselle, ne  
peine, madame se consol

I turned from this w  
just as Mr. Otway, who  
examining the servants,  
where we were surround  
ing every method for h  
de Lisle was kneeling a  
in rubbing one of poor  
Mr. Otway changed co  
her's. He seemed on  
but repressed whatever  
and I concluded that he  
one of us in the confi

George Bentley and Charles Falkland insisted on remaining below stairs, and Mr. Otway took charge of Charlotte and Fanny, whom he hurried home to apprize mamma of the events of the evening. They found her so far prepared for the dreadful intelligence, that she knew through Mr. Stanley, whom we begged to hasten to our hotel, that a gentleman had shot himself, in consequence of which we were delayed, but she had yet to learn the melancholy particulars of the particulars of the catastrophe, and that we were endeavouring to be of use to our near relations.

Madame de Lisle was like a sister, she and her maid remained with us all night; and there was nothing that sympathy and tenderness could dictate which this lovely young woman did not offer to us in the way of assistance. Mamma thought my uncle too ill to listen to an account of what had happened, and till the morning she did not come to me, as she judged it better that Adelaide should continue in perfect quiet. A sleeping-dose had been administered, and she lay in a sort of stupor, interrupted

the only sentences that I  
hear distinctly, though sl  
and apparently with ang  
determined upon to rem  
possible from the theatre  
accordingly apartments  
pared in a house adjoin  
live. The body was dispo  
rangement that we coul  
effect with the utmost c  
scene for Adelaide.

When I look back up  
whole appears like a terr  
hour together I never los  
weltering in its blood; nor  
spirit, hurried into the p  
The subject is too awful, an

that she is not in danger unless the fever increase.

After the lapse of many days I find my letter only half written; but anxiety thickens upon us, and my Julia will excuse me. My poor aunt Howard's situation is so precarious, that we know not what a day may bring forth. My dear uncle declines, alas, too visibly to leave a doubt that the dreaded moment is at hand! and though Lady Crayton is recovering rapidly, she is, to my eye, a more melancholy object than even death itself. La Tour's words vibrate on my senses: they are a true picture; "*elle se consolera bientôt!*" Yes; *elle se console*, and with so little reference to *decency*, that though at the arrival of every English mail we expect the *last* accounts of her mother's existence, and her husband's bleeding image seems to dwell amongst us, *she* is able to talk of indifferent matters, and her only solicitude literally appears at present to display itself only in contrivances for rendering her weeds becoming. She wishes for Arthur, *not* that she may enjoy a brother's sympathy, but to know the utmost that can be



ton's debts in Milan, that Arthur should be desire that he might r her use, and leave her l Oh, Julia, poor Adelai others by nature ; and fashionable education ?

I am sick at heart, a templatation of my cousin on the pleasing thought with whom we are del dently bent on seclusion ing even a limited socie fuse *us* the pleasure of from her first interview not required that we sh acquaintance. I never s

deeply interesting young woman. Since that time he has been minutely inquiring about the handkerchief which Fanny picked up, and is fully confirmed by the letters marked upon it in the belief that he has known her family in former days, and seen her when a child; but some circumstances, which I am unable to fathom, deter him from putting any question to her that might determine the point. Perhaps she married without the consent of her friends; yet she seems so good that it would take much evidence to convince me that she had ever made her parents unhappy. Again, were she not so perfectly elegant, so modest and refined in her ways of thinking, it might be supposed that she had conformed to the vulgar views of high life, by marrying some mere man of fashion, in whom she had been disappointed, and by whom, perhaps, she may have been left to mourn over conduct, at the remembrance of which she blushes; but Madame de Lisle *cannot* be a hypocrite, and if not her husband must have been worthy of her. No ignoble



intention to come here as soon as possible, accompanied by my cousin Louisa.

You shall hear regularly from me of all that passes.

Loves *from, to* all.

Ever my dearest Julia's affectionate,

EMILY DOUGLAS.



LETTER

FROM ARTHUR H

My dear Reader

If you have travelled  
and I are kind friends  
bound, to do my best  
I told you, long ago,  
rummaging through  
were deposited, for  
picked out of an inn  
gether—*shall I venture*  
ment? That I was  
affording you some

addressing you, I found, as you may imagine, much difficulty in collecting my materials, and making choice from amongst them, to say nothing of arranging and transcribing; but this trouble, and much more, I would willingly take for any one who has liked me sufficiently to accompany my steps during a period of nearly four years. If I resolve, then, on tying up the numerous packets which still lie piled on the table before me; and returning them to their several caskets to be forwarded to their rightful owners, it is not that I am tired of working for you, but I am afraid of fatiguing you, and losing your society, which has hitherto afforded me so much pleasure, that I would not for any consideration lose my hold on your regard, which our good fellowship during so long a journey may lead me to hope that I possess.

Actuated by these friendly feelings, it occurs to me that I will tell you the rest of the story myself, not, believe me, from the vain-glorious motive of desiring to push myself into an undue degree of notice, nor of securing that which attaches to the *last* speaker, but for the

written all the time  
you have waded so patiently  
cannot expect a regular  
*going on*; nor can I keep  
longer, lest you might  
throw it aside. Secondly  
to be involved in writing  
the necessity of encountering  
which I could not think  
thus had less time for  
pens upon more interesting  
other individuals of our  
dually so devoted to each  
that with grief of heart  
of losing the best companion  
And you know if people  
the accommodation of

osity respecting people and things which I have been the means of introducing to your acquaintance.

You are able, no doubt, to anticipate a great deal, but that is no reason why I should not tell you all I know. And first you shall have such information as I can give you respecting Madame de Lisle, who has been rather abruptly introduced to your acquaintance in a letter from Emily Douglas. The letter to which Miss Douglas refers, for the history of Madame de Lisle, has been unfortunately lost; and you must therefore be contented with such particulars as I have collected since I had the pleasure of an introduction to her acquaintance. Mr. Otway one day saw her so violently agitated by Stanley's occasional mention of a person who is a friend of his, and whose name is Alured, that he resolved at once on removing his doubts relating to her parentage. Alured was a family name in the pedigree to which he believed her to belong, and he was right. He went alone to visit her, and soon discovered that she was indeed Lady Laura Pens-



ing" honours of her  
her name. This di  
Laura took Mr. O  
dence, and told him  
memory she adores,  
the south of France  
Alton, to whom no  
but three years. He  
title and estates, and  
short time, when he  
stage, and they descended  
the present Lord Alton  
world in which she  
ject of affection, Laura  
remaining abroad, and  
which should protect  
ending her days wh

rambles in Switzerland, of taking up his abode in the midst of the romantic scenery which had excited our admiration. His declarations were received as the mere effusions of the moment, and we never believed him in earnest until he seriously declared his determination to carry his project into effect, and took decisive measures for the purpose. He went to Ireland, made arrangements of his property, by which he provided for three or four relations, who are all of his family that remain; settled an annual bounty on the parish poor, annuities on the old retainers, left Mount Prospect to be let by Mr. Oliphant, returned to Piémont, and was, ere long, established in a cottage near Angrogna.

General Douglas, his sister, and Mr. Otway, exerted all their skill in rhetoric to dissuade George from deserting his native country. They represented most forcibly that inversion of mind by which people, neglecting the good that lies within their grasp, bend all their energies to distant objects. They endeavoured to convince him that so much remained to be done at home,

that it was criminal to quit the post in which heaven had placed him, and yielding to a spirit of adventure, instead of being governed by the sober desire of usefulness, prefer the notoriety of this romantic scheme, to the less shewy, but more valuable purpose of being a kind landlord, and a resident gentleman in his native land.

Bentley's principal fault is obstinacy, which he sometimes mistakes for firmness. He had *determined*, and was ready with more fluency of words, than depth of argument, to answer the reasoning of his friends. "He thought that a *call* should not be resisted. He considered the remarkable chain of events which had brought him into the Vallies of Piémont, as a providential appointment, a cord that drew him invisibly forward to his true destiny." In vain was it urged in reply, that *such* arguments would legitimize every absurd dereliction of duty, every wild vagary of adventure; and were fantasies like these permitted to carry conviction to the understanding, a country might be drained of all its inhabitants who were capable of exerting beneficial influence within

its circuit, and the population be committed to anarchy and want.

Bentley remained fixed as a rock, and perhaps, secretly gloried in the double character of martyr and missionary, since he now encountered what he technically denominated "*persecution.*" To the Vallies he *would* go, and perhaps the *real* motive may never be fully revealed to his own mind, though we lookers on could not help perceiving very clearly, that the devoted and mutual attachment of Falkland and Emily Douglas, had been the *true* pivot on which his purposes turned. Love, in its common acceptation, never found a place in Bentley's breast. He never knew what it was to be impelled either by ungovernable passion, which hurries some to ruin and abasement; nor was his heart formed to those all-powerful, but delicate sympathies, which though fine as threads of gossamer, yet irresistibly entangle the affections, and produce entire dependence for happiness on the reciprocal devotion of a beloved object. No, Bentley had seen that men and women usually marry. He had therefore



father, as well as husband, which his mind had ever been engaged in, "in considering these wide abstract realities," to any practical individual lot, was summed up in a hypothesis. "If I should resign myself to any woman, I must lose my present freedom, become a slave, I must endeavour to select a wife, and money is a sordid motive, a necessary adjunct; beauty is a temptation, the eye is fascinated by its charms, but it often leads to disappointment, essential, but how do we escape it? If I *were* to think of marriage, it might be to Emily Doane, but I cannot marry her?" These *ifs*

intervenes between a full meal and a sound slumber, till by daily recurrence of Emily's image, he had marked her insensibly for his own, and that too, without the slightest degree of personal presumption either respecting his powers of pleasing, or her feelings towards him. When, therefore, his eyes were first opened to the truth that Emily loved, and was beloved by another, he woke, as from a dream. He was astounded, puzzled. He felt unsettled, set a drift, or, perhaps like an owl when it is suddenly brought into the sun's light from the tranquil shade of its ivied tower. At last, however, his mental optics accommodated themselves to a new focus. He was no longer confused, and his eyes were no longer dim. He then began to examine himself, and was obliged to make the inward confession, that no one had injured him. He was not in love. He had never given any one reason to suppose that he felt more than friendship, and all the Douglas family treated him with unvarying kindness and affection which had never passed that sober limit; but things are not so easily settled with pride.

istic of both; and when the day arrived which General Douglas begged to hasten, in order that he might bestow a blessing with ten thousand pounds, which he presented to his niece there was no idle parade of dress and equipage. Not a single preparation which had display for its object, or vanity for its motive, marked this nuptial scene. It was the only marriage, except her sister's, at which Louisa Howard had ever assisted, and what a contrast did it not present to the gorgeous folly of poor Adelaide's hymeneals? A short tour to Geneva, Lausanne and Vevay, separated the Falklands but a little time from Turin, to which place they returned, and the dying couch of a beloved uncle was attended with all the tenderness which true affection can alone inspire. He lingered till winter had clothed the Alps in a fresh mantle of snow, and breathed his last in the arms of Frederick. Some months of repose were necessary to the shattered health of Mrs. Douglas, and she preferred remaining in Switzerland till the following spring, when the whole party arrived in safety at Marsden.

Though Emily's marriage afforded a pretext for selling off the English property according to the *letter* of General Douglas' will, his sister considered that to delay its sale was more in agreement with the *spirit* of his intentions, and she had consequently no hesitation in determining that Frederick should try the experiment of remaining in Hampshire for some time; while her son, implicitly relying on the counsels of his mother, acquiesced with alacrity in whatever she thought right. Marsden became the abode of whatever most exalts human nature, and the Douglas family possess the art of rendering virtue and knowledge attractive in such a degree, that their anxiety is to avoid, not to court acquaintance with the great. Their society is universally sought after, and none can exceed it.

Emily and her husband, as the *avant couriers* of Mrs. Douglas, accompanied Mr. Otway to Ireland, and have purchased Mount Prospect, to which they have given its ancient Irish appellation of Cairndruid, and which they are altering and beautifying, for their future home, when the



family of Glenalta shall return to their dearly-loved abode.

Mr. Oliphant, who is a perfect pattern of what every clergyman ought to be, and aided in his pious labours by an excellent sister, lives but to do good and make his parishioners happy. When he saw the circle of those friends, so justly valued, once more in their accustomed places, his glistening eye and uplifted hands seemed to say with old Simeon, "Let thy servant now depart in peace."

The Sandfords, Stanleys, Mrs. Fitzroy, and various other agreeable people have had happy meetings at Marsden; and I will venture a prophecy, that Frederick, who longs to regain his native shores, will one day prevail upon the elegant Julia Sandford to bear him company thither. If strongly tempted, too, to lay a wager, though I do not consider *bets* to be the most convincing arguments, I might be persuaded to risk a few pounds upon the probability of two other matches, viz. one between Charlotte Douglas and Algernon Stanhope, and the other between an elder brother of Stanley's

my secrets with me," v  
resolve of Mrs. Faulkn  
George, of editorial me  
her death-bed, whether  
faithful *sposa*.

You will be glad to h  
the gravel walks still at  
weary of recounting stor  
when she walks in the sh  
happened in her absenc  
once more, and the Be  
brown from all the fire  
glow over the beautiful

Aunt Douglas shall c  
is the centre round whi  
rays converge, and the  
her, the more nearly d

ther that Marsden can never rival Glenalta in the hearts of her children, that a treaty is now on foot for disposing of a place which possesses no associations with past time to endear it to their memory. Frederick remains to complete the contract, and has hopes of bringing old Mr. Bolton with him to pay a visit in the Emerald Isle, which he has never seen, while it has fallen to my happy lot to attend the homeward bound group, Louisa making one of the party, and behold such joy as language fails me to describe. The roads were lined with happy faces, and welcome resounded from every mouth. Each step of the way produced increasing interest, till, in that verandah where I first met her sweet smile, I saw Glenalta's guardian angel folded in the arms of her daughter.

Now, gentle reader, remember that it is not many years since I was one of that heartless multitude who laugh at all that they either do not comprehend, or that violates the rules which tyrant fashion imposes on her worshippers. I am, therefore, prepared for a shower

"Puerile"—"moral"  
sounds familiar to me  
be applied to me by  
the fraternity which I  
ever, I must submit,  
them, that I held out  
ed them of what was  
thrown aside at once  
pages, in expectation  
striking events, or num  
been occupied in rep  
and giving peeps into  
nishing scenes for the p  
though I am fully pre  
and revilers, I dare t  
some of those whose s  
for a world of contumel



of *Blueism*, restore them to their just inheritance.

In order to this recovery of female birth-right, I have attempted to illustrate in the memoirs of the Douglas family, *that* compatibility so frequently denied between the highest intellectual attainment, and the sweetest humility of heart. I have tried to convince all who are not wilfully blind, that we have still under other names, our Lady Jane Greys, and Margaret Ropers, and that they can be as lovely and as feminine at the present moment, as in the age when those bright examples of excellence adorned society with their graces, virtues, and talents, though living under the tyranny of arbitrary government, while ours is the boasted æra of freedom, and “the *march of mind*.”

Whatever be my fate, I must now bid you farewell. Even the kindest friends must part. Adieu, then, my dear reader. May you and I shake hands in affectionate brotherhood wherever we meet. If *you* were always of opinion that religion and virtue are indispensable to happiness ; and that the most agreeable people

am desirous to prock  
returning to the nick-  
the follies of my youth  
cere and penitent conv

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THI

## ERRATA.

### FIRST VOLUME.

Line 6, page 15, read fitting for filling.—l. 9, p. 21, *Serborian* for *Terborian*.—l. 16, p. 30, *selectæ* for *selecta*.—l. 20, p. 33, *confoundedly* for *confounded*.—l. 23, p. 37, *had* for *has*.—p. 101, *we* for *We*. dele full stop.—l. 13, p. 106, insert *and*.—l. 17, p. 181, *a* for *to*.—l. 22, p. 182, *alteratives* for *alterations*.—l. 16, p. 189, *it* for *I*.—l. 11, p. 204, *guileless* for *guiltless*.—l. 17, p. 214, *distinguish* for *distinguishes*.—l. 4, p. 215, induce *a* for *I*.—l. 7, p. 216, *cacciata* for *caciata*, and *fugge* for *fuge*.—l. 4, p. 218, for *be exact*, in *exact*.—l. 5, p. 238, *retired* for *refined*.—l. 1, p. 244, *fully* for *full*.—l. 12, p. 245, *inanity* for *vanity*.—l. 7, p. 256, full stop after *time*.—l. 13, p. 256, *agreeably* for *agreeable*.—l. 17, p. 276, *give* for *gives*.—l. 22, p. 292, *facilities* for *facility*.—l. 1, p. 315, *lose* for *loose*.

### SECOND VOLUME.

Line 18, p. 130, for *they not*, read *they are not*.—l. 1, p. 131, for *where once*, *where she once*;—l. 15, p. 156, insert *and*, and dele *and* in the next line.—l. 12, p. 165, erase *the*.—l. 6, p. 181, *Ronayne's* for *Ronayve's*.—l. 7, p. 181, *Ture* for *Lure*.—l. 4, p. 186, *we* for *he*.—l. 10, p. 219, insert *in* after *imagery*.—l. 9, p. 241, erase *the*.—l. 6, p. 243, *Causer* for *Cosé*.—l. 24, p. 246, and for *I*.—l. 23, p. 253, insert *Frederick*.—l. 18, p. 303, *bringing* for *bring*.

### THIRD VOLUME.

Line 19, page 44, read *sometimes* for *something*.—l. 13, p. 71, *you* for *your*.—l. 12, p. 77, *Benefico* (*the good giant*) for *benefice*.—l. 10, p. 84, *fact* for *facts*.—l. 19, p. 93, *Bayle* for *Boyle*.—l. 24, p. 95, before *all*, insert *it*.—l. 7, p. 120, *bewil-dering* for *bewildered*, *we* for *be*.—l. 20, p. 143, *forces* for *foces*.—l. 13, p. 195, *Sully* for *Tully*.—l. 1, p. 201, *truly* for *happy*.—l. 11, p. 223, erase "*the particulars*."





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1 SAM. xxviii. 15.

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